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AN
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Brookfield

MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER CIRCLE

Jane Octavia Brookfield.
At the age of 30.
From the painting by George Richmond. R.A.

Jane Octavia Brookfield
At the age of 30
From the painting by George Richmond, R.A.

Mrs. BROOKFIELD

AND

HER CIRCLE

BY

CHARLES AND FRANCES BROOKFIELD

VOLUME I

1809—1847

NEW YORK: CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS
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1905

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To our Dear Son,
PETER BROOKFIELD,
these Records of his Grandparents
are Dedicated.

PREFACE

We have endeavoured in arranging for publication the letters printed in this volume to let them speak for themselves as far as possible, being persuaded that their style and quality reveal the characters of their writers and the manners of the time—better than any *pot-pourri* made from them could possibly do.

It was our intention at first to cite their authority and to form a book upon that, but the charm of the documents won upon us to give them out as they were written. They tell their own tale so well, and with such singular and even piquant clearness elucidate current events that there seems no need for apology for this method of treatment.

With so large and varied a correspondence before us choice was difficult, and it was not long before we found it impossible, in the limits at our disposal, to reach more than the inner ring of the Circle of which Mrs. Brookfield was the centre, nor to take more than a portion of the letters which deal with an especial few of her friends; though in this especial few we venture to think the public as well as ourselves will be interested. Next we proceeded to select from these those of lighter vein, but, now the book is before us as a whole, we hope we have not wronged their writers by suppressing

too rigorously the letters which give the more serious side of their natures—a side they all of them possessed. Their bright *bavardage*, it is true, occasionally obscures the affection that lurks beneath their words, but such genial chatter must not always be taken *au serieux*.

As letters they have been singularly pleasant to deal with, most of them being written in the fairest of handwritings, while their style the reader will see for himself. They have not been chosen merely for their felicity of expression nor for their gay banter : in all cases we have given preference to those that contain some sequence either of emotions or of events. The quaint and variable spelling we have taken the liberty, except when it was likely to interfere with the spirit or the theme of the writer, to modify.

Whenever the words, " Mrs. Brookfield says, " occur, it indicates we are quoting from some manuscript notes in our possession written by herself at a time when she thought of compiling a book of Recollections.

For permission to use, either their own, or the letters and papers of their relatives, our grateful acknowledgments are due to His Grace the Duke of Rutland, K.G., etc., The Lord Monteagle, Sir Edmund Elton, Bart., Henry Taylor, Esquire, Alexander Carlyle, Esquire, and the Miss Speddings.

For the use of pictures as well as of letters, we heartily thank the Viscount Cobham and Sir Henry A. H. F. Lennard, Bart.; and for sketches by Thackeray and quotations from Thackeray's Letters Mrs. Brookfield, Messrs. Smith, Elder. For Tennyson's Sonnet upon the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, we are

indebted to Messrs. Macmillan, and to all the above we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness for unfailing kindness and courtesy.

The cases in which we are not able to announce our indebtedness are those where we have, after using all means in our power, failed to trace the representatives of the writers; but these we pray will extend to us their gracious sanction when they discover that in no instance have we entered into or used family or private matters belonging to them.

CHARLES AND FRANCES BROOKFIELD.

Mitcham,
21*st September,* 1905.

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MRS. BROOKFIELD AND HER CIRCLE

CHAPTER I

The Brookfields. William Henry's education. Cambridge. Received by the brilliant set. Takes his degree. Tutor to Hon. G. Lyttelton. Lord Spencer's memories. Character of Thackeray. Brougham. Remains of Arthur Hallam. The Johnson Club. The Miss Berrys. Leaves Hagley. Holy Orders. At Southampton. Tennyson's MS.

William Henry Brookfield was born at Sheffield, August 31st, 1809. He was the second son of Charles Brookfield, a solicitor well known and greatly respected in that town and neighbourhood. His mother was a lady of unusual culture and intelligence, the daughter of the Rev. M. Preston, of the old Sheffield Parish Church.

He was one of a large family, most of whom possessed wit of a superior quality, though brought up in an atmosphere of Puritanism that was perhaps strict and rigid even for those days.

William Henry gave early evidence of a great versatility of talents. He was educated first by a clergyman at Cleckheaton, and later at the Grammar school at Leeds. Until his sixteenth year he was intended for the Church, but at that period it was decided he should go to the Bar; and with that intention he was articled to a solicitor in Leeds in order to

gain practical experience of the working of the Law. But life in an office was in no way suited to his temperament—instead of reading "Coke" he wrote poetry; he yearned for a "literary life" and made many pathetic appeals to his parents to permit him to go to Cambridge. A struggle ensued—but ultimately he gained his point, and, after studying for a year or so with private tutors, he went up to Trinity College in 1829.

His mother writing to her brother on that occasion says:

"The fondly cherished remembrance of our dear sainted Father and Mother should bind us the closer to each other. You cannot think how I miss them, just now, but you *can* both think and feel how I miss them on William's removal to Cambridge—how much they would have felt interested for him, and how fervently they would have prayed that he might be able to escape the snares with which he will be surrounded. I feel more than I can express my dear Brother's kindness in going over to see him fixed, and to introduce him to some of his own valuable friends. I cannot but hope it will be a check to his forming other acquaintance incompatible with that of the excellent men who seem disposed to countenance him. He has lost time at Mr. Hemmingway's, (where he was articled) which I suppose can never be made up to him—but if he has resolution to keep out of gay company, I hope he may acquit himself respectably."

She did not foresee that he would at once be admitted into the most brilliant society of that most

brilliant time, indeed, had she been so enlightened, she would probably have prayed he might be kept in more conventional paths. And that he did not, in spite of his new circumstances, at once lose the awe he had of his own family—is proved by a letter to an uncle.

"I suppose that every Freshman is asked how he likes the University, and if all answered with me, Cambridge would have a very good report. I might amuse myself by giving you some account of the habits of the place—but I remember you must already know all that can be interesting to you. The individual eccentricities of the very young men (*quorum unus*) are too idle for your notice, or the nobler peculiarities of the Institution generally I should think you are better acquainted with than myself. In writing to one already cognoscent in University affairs, I am driven from the Freshman's favourite topic, and must seek in this fact an apology for a dull letter."

That his letters to his family were somewhat stilted at that time is no proof that he was dull himself. The letter-writer has in every age had more ease with strangers than with his own people; and from Mr. Brookfield's entrance into Cambridge there is no doubt but that he was gay, happy, and satisfied.

Admitted at once and apparently for the sake of his own charm into the inmost ring of the circle of which Thackeray, Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, Kinglake, Venables, Milnes, etc., were shining lights, he there held his own—and formed with those giants friendships which lasted their lives and his own.

He worked well, too—as, by the way, they all did

in those days; and he took his degree, as well as the Oration Prize in '32; while '33 found him remaining in Cambridge for the benefit of some pupils he had taken. It was Whewell who in '34 recommended him as resident tutor to the eldest son of Lord Lyttelton —for the six months between Eton and Cambridge— and it is from this time we find his diaries kept with regularity, and his letters of ever increasing interest.

At Hagley, he was well received and well treated, and his pupil became at once to him, not only a pleasant companion, but a close friend. While here he continued the diary keeping begun in his early youth, and we get soon after his arrival :—

[Diary.] *May 2nd*, 1834. Hagley.

My father's birthday. Wrote to him enclosing notes to Mrs. Overend—my brother Charles, and to Thackeray. Franked by Ld. L.——

At the Sunday school fête, of that kind which one affirms at the time to have been " one of the prettiest sights in the world," Lord Lyttelton pointed out to me an old Laundress bringing in a pudding, as he said, but for my part I could not tell which was which. He said he had danced with her at a ball the year before, I think on the occasion of her having been fifty years in the family. He also told me that Hawkins Brown, who had been cured of stammering, managed to get through a sentence in a speech by singing it to a certain tune. If the sentence happened to be finished a few bars before the end of the melody still he went through

the latter in order to start fair with the ensuing sentence. The effect in the Commons was most ludicrous, and some wag one day echoed the dying strain. Sheridan called him in the House—"his melodious friend."

At dinner my lord asked if I knew anything of Montgomery, and spoke in complimentary terms of him, they had corresponded on the subject of lotteries. He was surprised to hear of his having been imprisoned for political offences. He enquired into whose hands *The Iris* had now fallen. I answered that it had become a low "Buckingham" paper. "Ah," said he—"I will give you a fact about Buckingham. Some years ago, he had the assurance to propose that a ship should be provided and manned for him to investigate the world. Now, how George John, Earl Spencer, a man clever-headed enough on most subjects, and possessing his faculties in the most perfect soundness should have subscribed £5 to this scheme is a problem which I cannot solve—so however, he did —which plunder Mr. Buckingham pocketed with many other similar sums, and thence returned no more."

Of things heard at dinner at this time Mr. Brookfield notes, that George Spencer had been used to say, "when anybody uses the phrase 'without vanity' you must invariably understand the contrary." While Lady Lyttelton spoke of that gentleman as using a fly from Leamington to Althorp in great niggardliness, on Wesley's maxim, "Earn all, save all, and give all you can."

8th. Lord Spencer arrived to dinner. Talking of the many drops of colchicum the Duchess of

B——— had once taken—he said, "There are certain drops on His Majesty's jails that would do her much more good."

9th. Lord Spencer mentioned at dinner that Sir H. Halford had spouted to him the Duke of Wellington's Latin speech to the University of Oxford with so much energy and gesture that his lordship said "Come, that must be your own." Sir Henry answered with an affirmative shrug.

Lord Spencer also spoke of Eldon as having answered Brougham's enquiry as to Stowell's health in the Lords one day by saying "Oh, he was quite gone—no faculties left"—etc. A few days after some Bill was before the Lords in opposition to which Eldon was saying that he had to offer the authority of one of unquestionable judgment, whose opinion their lordships would hold in the highest esteem, and otherwise spoke in a manner, evidently alluding to Lord Stowell, against the Bill before the House. This anecdote of deliberate and roguish impudence, Brougham told himself to Lord Spencer.

He also told us that Bozzy (Boswell) used generally to come to the Johnson Club half drunk, and was loud and over-bearing in his conversation, and that he talked chiefly of Johnson.

To his brother Charles, who was living in London, Mr. Brookfield wrote:

HAGLEY,
17th May, 1834.

My dear Charles,

I was very happy in receiving your letter, which I

had thought very long in coming, but confess that I had no right to complain. Do not allow yourself a moment's annoyance about not having had a mandarin nodding bout from Thackeray's mother. What with short sight, short memory, and ignorance whether one is expected to move or not, out of ten "cuts"—not two have a drop of the sour milk of human unkindness in them. For Thackeray himself, he may or may not call—but in any case is a man utterly incapable of entertaining a moment's feeling towards any being on earth, which should give pain. I only asked him to call as a spontaneous wish of my own, and it is not yet long since it was expressed. You must learn not to confound negative and positive neglects.

21*st.*

At breakfast the story of Norbury saying as the ass brayed whilst a barrister was addressing the Court "One at a time, if you please" to which the barrister retorted when his lordship was interrupted by the same nuisance. "It is only the echo of the Court, my lord." Started at quarter to ten for Althorp. In the coach and four, Lord and Lady and Miss Lyttelton and myself. Outside George L., and a servant. In the carriage and pair, Miss L. L., Mademoiselle and a lady's maid. Arrived there at half-past four. At six dined. Lord Spencer said that a deer had died in the stall while being fed up—most likely of repletion. Lord L. remarked it was not the first time that an individual presented to a stall had died of apoplexy. Lord Spencer stated he had commissioned somebody at a late sale to bid for the first edition of Joe Miller,

but had not succeeded in being the purchaser. It was remarked how waggish an edition would be with Sam Rogers' notes, and how vexed Sam would be at such a joke; which led to his antipathy to Croker (Bull Croker, alias Bull Frog). Lord L. said that he had once said to Grattan (one of the present Grattans) how monopolizing Croker was of attention in company, as for instance at a dinner to Scott in London, when he would let nobody speak but himself. "Sir," said Grattan, "I don't know anyone of so much assurance on either side of the *wather*."

On the 24th, he writes to his mother from Althorp:

Althorp is not a fine external house, but is remarkable for its library and picture gallery. The former, the largest private library in Great Britain, 50,000 volumes and upwards, the latter with about 400 pictures, many of which are excellent and rare. I am in the room which was Mr. George Spencer's,* I don't know whether it contains any Roman Catholic influences or not. I am glad you enquire about Lady Lyttelton,† she is a person about whom it is agreeable to answer. I at first respected her more than I liked her—I hope this state of things will never be reversed, but I very soon learned to like her as much as respect her. She is a most excellent person; of quick and well-informed mind, and I believe of the soundest principles. She is high-bred and dignified without any discolouring of pride or affectation. She keeps

* The Hon. George Spencer, who became a Catholic in 1830, and a priest in 1832.

† Sarah, Lady Lyttelton, daughter of Lord Spencer, afterwards governess to the Princess Royal and Prince of Wales.

all the accounts of the family disbursements—rises at six, and spends the whole day usefully.

June 14th, 1834.

At dinner they mentioned the King's aptitude to ask people to dinner unceremoniously. Lord L. said he had shot an invite at Sir Charles Bagot as he was passing at levée—"Sir Charles you dine with me to-day,"—and alluded to his having in the early days of his reign used the popular expression "if you are not better engaged." I remember when I heard this at home I did not believe it.

They spoke of Sugden. Lord L. said he had had his hair cut by Sugden's father, who was the crack five shilling cutter of his day. He used to speak of having sent his son to Lincoln's Inn; and Lord Spencer said that he had by him a note which Lord Eldon, when Chancellor, had once sent him across the table during an appeal in the Lords, "the man who is speaking is the son of a Super Barber."

Such wretched seamen are the Neapolitans that it seems when some English captain or other was leaving Naples for a cruise in the Mediterranean, King Ferdinand blessed him as one he should never see more. This led to speaking of the superstition of Ferdinand. Lord Spencer has now a bittern's claw, presented him by Ferdinand when he was there, to wear as a charm when out shooting. He himself always wore one. Lord Spencer had it set in a little golden locket and always wore it when out with the King.

This evening Lord Essex dined at Althorp. He

is just like other folks. Captain Spencer arrived after dinner from town. They spoke, after coffee, of the letters Wateley quoted lately on the Finsbury Hustings between Lord Althorp and Brougham, of which Captain Spencer gave the following account, having received it from Lord Althorp:—The other day Lord A., being ill, wrote a short note to B. asking him to call on him to speak on the subject of some newspaper opposition, which Lord Brougham received in Court and replied begging to know on what subject Lord A. wanted to speak, that he might roll it over in his mind before meeting, as he should not be able to see him for more than a few moments when the Court broke up. To which Lord A. replied by one of the notes quoted. "Shall we make war on the *Times* or let it alone?" These two notes were carelessly torn up by Brougham, and at the rising of the Court there was the usual rush "for autographs"—as they say—and these notes were put together and carried to the *Times* office. The *Times* was "fine," and declined having anything to do with the notes; on which the bearer carried them to Mr. Wateley, who made the use of them alluded to. "Strange" said Captain Spencer, "that Lord Brougham should fall into a scrape of this kind, having himself been near suffering from the like carelessness on Lord Althorp's part." The former once wrote a letter or two of much import, Captain Spencer forgets on what subject, to Lord Althorp. The latter tore them carelessly and threw them, according to custom, into his basket. They were pasted together by some painstaking lump

of honesty, and it was announced by the individual to some one of the Ministers, that he had important papers in his possession. This was treated with contempt until the person was sent for who produced Brougham's letters, who stormed and said, "So much for Baskets." Lord Spencer said that when he was in the Admiralty, never was a scrap of public business destroyed, and there they all are now.

During this visit to Althorp the family made an excursion to London, to Spencer house, on which occasion Mr. Brookfield met many of his Cambridge friends; he seems to have done the town with Charles Buller, and to have been much with Spedding as well as Alfred and Frederick Tennyson.

[Diary.] *July 7th.*

Came from Althorp to Hagley in the same travelling order as before. I went outside for one stage. Somebody said that the carriage without luggage weighed 22 cwt.—with—3 tons, and that the four coach-horses Lord Spencer uses are jobbed at £72 a pair per annum; he *keeping* them.

While at Spencer House he had received a precious packet containing "The Remains of Arthur Hallam," about which he wrote to Mr. Hallam.

Sir,

I shall always feel myself very much indebted to your considerate kindness in sending me the volume which I received a day or two ago. It is needless to say how highly I shall ever prize so appropriate and delightful a memorial of the dearest friend I ever had. During

the last year of his residence at College our intimacy was one of the most unreserved confidence, and though I was the familiar repository of, I believe, his most secret thoughts, such was the excellent purity of his mind that death itself could do little to enhance the sacredness of the affection with which I regarded his character, and now revere his memory.

I feel what I have lost in him and though the first bitterness of that loss is past, I know that the more quiet regret to which it has given place must ever continue.*

I am afraid to write the little I am writing for I am afraid to disturb by aggravating your grief; but I am sure you will forgive me, if I cannot be quite silent about one of whom you have yourself recognised I was a friend.

And I am also sure that I cannot serve the memory of him that is gone better than by imploring for you every comfort under your sore bereavement, that the well being of the surviving members of your family can supply.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

W. H. B.

Lord Lyttelton desires me to send his kindest remembrances.

9th, 1834. Hagley.

Sent the above franked by Lord L. to Mr. Hallam, 67 Wimpole Street.

17th.

It was mentioned at dinner by Lady L. how she

* On the 15th September that year he writes in his diary, "The anniversary, I think, of dear Hallam's death." Only that one line.

had danced with Speaker Sutton (then young) at Lady Scott's (since Lady Stowell) "on that occasion," said she, "I and my mother were the first people of any rank that entered the room—there were plenty of other people there. Lady Scott, who was a very odd woman, came up to me and said in a very loud whisper: "Will you let me introduce to you Mr. Manners Sutton, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury? I am expecting several young men of *very high rank* presently."

Lord L. related how one day in the Commons he got behind the Speaker's (Abbot's) chair, and, as he could imitate him very well, he put his face over the chair and cried out like Abbot, "Order, Order," and immediately turned with his head close up against that of the chair; he immediately saw the flaps of the Speaker's wig leaping round the sides of the chair, first one side, then t'other, and the ubiquitous "Order, Order."—

It was said at table (by W. H. B.).

"Why do they not sometimes, by way of doing a man great honour, bury him *alive* in Westminster Abbey."

19*th*.

Lady L. at breakfast told me about Lady H. She married first Sir G., and when in Italy became too much attached to Lord H., in consequence of which she was afterwards divorced. In order to secure to herself her young daughter (when she knew she should be divorced) she played the farce of isolating her child, saying it had a putrid fever—and of which she reported it to die—and buried a kid in pretence for it, and provided almost legal evidence of its death.

When the news reached Sir G. he was heartbroken and one thing or another so afflicted him that he shot himself.

She is terribly afraid of death (it was the tolling of the funeral bell for Mrs. Madley's infant that introduced the conversation) and never will be alone. Lord Essex remarked to Lady L. that he could not ask Lady H. because it was not easy to get ladies to meet her, and she could not leave table after dinner to sit alone. She talks infidelity, and at fifteen Gibbon said of her he had seen as pretty a little Atheist as could be seen. She cut with Lord K. (who is a coarse fellow) because he would talk of "John Thrustout" as he called death.

To his father Mr. Brookfield wrote about this time, telling him he thought he might adapt the latter part of Falstaff's speech to himself. "I am the cause of wit in others."

23rd.

Much talk last night and to-day with Mr. George Spencer. He is an honest, kind and single minded man. How truly he said that Humility and Charity made the real gentleman. He talked drolly of economy when I praised the sensible cut of an old great coat which he was wearing—and he replied that it was for economy that he wore it—and instanced people's false replies on such occasions, by that generally given as to travelling in or out of coaches. He said how he once carried his own bag from somewhere where he had slept in Northampton to the station,

they heard of it at Althorp and bullied him ;—he replied he had done it at 7 a.m., but in future he should do it at noon-day since there was no pleasing them.

Rather in a mess at breakfast to-day with talking about monks and priests with Miss L. Uncle George, whom we had forgot, sitting close by.

Talked to-day as to Rev. George Spencer. Told 'twas a sad nuisance to the family and continues a very sore point. They were exceedingly active in promoting Catholic Emancipation, and there are who have held George's Conversion a Judgment.

Just now Mr. Brookfield wrote a series of letters to Monteith, Venables, and Spedding.

HAGLEY,
17*th August*, 1834.

My dear Monteith,

I shall leave in October—when my youth goes to Cambridge. My residence here will not have been without either pleasure or advantage, but I shall be glad to be released from the As and Bs as well as the Ps and Qs of Tutorship.

We went in the middle of May to Althorp (Lord Spencer's) for six weeks, and thence to London. I saw in town Fred and Alfred Tennyson, the former talked of bolting to Greece, and offered to wait for me till October, if I would accompany him,—but I dare not promise anything so wild. Whether he be yet gone I know no more than I have known for the last six months, whether you and Garden had followed each other to a Malaria Charnel house. The Bishop of Worcester was here a few days ago. He is a picture of episcopacy. Cosy, not corpulent—rosy, not red—silky, not (very) silly.

I received from Mr. Hallam a copy of "Remains of A. H. H." The Memoir is by the Father, and is just what it should be—and the book altogether the most prizeable that any of us possess, you may have seen it, but if not, it contains 400 pages, of which the memoir occupies 40. The "Remains" comprise all that has been separately printed before—beside an Essay on "Sympathy"—"Theodicea Norissima." The Memoir contains a letter from Spedding to the father after the death of poor Arthur—written, I believe, for the purpose, and with all the unaffected good sense that you would expect from the dear fellow.

There were only 100 copies printed, of which there will, of course, be two for you and Frank and which for aught I know you may have gotten.

I must needs dance off to Paris last Easter for three weeks, with which I was hugely gratified, but lacked kindred chums, though I met several Cantabs. I returned by Rouen and Havre, but all alone. What would not yourselves or a Jesuit have been worth ?

We have had Mr. George Spencer (the Catholic Convict) here twice, and he comes again within the next fortnight. He knew a little of Milnes in Rome. I have had much talk and was much pleased with his exceeding humility and amiableness. He is not the least bit of a convert for the picturesqueness of the thing ; as might have been the case with certain duodecimals that I wot of. He is quartered as a priest about 10 miles hence—where he chooses to live in severe but quite unostentatious poverty for the sake of saving for the poor. If I may speak of myself as I am, I will speak of myself as one writing at this moment in a chamber which enjoys the imposing name of "The Damask Tower" where I am lulled by an Æolian harp of my own making.

William Henry Brookfield
At the age of 23

IN TOWN

My dear Venables,

Notwithstanding the proverbial irregularity of the English Mails and the infamous practice of Government in embezzling all private letters for the King's private reading, yours of the 17th eluded observation at the post office so as to reach me ; and was as acceptable as considering the wearisome frequency of your communications lately, could possibly be expected.

My last was a scrawl from Althorp — where we spent six weeks. That there are 60,000 volumes you know. I read them all excepting a Pamphlet in a Patois of the Sanscrit, written by a learned, but, I regret to add, profane Hindoo Sectarian, the blasphemous drift of which was to prove that Bramah's locks were not all patent.

We went to town to the fiddling* which it was the pill† of the day to cry down. I was much gratified by the show and altogether. I sate by the Duke of Wellington who was good enough to go out to fetch me a pot of porter. When " See the Conquering Hero comes" was sung in Judas Maccabeus, all eyes were turned upon me. I rose and bowed—but did not think the place was suited for any more marked acknowledgment. The King sang the Coronation Anthem exceedingly well, and Princess Victoria whistled the Dead March in Saul with, perhaps, rather less than her usual effect. But the *chef d'œuvre* was confessed by all to be Macaulay in " the praise of God

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* A musical festival which took place in Westminster Abbey.

† To Pill was a cant expression used a good deal by " the set," meaning, apparently, to talk, either pompously or trivially. It may have originated in the Glynne family, who had a language of their own, though Lord Lyttelton does not include it in his " Dictionary of Glynnese."

and of the Second Day." I rose a wiser and I think a sadder man.

Bishop of Worcester spent two days here last week. He begged me with tears in his eyes to be Bishop instead of him. I took a night to consider of it and to examine into my fitness for such a charge—but in the morning gave answer with the elaborateness which the occasion demanded that I would see him . . . . first.

I congratulate you on H. L.'s company, and beg to be very flatteringly remembered to him. Your pointing out the Argandi of Wit as burning in Brecon and Cambridge will make my very soul squint with gazing as I fail not to do longingly at both.—Your letter amused me much and gratified me more, but I wish such tokens were somewhat more rife.

My dear Spedding,

Of half a score that I should be willing and of half a dozen that I am anxious to keep well with to the last you are one. Perhaps if I had been a little more exclusive in my likings I might have been less unworthy of your esteem now;—but after the long dissipation of mind which you have observed with less scorn than some others, I feel painfully that I have little left to offer you but the most kindly feelings,—which to you, I know, are as plentiful as blackberries. Thy servant is this day one score and five years old, but if I ask myself what I am—the answer is something between a quarter of a century and a quarter of a hundred weight. If I enquire what I am good for—'tis the right-hand side of the general form of a quadratic;—if what I am likely to do beyond the Devil's praiseworthy and cosmopolitan employment of going to and fro upon the earth, the answer is still less distinct;

—write my dear friend to a conscious bankrupt and pay me that thou owest for thy love is worth a million.

I called on Fred Tennyson the morning after I saw you, and found him in a very kindly spirit; he wanted me to bolt with him to Greece; but being peer bound (such mad wags as you would call him a chain pier) I was obliged to decline. By the merest chance I met Alfred at twelve the same night—"a man upon the Strand"—"all alone"—with his back homewards—Alack! What are we!—We returned to Althorp the next day whence after a week's stay (in which I finished the last 49 of the 60,000 volumes) we came to Hagley—which has been full of visitors ever since, amongst others old Webb of Clare, who said he knew me very well by sight and character in Cambridge—luckily for the latter 'twas a lie.

I have a dream of life before me which, though it be yet an unoutlined speculation, I will tell you. 'tis a naval chaplaincy; about the facility of obtaining which Captain Spencer, R.N., has written to the Admiralty, but there is yet no answer. Supposing me to get such an appointment I should have to be ordained to a title as the Bishops do not consider a ship as a title. Such an engagement would shew me the world with tolerably good pay. I have not communicated this to anybody but yourself and the Captain. Do you know of a title?

I found the Memoir, etc., of dear Hallam waiting me at Spencer House the evening of the day I saw you. You know how I must value it.

Hagley. 31st August, 1834. W. H. B.

Sept. 1*st.* [Diary.]

At breakfast Lady L. designated me, L., and Boll, "the Society for the Propagation of Nonsense," which

I converted into " the Society for the Suppression of Common Sense."

6th.

At dinner sate between Lord Spencer and Lord L. After dinner—being at length *en famille*, we had much prate and sate up half an hour beyond Lord Spencer's usual time. He talked again of the Johnson Club—what a bore Bozzy was and still in his way amusing. Johnson had something of the overbearing pomp popularly ascribed to him, but Lord S. should be disposed to call it affectation of a character which he knew somewhat became him. Lord S. was present at a party when Mrs. (or Lady) Vesey came up to present the Abbé Rennault, whose book Johnson had read but not liked. He only said, " Yes, I see him, Madam."

Lord S. gave two hundred guineas for the Redfern Chalk Sketches for Haydon's picture, for which Lord Grey gave £500—he calls them " excellent chalks," and he cited to the credit of the independence of the Johnson Club that once Lord Liverpool (who was elected the same day with Butler the Catholic) went to the Club, which he was very fond of doing, and had it all solo. The club meets to dinner every Tuesday fortnight during Parliament.

Of Lord Spencer, Mr. Brookfield says, " He is a very benevolent old man, perfectly crippled by the gout, which, however, seems to have confined itself only to physical ravages."

10th.

The only men left are myself and Bibby. Sate at

the head of the table. Lady Lyttelton talked of Miss Edgeworth as forward and dictatorial in company, but unassuming in dress. She told a queer anecdote of herself calling on the Miss Berrys in town when she was *let in*. The servant, however, as usual garbled the name, and Miss Agnes Berry had no idea who Lady L. was, though they had been old friends. One does not in town ask after members of the family—and so the conversation went on without any discovery either of ignorance or recognition. At last Miss Agnes said, "if you would leave your card that my sister and I may know your address." Lady L. sent down to her carriage for a card, on receiving which Miss Agnes had the tact to discover no astonishment, but swallowed a great gulp—went rattling on but in quite a new strain. "Aye, you let Lord L. keep you in the country so that one sees nothing of you. And all those nice little children, etc., etc."—till on reaching the bottom of the stairs she said: "Well, now I must tell you the truth at once. I had not the least idea who you were."

12th.

Brought down my Æolian Harp this morning after breakfast, the ladies having requested me to do so yesterday—but there was then no wind. At breakfast the Princess Victoria was talked of as a very nice singer, but they had been forced to keep her music under the smotherings of less delightful studies or it would have run away with her. The Duchess of Northumberland has no sinecure of her Governess-ship but really fags with her pupil.

Mr. Brookfield described Lord Lyttelton as, "a man, I fancy, less known to the world than esteemed by those who know him, though, I believe he 'started' some five and twenty years ago, for a celebrated man—but for want of some qualities, not always the adjuncts of genius and information, he did not make the figure that was expected in the House of Commons. He is a lively courtly gentleman amongst his friends, and a very usefully kind neighbour to the poor." He told Monteith that Lord L. was a "kind and amiable man whose essential pill is thickly gilt with classic wit."

His six months of tutorship passed pleasantly and quietly, he was at ease and happy in the society of people so cheerful and cultured as the family at Hagley; and no doubt, during that period, was seriously turning over in his mind what was to prove his true vocation in life, and whether it was the Church. Mr. Brookfield was not one who wore his heart upon his sleeve, nor had he the habit of some diary writers who, unrestrained by the discretion which a sense of humour gives, record their innermost thoughts and most sacred feelings in expressionless black and white upon the pages of their journals. Certainly, as we see in the letter, given above, to Mr. James Spedding, the idea of a naval chaplaincy attracted him strongly. It had been originally suggested by Captain Spencer and was cordially encouraged by Lady Lyttelton. She and Mr. Brookfield had many a talk together upon the subject, each of which brought him nearer, if not to a life upon the sea, at all events to his ultimate destination, namely, holy orders. In the beginning

of September, 1834, he seems to have definitely made up his mind, for he writes then to his father to thank him for his prompt and kind consent to his ordination.

He left Hagley with many regrets on the fifth of October. Shortly after he was ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln to the Curacy of Maltby, where he preached his first sermon on Christmas Day.

That his preaching attracted attention, and that the world had no wish to forget him, is proved by the presence in that "long street on the Rotherham road" from time to time, of most of his Cambridge friends. Milnes, Tennyson, Venables, were amongst those who early sought him out, while an old Miss Thackeray, who lived near, made much of him and sent out copies of his sermons to all her friends. But he found a country life too tied and cramped for his temperament, and he was oppressed there by a dulness that neither his friends' visits nor their sprightly letters could alleviate.

Did not George Lyttelton write him—

HAGLEY,
27th Jan., 1836.

My dear Brookfield,

Behold! Did not the Dobson F. T. C. exhort me in many moving words last term to epistolize the Curate of Maltby? and did not I abstain from so doing for no good reason but inherent laziness, and now being at home I have been again reminded of the said by the advent of a most delectable Derbyshire Courier with grand account of Tory Eatings at Sheffield, and with also a sad, short report to this effect. "Mr. Brookfield returned thanks."

Novelties at Cambridge there are not many. Whewell will shortly emit a gigantic History of Science, which will be the death of many people and the perplexity of more—but the wonderment of all. He hath also been scribbling away right and left. "Thoughts on the Study of Mathematics," "Remarks on Art," etc.

There appeared a short time ago at Cambridge a bird known by the name of Milnes—whilome fellow-commoner. He had a very fragrant memory of you in your Freshman's term, and attributed to you the following *bong-mo*. Having issued from some *pot-hus* or other such dubious den, and being subsequently upbraided thus, "Why did I see you coming out of such a place t'other day?" You answered "Because, Dicky, I thought it too bad a place to stay in any longer."

Is the lean Calvinist in prosperity? Is the broken fiddle mended? ditto prospect of coming to Cambridge?

Fare thee well,

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

To which, some time afterwards he replied:

Nothing changes in this most lithic spot. The inventive spirit of a *Times* reporter would fall into lethargy in five minutes from the dearth and drought of notabilea. I have on the very coat you last saw me in, my hair and nails grow not, the fiddle is still unstrung, the only string it had when you saw it will not vary the monotony by cracking. The lean Calvinist is still lean and still a Calvinist—the birds hop not—the fishes flop not—the kine crop not, and for me my mind is the callous unresisting victim of a painless but fatal chronic, and my wits lie all five huddled and stifled in a leathern elephantiasis of sloth—incapable and inaccessible. Oh, for one term of Cam.

Oh, for one week at Trin. Oh, for one hour with that bumptious but capital duo-decimo, the Apostle. Are you one yet ?

It is not perhaps surprising that he sought for change, and early in 1836 accepted the curacy of Holyrood, Southampton. In this busy town he found congenial work and congenial people, and though it was not till the end of '37 that the Eltons took up their residence there, it is more than probable that he met Miss Jane, his future wife, when, as a girl of fifteen she was visiting a married sister at Forest Lodge : for in the April of '36 a friend from Maltby writes to him :

I cannot wonder you don't get along with the introductions given you, for I hear you have made acquaintance with some cousins of Arthur Hallam. How delightful that must be—if they knew much of him. Did you contrive to see Alfred Tennyson when you were in London, or do you know how he is going on ? I hope you will be pleased to hear that *many* of the poor people here have much regretted your departure, and asked to hear of you whenever we did.

Close on his arrival in Southampton Mr. Brookfield was dunned by Garden for the manuscript of one of " Alfred's poems : for, in Cambridge days, it seems they most of them had the habit of taking away their friend's latest work, whatever it might be, and copying it. The MS. then demanded was not to be found, and nothing was heard again of it, till it was discovered in 1900, together with its copy, in an old box where it had lain hidden since '36, or what Garden called his and Brookfield's ' M.A. Time.' "

A little later the above correspondent again writes :

I cannot tell you how much I should like to know what sermon you preached first at Southampton; if it is one that we have heard do not forget to tell us, and also if you have heard whether it was generally approved or not. Your sermon on "What is man," is going the round of the neighbourhood, and I think not very correctly copied. Miss Lucy showed it to me. Miss Thackeray borrowed it for her from a friend. I believe she told Miss Lucy many of her friends had copies of it. Tuesday was B.'s birthday, we kept it at Roche Abbey, it was a nice day and the party altogether harmonious, but you have been one of us for so long now that I felt rather as if one of my sisters were wanting. There were the Overend family, the customary tribe of Sheffield men and the Vivians—the latter nice people, particularly the Lady Mary who had desired me to let Mr. Tennyson know of it, and so of course we wondered all day whether he would come. Doubtless you will conclude he failed, but yesterday we had a very kind straightforward note from him regretting his inability to do so.

I have been trying to persuade Mary to write the ends of my letter but I cannot, so mine will not have the usual characteristic of ladies' letters—the valuable part in the postscript.

Mr. Tennyson's note is addressed to me and Mary has wanted to buy it, but she thinks it worth more than a pound, and she cannot afford more to spend upon it. I have offered to give it, as I feel I do not half value it as she does—so she has taken it upon a long loan—would not that please him, do you think ?

While Mr. Charles Elton writing to his family, after deciding to settle in Southampton, tells them about the Church of the Holy-rood, "where a Mr. Brookfield well known to the Hallams, is curate."

CHAPTER II

The Eltons. Sir Charles. Landor's Letter to Southey. The Hallams. Anecdote of Arthur Hallam. Princess Victoria. The Bristol Riots. Jane Elton's education. Her home life. Walter Savage Landor. Death of Ellen Hallam. At Southampton. Meets Mr. Brookfield. Beauty and charm. Engagement.

Jane Octavia Elton was born at Clifton on the 25th March, 1821, the youngest daughter of Charles Elton of Clevedon Court, afterwards seventh Baronet of that name.

A branch of an ancient family in Herefordshire, the Eltons migrated early in the seventeenth century from the neighbourhood of Ledbury to Bristol, in which city they seem to have at once made some mark. Possessing unusual social gifts as well as active minds they managed to crown all they touched with such success that at the beginning of the eighteenth century the head of the house was awarded a baronetcy for services he was able to render to the Crown. To the fore in most things, seven Eltons were in their turn Masters of the Merchant Venturers, while six were Mayors of Bristol, and several members of Parliament.

The opening of the nineteenth century found the family as vigorous as ever, though naturally with different aims and ambitions. Sir Abraham Elton, the sixth baronet, father of Charles, and grandfather of Mrs. Brookfield, was a clergyman; as a fine writer and preacher of sermons he was for some time chaplain to the King of Hanover; as a lover of literature he

was the intimate friend of Hannah More and the admiring acquaintance of Maria Edgeworth. His son, Charles Elton, was at Eton with Henry Hallam, in days when, as the son of a baronet, he was permitted to wear for full dress a red coat and a sword, his hair powdered and tied behind. He afterwards held a commission in the forty-eighth foot and served with distinction in the trenches in Holland under the Duke of York in 1799. But he was not only a soldier, he was more especially a poet, a scholar, and a man of letters. His translations from the Classics are well enough known and his "Hesiod" is a class book still in use in some of our public schools. "Boyhood," a book of pleasing verse won for him the admiration of his brother poets, while of an Elegy ("The Brothers," written after the loss of his two eldest sons, boys of twelve and fourteen, by drowning in the Bristol Channel) Landor said to Southey:—

"I have been reading for the third time Charles Elton's Elegy on the loss of his sons. It is not an Elegy (though the structure of the verses has nothing to do with the matter), but many parts strike me as much as anything I ever heard of the elegiac. Tears were in my eyes the first time, the second time, and the third time, on reading—

> 'That night the little chamber where they lay
> 'Fast by our own, was silent and was still.'"

Charles Elton married one of the beautiful Miss Smiths, ladies so admired for their complexions (in days when almost everybody was marked by small

pox) as well as for their grace, that people climbed upon chairs and tables in the pump room at Bath whenever they appeared. Their father, of a good merchant family of Bristol, was the relation, friend, and supporter of Burke.

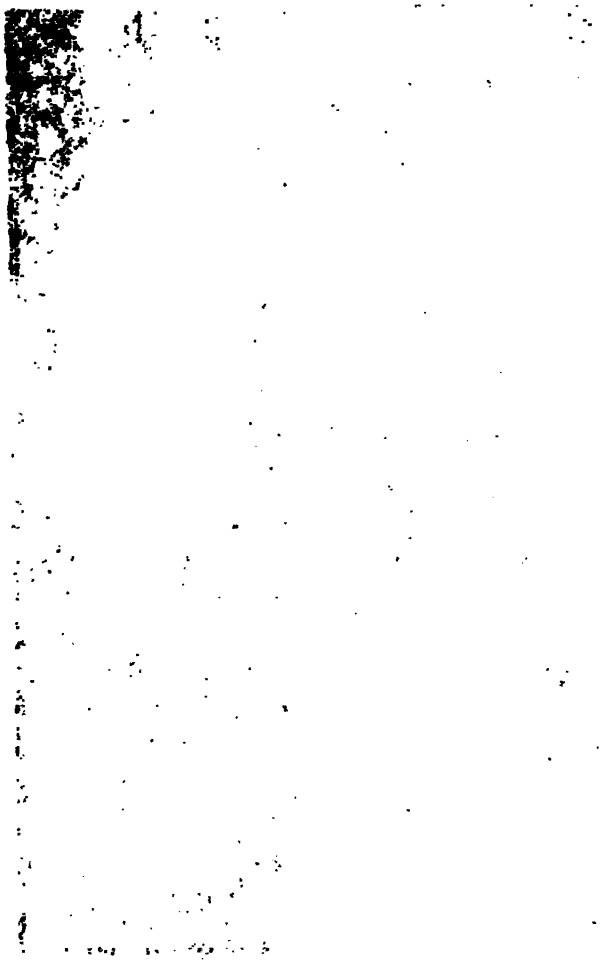
One of Mrs. Brookfield's earliest recollections was of this lovely mother bending over her in full Court dress, to say "Good-night"—before she went out to some Court function in Brussels, where they were then living.

Charles Elton's sister Julia married Hallam, the historian, in 1807, which event is recorded in the London *Chronicle:* "On Wednesday, Henry Hallam, Esquire, Commissioner of Stamps, to Miss Elton, daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, Bart., of Clevedon Court;" and the gifted children of this union were thus naturally the cousins of Jane Elton, afterwards Mrs. Brookfield. Though only twelve years old when Arthur Hallam died, she always remembered perfectly his charm and his kindliness, for the Hallams often took neighbouring houses in order to be near the Eltons and there was great incessant intercourse between them. As a child of seven Jane was once in Arthur Hallam's presence put to practise some elementary lesson upon the pianoforte, but frightened and abashed by his nearness, she was not able to proceed, and could not manage to strike a note until he put away the paper he was reading, and with great sweetness cheered and encouraged her. Mrs. Brookfield says "Arthur and Harry Hallam's talents and charm are almost always referred to as inherited from their father, but their

mother had great ability as well as sweetness, courage, and self-sacrifice."

Except for three years in Brussels Mrs. Elton passed her youth until her sixteenth year in Clifton and its neighbourhood. She saw Queen Victoria as a child in Bath, and was struck by her unaffected grace, and an incident connected with that royal visit she never forgot. One of her own small friends had been invited to go and play with the young Princess, and when the hour for parting came, turned naturally to embrace her royal companion, whereupon the Duchess of Kent drew away the Princess and smilingly observed "No—we don't kiss."

The Bristol Riots occurred when she was just old enough to go to afternoon service. Her father told her at the time he should have taken all his family to Clevedon, but that as a magistrate he felt it his duty to remain at Clifton till order was restored. "It was the day," she says, "when the first conflict with the soldiery occurred, and there was an unusual disturbance among the congregation. Messengers came in and out. Gentlemen rose up and left the Church, but the sermon still went on—the preacher giving his secondly, thirdly, and fourthly without a tremor. My two elder sisters were with me, and as we came out I remember noticing their beautiful new dresses of green and purple shot silk, but this frivolous interest was soon dispelled by the consternation which seized us all, for looking down from the hill we saw what seemed to be the whole of Bristol in flames. That was between four and five o'clock. We hurried home



Arthur Hallam
At the age of 16
From a painting at Wickham Court

Arthur Hallam
At the age of 16.
From a painting at Wickham Court.

to find reports continually coming in, and then as the mob was understood to have threatened everyone with summary vengeance if they did not illuminate their houses, we with our neighbours hastily put candles into our windows—for the rioters seemed for the time to have it their own way. I was not sent to bed for nobody thought of it. Many gentlemen came in who had enlisted as special constables, and late that night my father hurried myself and my two little brothers out to Clevedon to our grandfather's. It was a long way round, as there was no suspension bridge then,* and we went away rejoicing, for as we lived in what we thought a small house, we looked forward to living in a big one. I took a letter to Sir Abraham, of whom we stood in awe, and to whom we hardly ever spoke, but our delight was dashed when he said it was impossible for him, for our own safety, to receive us—' when who knew but that the mob might invade Clevedon, and if they do my old house will be the first attacked, and no safe refuge for you children.' He therefore decided to send us to his steward's house by the sea—or rather by the Channel—and very kind that steward and his wife were to us."

According to the system of these days, Miss Jane used to have her lessons lying upon a hard board with a hollow for the head. It was also usual for little girls to wear a " spider " from the back of the neck to the

* Before the Suspension Bridge was proposed a basket used to go across the river on chains, and young Jane Elton was one of the adventurous first to go over in that way.

waist; this was a web of iron or steel covered with chamois leather, and formed a sort of rigid stays.

The most important part of her education perhaps was that derived from her father, who used to read aloud in the evening to his family with "infinite feeling and perfect intonation," and in that way led them to appreciate Milton and Shakespeare, as well as the modern poets. He would sometimes give them Miss Austin or Miss Edgeworth, and he had, she says, very largely "the gift of infecting us with his own love of letters. My dear father made himself the friend of his children, receiving our confidences and advising us in all our difficulties. After the death of our dear mother (which happened when Jane Elton was about ten) we had a governess who kept up the French so readily acquired in Brussels, but she was very severe, and a tendency to stoop was corrected not only by the 'spider' but by a bunch of holly pinned under my chin upon my pinafore."

There is this to be said for the stern system of physical education in those days, that Mrs. Brookfield preserved to the end of her life a perfectly erect figure and a remarkably stately bearing and carriage.

She always considered her father's extreme gentleness and indulgence was partly the result of the strict discipline of his own early life, when he and his brothers and sister had always to address their parents as "Sir" and "Madam," and to stand in their presence until told they might sit down.

She retained a vivid memory of the watchmen in their cloaks of grey or brown with many capes, and

her pleasure when they gave out "Just twelve o'clock. A bright moonlight night," whereas she would bury her head in her pillows when she heard the words "Thundery weather—and rain falling fast." She never forgot the Welsh wives with their neat figures, blue serge dresses, and high hats, who came into the neighbourhood at stated seasons, to find a market for their flannel.

The large family of Eltons, eight girls (Jane was the youngest daughter and hence her second name of Octavia) and three boys living, seems to have been a particularly gay and happy one. Jane herself says of her sisters that they were her first instructresses and "putters-into-corners." But a close family affection between them went with a fond belief in each other's talents, and not without reason, for they were undoubtedly all of them of exceptional intelligence. Jane was, perhaps, the darling, not merely for her beauty, but for her bright wit and general sprightliness. Her elders took the trouble to write her their best letters, while her own, from her earliest days were received by the whole family with "great applause and pleasure." When she was just fourteen she wrote to Gent: Cadet Arthur H. Elton, Sandhurst.

CLIFTON, 1835.

We went, Mary and I, to a missionary meeting. A little lady hung on to my back for half an hour (?) until with a majestic frown I shook her off. A short old gentleman with a long stick next kindly made me his crutch, until after having writhed in torture under his heavy weight I stood on tip-toe and attracted the

4—(2309)

attention of Uncle Henry, then aided by a friend's shoulder and Mr. A.'s powerful hand, I ascended to the gallery, and Mary soon followed. Mr. Yate, from New Zealand, spoke interestingly ; he said the children there as soon as they were born were consecrated to the Devil, and a stone pushed down their throats to show their hearts must be made as like it as possible. Mr. Yate saw a little boy of four eat the eyes of a man !

P.S.—The whole of Bristol has been in an uproar with Mrs. Burdock's trial,* at which papa attended three days, ending up with the execution.

Her father was the friend of Lamb, Landor, Southey, Coleridge, Turner, etc., and Mrs. Brookfield says :

" I was one day bowling my hoop up and down the Royal Crescent, when Mr. Landor appeared walking with his friend, Southey. Southey was in an old-fashioned spencer, his hair tied behind in *queue* style, with a black ribbon. I remember quite well his eagle eye and aquiline nose, and the excitement of meeting the author of the ' Curse of Kehema ' in real life."

Landor's society was very congenial to Charles Elton and he was a frequent visitor to their house, so frequent that sometimes the young people would note that " nothing occurred—only Old Landor called oftener than ever." He would come in at about dinner time, six o'clock, " when he would ask leave to sit in the room, without dining, as he preferred to go home to a later

* As this Mrs. Burdock went forth to be executed it happened to rain, on which she refused to move forward until an umbrella was procured for her.

dinner. He would take an easy chair and talk delightfully without causing the least restraint or inconvenience. Often he would repeat poetry or tell us amusing anecdotes. He especially delighted in reciting alternate stanzas from Homer with my father. He was most kind and sympathetic to us all though he singled out me and my sister Mary at that early age to tell us he had troubles. One day he said he had left a drawer full of Southey's letters at home—letters he had treasured and intended to keep, but "My wife has been so good as to burn them," and he gave the loudest burst of laughter I ever heard. One of my sisters had written a short story about which she was very diffident although she vaguely hoped it might some day be printed. Landor was consulted and asked to read it. He took it away and soon afterwards told us Lady Blessington would publish it, and that he had advised her to give £5 for it." This story appeared in the "Book of Beauty" in 1836. He wrote those charming lines "Carlino" in Mary Elton's album, and would have written in Jane's only she unfortunately had no album the day he came for that purpose. Mrs. Brookfield also mentions that it was Walter Savage Landor, who suffering from the shrieks of a parrot in a neighbouring house, called in the greengrocer's boy and gave him a guinea to procure a piece of parsley and administer it to the bird, as parsley was supposed to be fatal to parrots.

In 1837 a sorrow fell upon this merry family, which they were all now old enough to appreciate. Ellen Hallam died. She was twenty-one, beautiful, and of

a thoughtful and discerning mind, and the occurrence seems to have shocked her cousins and companions so much that Hallam and his wife in the midst of their own closer grief wrote letters to console them. Mrs. Brookfield says of this event: "It was my dear Aunt Hallam's custom to read some Psalm every morning with her daughters before they began their daily tasks. Ellen had been ill, but was able for the first time to commence the reading with her mother as usual in the school room. They read together alternate verses of the Psalm, and as Ellen closed her book she leaned back and sighed gently. She had died in that easy and painless manner."

Hallam, touching upon this terrible second loss (for Arthur was not much older, and had died almost as suddenly), says of his wife: "Julia is wonderfully resigned. Her mature faith in Heaven yields to no storm," and very soon "Julia" was asking her niece Jane to come to Sevenoaks, where they had taken a house in order for a little to be away from sad reminders of their child. In that same year Richard Monckton Milnes wrote his sympathetic lines on "Arthur and Ellen Hallam," in which occurs:

> "Say not, O world of short and broken sight!
> That these died young; the bee and butterfly
> Live longer in one active sunny hour
> Than the poor tortoise in his torpid years."

About that visit to Sevenoaks Jane Elton says:

"When I was going away Mr. Landor brought to me at the coach door—where he had come to say 'Good-bye'—an amusing annual in which he had

written, "From her friend, Walter Savage Landor." Our coach stopped at Marlboro' for dinner, and I shall never forget the enormous joints and the great jugs of beer provided for that meal. My aunt's maid met me at the coach office in London, and took me in a hackney coach, a large carriage with two horses, to sixty-seven Wimpole Street, immortalized in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'

'Doors where my heart was used to beat.'

"It was indeed 'dark and unlovely,' dismantled and empty of all its usual inmates. I only slept there one night, and was taken on next morning to a charming country house."

Towards the end of this year the Eltons moved to Southampton, and Mary Elton wrote to Jane when this was settled: "Mr. Landor says it will make him melancholy to pass by our terrace, so he will not return to Clifton. He says Torquay is the loveliest place, next to Clifton, in all Europe."

Once settled in Southampton, Mr. Brookfield became a constant visitor at their house. Charles Elton delighted in his society, as did his sons, his daughters, and all their friends, while Miss Jane was now, as she says herself, sixteen years of age, grown to her full height—five foot nine—and named by her father "Glumdalclitch." But she was fair and rosy, with large and lustrous eyes neither blue nor grey, a sweet and beautiful voice, a graceful carriage, and an irresistible intangible charm which her sister vowed "even the servants can't resist." Then her intercourse with

her father's literary friends, her close intimacy with the Hallams, had helped to polish an originally bright mind and enabled her, while still so young, to talk with ease and spirit. It is no wonder she was promptly named "Belle of Southampton," that her father's doorstep was besieged, or that the album which she now possessed was filled to the full with sonnets and verses. She seems, however, to have borne this avalanche of admiration well, for her husband tells her in later years "it was her girlish modesty more than her great beauty which first attracted him."

Even her sisters and brothers wrote verses to her, and as a specimen of the album amateur verse of the period—probably rather above than below the average—may be quoted:

MY SISTER'S BIRTHDAY.

(MARY E. ELTON, IMPROMPTU)

"Let the merry bells ring round"
Wake little Jane! thy birthday comes—
And seventeen years ago,
On such a Sunday, love, as this,
I gave to thee my first fond kiss—
When the fat nurse's hushing sound
Warned me to enter soft and low!

* * * * *

But now, oh, Joan! thou dost exchange
For wisdom all thy naughty tricks—
Once thou didst lay thy curly head
Down on the table, running round,
Roaring and stamping on the ground,
And thou wouldst not thy History read.

* * * * *

SOUTHAMPTON

"Let the merry bells ring round"
Childhood's troubles now are o'er,
Jane is now a lady quite
(Though to admit the honest fact
Liberty she never lacked).
Scatter snowdrops on the ground
Liberty is now her right.

25th March, 1838.

It is Mary* who a few weeks later writes to a cousin in London :—

"I feel rather a curiosity to see Mr. Trench, and his friend Mr. Brookfield will bring him to call some day. Mr Brookfield is very well acquainted with the Tennysons. He is very clever, plays very well, and is witty, which accomplishments added to his powers as a preacher are counterbalanced by some affectations such as "Immensely delicious, that flower," "Incredibly beautiful it is."

The Southampton home was, if anything, gayer than the Clifton one. Charles Elton, now that "Jane was a lady quite," apart from insisting that his children should attend Church and family prayers, left them pretty well to their own devices. Accordingly their house was full of friends, old and young, on all occasions when society did not claim them elsewhere.

Miss Jane about this time made a slight struggle to be called Miss Octavia, which assumption was kindly but promptly laughed down. One day at a very full table—the cloth being removed—a gentleman wishing

* Mary married her cousin, Frederick Elton, and was the mother of Charles Elton, Q.C., the Shakespeare student. She died at an early age.

to pay tribute to the colour of her eyes, took two blue petals from a flower, shut his own eyes, and placing the petals upon them, exclaimed, "Miss Jane." And once, while rehearsing for some theatricals, when the lover, in accordance with stage directions, was about to kiss her, her chaperon stepped officially forward, put Jane on one side, and holding up her own face, said "Practise on *me*, if you please."

But if the young people were gay they were also intellectually alert, and when not employed in social duties would be found to be acquiring foreign tongues, or reading and criticising Carlyle, as well as current French and German authors.

Early in 1838 Mr. Brookfield changed his curacy from Holyrood to All Saints, and about this period Lord Lyttelton wrote to him:

LONDON,
April 9th, 1838.

My dear Brookfield,

I can hardly hope that your non-reading of newspapers can have extended so far as to leave you still in ignorance of the result of the Chancellor's Medal examination, which has now been over ten days, and my news is, I fear, *old*, in which case I can but beg pardon, and intreat you to invent the best excuses you can for me, of which the best I will unscrupulously affirm to be the true one.

In graceful sunset-metaphor, you last year hoped that one of the "golden disks" might "find its occidental bed in my breeches pocket." Even so it has, and most strictly *one* of them—neither the first nor the second, but only *one* of the Medals, Vaughan and I

being again equal,* a double dead-heat with divers examiners being a thing incontrovertible, and considering that he is the pet of Arnold, and the year is called a good one, it is all highly well. Now must I take heed that my fair woman end not in foul fish!

I hope thou waggest well and livest pleasant. A tutor is coming for Bull even as you came for me, but I fear he is a dull youth, the tutor I mean. Bull hath my room at Trinity next October, by the singular benevolence of the Despot, or Master.

Mother and sisters come to town in May, she being one of the Queen's steward-room. And so wag we.

I have not quite left Cambridge as I keep my rooms next term and shall go there promiscuously, but my pleasant time is nearly gone, and its memory is fragrant in my soul. On this point I think we agree. Much more might be said, but on one of the dog-days it may be spoken *vivis vocibus*.

Yours truly,
LYTTELTON.

W. H. Brookfield to Lord Lyttelton:

16*th April*, 1838.

I have known some pleasures in my life, sensual, moral, intellectual. I have read Shakespeare, I have been in love, I have drunk hock and soda-water in the

* Lord Lyttelton, whose father had died in '37, had written from Trinity in March to say: "The Classical Tripos came out Friday evening to my great glory, for I am therein bracketed, *æqualis*, with Vaughan, the great man who got the Craven before me and Porson's, etc., without end in the *first* place. This had never been done before, and showed the closest possible race. There is an offensive man of Magdalene called May, so close to Vaughan and me as to put us in a great fright about the Medals, but we will see what we can do."

doggiest of the dog-days,—but I never knew a pleasure of a broader and more jolly hearted kind than when your medal sent its golden chime into the ear of my soul. You quote with a good-natured memory my hopes expressed last year, and let me indulge in the pleasant etheriality of supposing that the sincere good wishes of a friend even though they do not take the solemn form of the "fervent prayer that availeth much" are nevertheless not without a similar secret influence invisibly working towards its own fulfilment, and then I am not without my share in your most honourable success, and may say with Handel's organ blower "We played that very nicely." I suppose they w ll elect you honorary fellow! And what audit you will drink!

But I am to congratulate you on another event not quite so meritorious but hardly less important than the medal winning, to wit: your attainment of legal manhood and actual peerage. I did not forget the 31st March, but in the wine crypts of my heart drank full measure to your well doing. I hope you used your new privileges moderately on that day,—though for my part I should have acted just in the spirit of Jacky Kemble, who, when he was first made M.A., visited every place to which masters had exclusive entrance that same morning, and having got bumptiously beery in the afternoon proctorised many undergraduates without mercy.

I should have gone to the House, — divided on everything,—protested against every division,—perplexed everybody with untimely questions, bullied the Tories for octogenarian dotards, the Whigs for self-seekers whose policy was their best honesty, and Radicals for bilge water shifting from side to side with the motion of the ship. I have no doubt you acted much more reasonably.

I have not a particle of fear about your " fair woman " ending after so sealy a fashion. I hope to see you yet shaking the dry bones in that depressingly gentlemanlike upper house. You have everything in your favour. A repute to start with, lots of courage and animal spirits, a great faculty for acquiring the sort of knowledge and tact to use it which is needful in such a sphere. I am glad you are going abroad. Hugely you will enjoy it. I am glad, too, because that will bring you here as a point of exit. I shall be excessively delighted to see you. Shall our mirth be stinted ? I wot not.

Thou catechist as to my mode of wagging, " How waggest thou ? " quoth he. Verily my waggery is in this wise. I visit paupers and dispense thereto scraps of mutton, pounds of tea, and doles of bread,—or haply I compose sleeping draughts for such as dissipating their nights in foppery must needs seek a little comfortable sleep in my Church on Sunday. I cannot help saying, however, that mine, considering the great size of it, is an exceedingly well-conducted congregation,—for really very few of them *snore*. I discerned at the very further corner of it last Sunday your school acquaintance, Creavy, who had come barristering. I sought him out afterwards and had pleasant words about you. Furthermore, though I am very busy parochially and studiously I by no means forswear certain kindly intercourse with my fellow creatures and have a very pleasant time of it and I hope not a useless one.

For any sake let me see you here, and drop me a line of premonition, and I will arrange for your lodgment.

So the nightingale, the bird of many sorrows, the throbbing-breasted, honey-throated, mourner of the grove, ὄρνις ἀντιζόμενα, the loving, the intense, THE

BULBUL taketh a tutor. I wish that tutor as much happiness as I had, as much kindliness as abidest between yourself and yours sincerely,

W. H. B.

Mr. Brookfield also kept up a correspondence with Thackeray and Spedding. Lord Lyttelton came several times to see him, and Alfred and Frederick Tennyson, who often passed through the town of Southampton, always looked him up in his lodgings. Richard Chevenix Trench he had close by at Botley Hill, and all these he carried with him to the Eltons' hospitable board.

His engagement to Miss Elton was arranged some time towards the end of '38, with the natural stipulation that marriage must attend advancement on the part of the gentleman, for they were neither of them well off. We find in Mr. Brookfield's diary at this time:

Aug. 31*st.*—My Birthday. I wrote to-day "I stood upon the lone shore yesternight." Jane is at Forest Lodge.

Sept. 1*st.* Jane's return. I wrote the lines after dinner in her album.

2*nd.* In the veranda Jane told me, "Papa likes the verses and says they are like Coleridge's. *I* think them a great deal better."

A portion of the poem runs thus:

I stood upon the lone shore yesternight
When all was hushed;—no buzzing night fly stirr'd,
Nor wandering wind benighted crept to ask
The wakeful aspen leaf its homeward way.

* * * * *

Then, with deep shame to have forgot so long,
I thought of friends that, but twelve moons before,
Had been to me but as the golden vein
Besides the miner's ken who delves apart.
I thought of thine and thee—that charmed ring
Of unsour wisdom, and untainted mirth,
Of household kindliness, and truth, and love,
Where the winged hours forget they have to die.

* * * * *

And I thought of one
On whose meek innocence and maiden youth
I have looked till it hath grown to me, and blent
With my more rugged nature, softening down
Asperities that evil wisdom breeds.

* * * * *

I thought of one and all who round that hearth
Of smiles, have many a time dispelled my gloom,
And chasing off care's locust swarm, have flung
Sweet shine and shower abroad, till many a patch
Of green, with here and there a flower, hath gleaned
Athwart this heart that had lain fallow long.

It is a remarkable fact that almost without exception the companions of that wonderful "dawn-golden time," as Tennyson called it, at Cambridge, wrote verse of some kind or another, and Mr. Brookfield's "Taking of Jerusalem, The First Crusade," is not only elegant in its versification, but possesses also dramatic qualities of no mean order.

In '39 he went a tour in France, during which he met and travelled with Fitzgerald.

Correspondence had now begun to be frequent between the young couple, although they lived side by side, and saw each other several times a day, and they at this time developed a clairvoyante knowledge,

bred of hope, as to where and when a better curacy was likely to befall—though perhaps more helpful and powerful was the interest brought to bear upon this subject by Sir Henry Dukenfield and Mr. Hallam. Early in '40 the Rev. Mr. Ward, of St. James', Piccadilly, approached Mr. Brookfield for the second time, and in June he went to London to be inspected, when he writes:

LINCOLN'S INN,
LONDON,
22nd June, 1840.

My dearest Jenny,

Arrived in town. Dress—White Cravat! At 12 to Ward's. A most friendly, honest fellow. He told me, laughing, that he had proposed stealing a march to Southampton on Saturday last, and so hearing me unawares yesterday, but he had been prevented from carrying out his plot. After much straightforward talk we adjourned into the Church, I mounted the reading-desk and he went into a very far-off pew—the worst for hearing in the Church—and crouched himself down to the very floor while I tried my voice. I read two or three stray verses, and uttered a few words of my own and was just exclaiming with great pomp and distinct stentorianism "Pray, sir, can you hear every word I say?" when suddenly a side door opened and in marched a bevy of lovely ladies, heralded by a pompous official who, seeing me holding forth at this violent rate at so thin an auditory (for Ward, my only "dearly beloved brother" present was invisible), stared, retreated, advanced, laughed; while I looked the colour of W—— after his 13th tumbler. Meantime Ward reappeared from his hiding place, and we retired into the Vestry where I agreed

to dine with him to-night—and he robed for a smart Christening of which these bright damsels were sponsors, etc., one of them representing the Queen, who was godmother to the baby—but I did not ask whose it was—as Harry did of Mary's. If inapprehensive consult Laura as to last allusion. Well, Ward and I agreed, of course—indeed from the beginning he seemed to assume that I was coming to him. Salary, however, only about £190. Settled to go in October.

June 24th. Yesterday I went about seeing a few old friends, Spedding, Lushington, Venables, Milnes. Met Garden. Dined with Wilberforce. Robert and Henry and their wives there.

I am at this moment balancing between joining the Cambridge body to present an address to the Queen, and going to a meeting where I should see and hear Carlyle. I am almost afraid and a little ashamed to say that the former may carry the day with the Southampton Clodhopper—I have at least gone so far as to borrow a gown to go to the Palace in. I breakfast with Milnes to-morrow morning, where we are to have some exhibition of mesmerism as I understand—I don't exactly know what—but something amusing no doubt it will be.

Later. Breakfasted with Venables and Lushington, at one joined deputation from Cambridge with addresses to Court. At 7 to Thackeray, 13 Great Coram St.

When he went to visit his old parish of Maltby, and while he was staying with Miss Thackeray, and dining with Montgomery, etc., Miss Elton wrote:

CLIFTON, 1840.

Aug. 3rd. Saturday I was rustling along the burning pavement (in my silk gown very greatly refreshed and furbished up into an exceeding juvenility and smartness), when I beheld a familiar face the opposite side of the street, and discovered Uncle Orton (Burke's brother, you know, but as unlike as possible), a fidgetting—most amusingly womanish—thin old bachelor, who met me with hands extended and saying "I believe—I think—I might have ventured to give you an Uncle's salute, not having seen you for so long, but as we are not alone—I thought you would not like it." Imagine an old man of 65! piquing himself on wearing his own hair still untinged with grey, and arranged Brutus like in crisped curls, over which he stands, curling iron in hand, daily, at the glass,—an alert little mincing step and speckless clothes and hands, distinguish him likewise from E. Burke,—while he is quite as good-natured in his little ways, slipping ½ sovereigns into one's hand unexpectedly, etc.

Back again in Southampton in order to finish up things there before leaving, Mr. Brookfield records—

26th. Alfred Tennyson arrived to-day and joined us at Elton's in the evening. I having fetched him from the Castle Inn up thither.

27th. My father and mother arrive by rail. Dine at home. While A. Tennyson dines at Elton's. In the evening I go to E.'s to fetch him down and he and I smoke while my father sits with us.

28th. To Elton's to fetch Jane down to call upon my mother, thence to Church with Jane. In the evening I and father and mother dine at Elton's. Alfred

during the afternoon having accompanied my father about the town, but he left at nine o'clock for Havre.

It was during this visit that the young poet went up to Charles Elton and said, putting his hand upon his host's bald head, " You must have done many a foolish thing in your time with that great big bump of benevolence of yours."

The departure of Mr. Brookfield from Southampton was marked by meetings, speeches, etc.; a silver teapot, one hundred guineas, and a set of robes were bestowed upon him, and he went away for many reasons regretfully, regretted by many.

But once in London a busy satisfactory life opened out before him. He was immediately set to work upon Lord Lyttelton's Committee (his Lordship was putting up for the High Stewardship of Cambridge) and Mr. Brookfield describes his daily duties thus:

ST. JAMES' VESTRY,
22 *Oct.*, 1840.

Really, Jane, it becomes a serious consideration whether the fact that living together at some future time will put an end to your letter writing ought not to weigh against any such project. You seem to get droller and more charming every time. If I were not too proud (and prudent) I should confess that I was a *leeeetle* bit disappointed not to hear yesterday. What do you mean, you ugly slut, by the insulting insinuation, " You seem to be a very grand Person, I wonder what in the world you have to do?"—Go, ask the water wheel of a mill what it has to do—the horn of a fly—the main spring of a watch—the rudder of a man-of-war—the soul of a body—what they have to do. Why,

I am Secretary of a Committee consisting of Lords and Marquisses and red-fisted Baronets and old women parsons—not one of whom has any more notion of business than that excellent and towering Patriarch* whom you so much resemble in everything but cigar smoking and varicose veins. Think what I should have to do in a Committee consisting exclusively of such people as your Father—Harry and yourself—interspersed with Male Nickleby's, whose imbecility in practical work is only equalled by their fidgety interruptions to those who can do something. I have to discover wants and to meet them, I have to invent like an orator, to write like a scrivener, to run about like an errand boy in search of a place, and to bow and scrape and button hole and smirk like Peter Dickson. I haven't washed save my finger ends and a part of my face about the size of a small mask this three weeks. I beg your pardon for this—but "Truth is truth," etc. (Simple Susan)—Look at one day's Biography. Yesterday I rose at 7. Hurried to British Coffee House—thence to an eating house like that from which Burke supplies his huge nieces with midday food—and breakfasted and read newspapers. At 9 to Vestry, married, read prayers, Christened, Churched. Wrote certificates, etc., till 12½. Then to Committee Room, writing, arranging, bowing, scraping, this and the other, solving perplexities and arranging disarrangements till 3. Then to Church again to read till 3½, then to WILTSHIRE eating house again, munching and reading till four. This early dinner to prevent my being disturbed afterwards. At four to Committee again, dispatches from Cambridge to receive, act upon and answer by post which closes even at the main offices before 6. Fortunately Lyttelton arrived at 7½

* Her father.

and helped me out of a difficulty; for I was just altering his address (for which see to-day's *Chronicle*) upon my own Authority;—he, however, adopted the amendments himself which relieved me from an uncomfortable responsibility. Well, with him I stay till 8½, then he and some Committee men go off to Dinner, leaving me to do the remaining work, the most laborious of all, getting things into the Papers. Which occupied me till 10½. Not that I blame them—because I was the fittest person to do that part of the work. Well, at 10½ I step into a Tavern, order Sausages and Stout (stout—a strong sort of Porter), read Evening Paper;—and so home and into Bed;—sleep sound and with the self-satisfied feeling of a "Labourer"—and at 7 this morning commenced the same round again.

It is a comfort having Lyttelton here—whom we sent for by Post only the night before; but still we want a good old experienced guide in Committee work.

I have plenty of work in me—but no experience; and my masters at Head quarters (Cambridge) are not much better. I have here in Committee—Rev. Mr. Hughes, a good-natured old Cambridge Twaddle, Ralph Neville, a young willing hand, but "raw," as Osrick says, Lord John Manners, much the same—all very willing, good-natured, unaffected help-mates—but none of them used to the thing; and I have to lead—to which I do not feel competent; however, I am doing my best—and this incessant work I enjoy very much, and am in better health than for a long time past. I have made this discovery as to letter writing, which I believe others have made long before, that to write a letter takes just the time that you have, be the same more or less. This you may say with a smile militates against my theory laid down to you

the other day. But remember that these letters of which I speak, though written within a limited time and somewhat rapidly, are not therefore slovenly executed, but carefully and thoughtfully though promptly—as being for the eye of others who may not be so indulgent as my sweetest of all possible Jennies. What! a fourth sheet! This illustrates "The poorer a man is the more he gives" for I have not a moment to spare and am writing (for me) a very long letter.

I was in considerable alarm when Ld. John Manners told me the Election of Steward would be on the 5th November;—for of course I could not have voted on that day without leaving South'ton the moment after the Wedding was solemnized*—but Blakesley writes me that—"It cannot by possibility occur before the 5th, and that it is probable (but not ascertained) that it may be on the 11th November," which would suit me very well.

I have just looked off my paper to look at the clock which ticks against the vestry wall. Doing so has entirely destroyed the flow of my ideas—which have had (or rather my words, for I cannot answer for the ideas and have not a moment to review what I have said) a pretty rush rather than flow for the last thirty minutes—after marrying three couple—reading morning Service and Churching a hapless daughter of Eve. I shall not write to-morrow. Ever, my dear, gentle, peaceable, calm, washed and clean-linened, Lady in a bower—your deliquescent—squalid—unwasht—unshaven—dirty flannelled—unchanged-stockined Secretary.

W. H. B.

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* Jane Elton's sister, Laura, was to marry Mr. Charles Grey, of the family of Earl Grey, and Mr. Brookfield had promised to perform the ceremony.

A LETTER IN THE "CHRONICLE"

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton:

St. James' Vestry,
Piccadilly,
24 *Oct.*, 1840.

My darling Jenny,—

Your Father will be pleased to know that I begin to think the *M. Chronicle* by far the best written of the Morning Papers. I don't know whether you would distinguish that *coup de Maitre* in that beautifully printed article on Lord Lyttelton—written in obedience to an order from Cambridge "to work the Eton principle,'—*i.e.* to make the most of Ld. L. having been an Etonian—likewise we were rather alarmed at the virulent articles against Lyndhurst which might irritate the Tories among whom we have many supporters, and therefore that communication was written as being supposed to be in better tone. The Editor, Mr. Black, was very praiseful to me about it, and said that the moment he read it he had sent it up "to be put in large type in a conspicuous part of the Paper"—and expressed himself very much obliged for it.

I cannot at all tell you the comparative chances of the two Candidates. We shall not for a few days be able to compare them.

As to Anne not being in Southampton, you lie. Business before pleasure, as King Dick said when he killed the King before smothering the Babbies—Therefore reluctantly I bid thee adieu, fair child. In about 9 days I shall see thee.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton:

British Coffee House,
31 *Oct.*, 1840.

My darling Jenny,

I am afraid this will again be one of those letters which I am so little desirous of your imitating. In

addition to the daily calls upon me in Vestry and in committee I have had to lose some time to-day in attending with other members of the Senate at the Duke of Northumberland's to install him as Chancellor of the University. It was thought desirable that Ld. L.'s committee should muster upon this neutral ground—otherwise I should not have gone. I met several old friends and new (election) foes, and there was a very smart lunch. The Vice Chancellor (of England—*i.e.* Shadwell) came up to me, and with very bad taste (as it was neutral ground) began talking about the election—and spoke of the number of their (Lyndhurst's) promises—and stated a very grossly exaggerated number in their favour. I replied that I considered myself only an humble servant of the Committee and not at liberty to talk upon the subject; at that moment the Master of Magdalen (Neville Grenville), overhearing an obscure Curate assailed by the Vice Chancellor, came up and began congratulating me on the encouraging prospects of Lyttelton's party—for which I was much obliged to him.

Ward was with the Bishop of London yesterday and told me this morning that my name was mentioned —but he reported nothing more important than that Bishop remarked—" Well, it is a very pretty name—you get Gardens and Brookfields and everything rural and romantic."

Really, Jenny, I must come to a reluctant close; but a bustling committee room where great big youths keep coming to look over my shoulder supposing that I am writing a dispatch, and with quick eyes for any ultra passionate phraseology is not the place for writing as one feels.

Wherefore adieu.

Ever thine,

W. H. B.

BACK AT CAMBRIDGE

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton:

CAMBRIDGE,
12 *Nov.*, 1840.

My darling Jenny,

Tho' not so bewilderingly disabled by engagements and want of time as yesterday, I still cannot hope to get thro' anything better than a shabby note as I am every moment liable to be called into active fight—to slay a Lyndhurst or work up a wavering Lytteltonian. I have, in short, to sit in harness—with loins girt and sword upon my thigh, and in such position cannot possibly write you a real letter; nevertheless, instead of grumping like an Evangelical about what we can*not* do, let us, like a good Christian, make the best of what moments we have and do what little we can do.

I got here in time to vote—*i.e.* before four—and then scribbled a few hurried business letters, almost, I fear, unintelligible. I then sate in Trinity Hall, a terrible crowd and scramble, and I could not have got any dinner if I had wanted it. To Magdalene at 7—not to the Hall but to the Master's Lodge, as all Masters of Colleges' residences are called, and found myself in company that would have enchanted a tuft hunter (I can't resist college phraseology here). There was THE HON. and Rev. the Master—LADY Charlotta Neville (his wife)—LADY Caroline or Louisa (or heaven knows what) Legge. Loads of Miss Nevilles—Archdeacon Brymer—THE HON. Wm. Lyttelton—and chief of all the young Lady Lyttelton, to whom I was specially introduced and sate next at dinner. She is charming. I liked her excessively. Lyttelton came in in the course of the evening and towards ten o'clock I found myself once or twice talking downright nonsense in a sort of eye-open sleep, and Ld. L. being in similar condition of slumbrousness, we both retired—he to Trinity Lodge where he sleeps—and I to a little

room I had had the luck to get in the town. I slept like the grave, and rose this morning quite refreshed and very CHEERFUL! which you know is my disposition. I breakfasted with Archdeacon Thorp—then with Merivale—was invited to do so at Magdalene, but was too hungry to wait for 10 o'clock, and so did not go at all.

Lyttelton told me that in his Sermon last Sunday Ward quoted from mine of the Sunday but one before —by memory he referred to it, saying: "As you heard lately in a sermon on the duty of combining the Christian virtues upon the text 'Add to your faith, etc.'" This is very unusual nowadays, and was more of a compliment than I am accustomed to from Church monsters—(I only mean great men in the Church). Fancy Shaddy quoting anything of mine except to warn the people not to remember it.

We are being entirely beaten as we deserve, for not having acted as a Committee more wisely—energetically and promptly. Still, I hope that Ld. L. will poll as many votes as Cavendish did for the representation of the University in Parliament. Our minority will be highly honourable considered as against a man of such stupendous accomplishments as Lyndhurst, and we don't go about with disappointed faces, but helping each other to find grounds of consolation.

P.S.—Close of Poll to-day.

Lyndhurst—923.
Lyttelton —457.

This comes entirely of my coming to Southampton!!! I hope I shall never marry Laura again.

Good-bye, dearest.

RETURN TO LONDON

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, PICCADILLY,
(not but that I am in the Vestry).
14 *Nov.*, 1840.

My dearest Glum,

A few words I will write if no more — (though I'll be hanged if I allow myself to get into a trick of daily writing) just to say that I arrived last night and to demand your sympathy for my sufferings outside the Rocket from three to 9½ p.m. I had been invited to dine at Magdalene Lodge again for yester evening—to kiss away Lady L.'s tears—but I thought you might be displeased so came away. Milnes having arrived, who is always a great flatterer of mine, made a great temptation to stay—but I thought it well to secure a quiet day before Sunday. I enjoyed my visit much more than I expected, but I could not help being vexed (as far as my BUOYANCY of spirits coupled with my MATURITY of judgment would allow) at having been brought up from Southampton from so much more enjoyment for so little purpose. Lyttelton did not seem much floored by his defeat, but had wished very much to have a minority not less than 500, whereas ours was 488 against 973—Lady L. was more disappointed—but not distressingly so. I was at the Lodge the morning of my coming away.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, PICCADILLY,
25 *Nov.*, 1840.

My dearest Jenny,

I called yesterday afternoon on my solitary way for a walk in the Park—what hour the lamps began to supersede the orb of day—upon the Duchess. I went in my cloak, my great mark of identity, that I might

not be let in by mistake, and I left a card inscribed with no dangerous legibility and pursued my walk. In the evening I dined with Robinson at St. James', he being on guard again. It was a very pleasant mess—there were present five guardsmen and one lifeguard. Dinner excellent. Wine potent. Curate drunk.

Your letter is quite commensurate with your high reputation with Arthur and myself. Easy—natural—excellently expressed and amiably conceived. I wish I could write half as well as you, and that you could spell half as well as I. As to the "Where"*—all the ingenuity of a special pleader—all the waters that ever wallowed in the great deep—all the penknives that were ever fashioned—all the playful smiles of the sweetest of all supposeable Jenny's cannot avail to efface either from the paper itself or from its duplicate in my memory the superfluous AITCH which in your reckless liberality you bestowed upon the second person of the imperfect tense number of the verb to be. Prospero says to Caliban 'I'll fill thy bones with aches"—which John Kemble affected to pronounce "aitches"—because the rhythm demanded two syllables. But what has the poor verb done that you should treat it as the Magician threatened his recursant slave? Think not by referring to my past misfortunes and disappointments to divert attention from your present follies, and allow me to add that if you ever come to reside amongst the cockneys you will find that aitches are not so plentiful as to admit of your lavishing them where there is no need of such vanity.

Mine is one of the few bay windows hereabouts—and looks a long way down Piccadilly (or as Artillery people say, "rakes" it) right and left. The roar of

* In her last letter she had asked him ingenuously, "Where you ever in love with the Duchess?"

Carriages is perpetual—incessant like the ocean—but I got instantly used to it—and indeed do not remember once to have felt any interruption from it. But you well know my sweet cheerful turn of mind that turns everything I touch into sunshine. By George, if I would have turned anything into sunshine this morning it would have been convenient—for it was so dark with fog (and that not one of the real live Egypto-London fogs either) that I had candles till 11 o'clock. But to return to this cheerfulness which is so often the theme of your scorn—altho' I do at this moment most fondly wish I were where I could pull your nose to the inversely proportionate disgust and delight of yourself and Edmund respectively, yet I must needs be happy here and for this reason mainly—that I am actively and usefully employed,—and to the ample satisfaction of my employer. Let neither of us repine at temporary separations which many have to endure under far less tolerable circumstances. But let us be thankful for what we have, contented for what we have not, and so go on loving and hoping to our lives' end.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, PICCADILLY,
Xmas Eve, 1840.

My darling Jane,

Yesterday as soon as I had finished my letter to you I took a pretty long frosty walk with W's oxford son round Regent's Park—but if I should round a desert of Arabia Petraea, it would be all the same to your poor rustic wits for any idea which it can give you of the direction in which I travelled. I found him very oxford—which I can't for the life of me help spelling with a little o—and indeed I utterly despair of ever seeing a halfpenny worth of vigorous and

apprehensive mind from that precious school of gentility, and I never speak to one of her graceful children without thinking of Venables' (a Cambridge friend of mine) modest remark—" I often wonder what we have done to deserve being gifted as we are so much above those cursed idiotic oxford brutes."

This nonsense is hardly congruous with Xmas eve and its catholic charities—wherefore I will conclude with a sincere and heartfelt desire that we had better clothes and they better understandings.

In the evening I dined at a Mr. Smedley's of this parish—rather correctish, or as Caroline would say, " Tidy " sort of people, but though they were agreeable and good natured and all that, I was not particularly sorry when the evening came to a close. There were half a dozen people there, all very " well behaved "—like Rogers, but not sufficiently characteristic to justify description. I believe I am indebted to a lady in Yorkshire for the acquaintance.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton :

188, PICCADILLY,
28 *Dec.*, 40.

My dearest Jenny,

I received your twopenny at the happy hour of breakfast this morning—most charming and brilliant —and will form a very eclipsing contrast to this present writing which will not—I forsee—emit one single scintillation. I am to take as much exercise as I can bear, plain diet and wine as may seem to agree. So on the strength of the last instruction I think I shall this evening rival the poor married Lieutenant at Portsmouth (Bell knew him) who, on being asked (by the Doctor) if he drank wine replied—" No—never—except indeed when he was invited to dine with the Mess—when he generally took a few bottles."

I am glad you liked Venables' ejaculation—but I must have told it you my last visit but one, which was just after he had said it to me. But it is utterly impossible on paper to convey the slow utterance—the characteristic lisp—the quiet unconscious good faith—with which the saying was said. His mind not in the least engaged with the *fact* of Cambridge superiority—which was far too matter-of-course a thing to dwell upon—but solely with speculation upon the cause. "I wonder what thee Devil we've done," etc. I believe that Oxford *minds* are not considered to have any value but such as arises (as in Turnspit dogs) from their extreme rarity. Arthur may have met one by chance in London—but they are so exceedingly unremarkable that he might readily have overlooked it.

W. H. Brookfield to Jane O. Elton:

188, PICCADILLY,
31 *Dec.*, 1840.

My darling Child,

A few words I must write to-night—partly because I shall have little if any opportunity to-morrow—and partly because they are the last I can have with you this year. Meantime, no doubt, you too have written your last of 1840, and it is already on its way to me. In a few minutes we shall have entered upon another year of our love. I would to God that I were permitted to see plainly some more fixed and smooth course for that love to travel in. My most dear child, let us both try henceforward by patient acquiescence in the will of Heaven—and by strenuous endeavour to do our several duties to become less undeserving of what we both desire.

There it goes—the dear old year—my blessing go with it. Many, many happiest returns of the new

one to you, my darling child. May God Almighty bless it to you and enable us both to make the best of it—and crowd it with every good and perfect gift—making us grateful for them if they come and resigned and humble if they do not.

My own dear Jane. I have no words that are enough, but I will pray for you and myself, that we may be strengthened in all goodness and share together all happiness that is fit for us now and always.

God bless you, my dearest—good-night.

1 *Jan.*, 1841.
8½ a.m.

My dear girl, you ought to be the first I speak to this new year as you were the last in the old one. So once more a thousand fond and affectionate wishes to you. I hope that you are also up and brisk this morning—beginning the year well by meeting it in the face—early and "promptly"—and that you mean to earn in some measure the enjoyment of it by being as the Apostle says "temperate in all things." Temperance, you know, is not abstinence, but well proportioned use of things. So you are to take enough food—enough raiment—enough exercise—enough society—and little enough dreaming—little enough looking at the red embers. But this is not a gracious way of beginning the year on my part, sweetest girl, who owe thee every tenderest and most considerate courtesy. If, however, you know how I love and prize you, you will not heed a little well meant impertinence.

It is only as compared with yourself and what you easily may be that I ever find any fault in you. I never compare you with others.

I am now seated at breakfast by a nice flapping fire. It will be near two hours before I get your letter—which I am somehow more impatient for this morning

than usual. Perhaps I shall find a few moments to acknowledge it. So farewell Jenks—Hail muffin.

4 p.m.

Gifford preached this morning — and the moment he had read his text a woman rose from the free sittings in the middle aisle and exclaimed "Those words were upon my mind just before you uttered them, *precisely those words*." Folks looked astonished, but the creature sate down again and all proceeded quietly.

I beg to inform you that Lord John Manners is at Belvoir Castle—which noble mansion was the seat of his ancestors at a time when

> Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob Elton,
> So far from having sword or belt on
> Had scarcely more clothes than a bare legg'd Celt on
> And worn-out shoes that had no welt on;
> Their uncomb'd heads with no morsel of felt on;
> Vile as the dust which begging they knelt on.

Henceforth learn to respect my weak point. Don't gird me about LORD JOHN MANNERS.

Bless thee, a million times, my sweet love.

Good-bye,
W. H. B.

CHAPTER III

Family skeletons. Tearing off a Knocker. A complacent lady. A Diplomatic act. A speech by Brougham. Monckton Milnes' kindness. A breakfast with Rogers. The Prince Consort. Alfred Tennyson. First meeting with Carlyle. The Duke of Cambridge. "Humphrey's Clock." Henley Regatta. Sterling Club. Emily Tennyson's marriage. Dr. Pusey. Wedding Bells.

Jane O. Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
12 *Jan.*, 41.

Dearest Mr. Brookfield,

Arthur and Edmund also Harry went to the Soirée last night. On Friday Arthur is going to Lymington to dine and sleep at Captain Willis's (R.N.) who has a cottage there, and to go to a ball at Mrs. Hare's in the neighbourhood, which is to be rather a grand affair, I believe. She happens to be a distant cousin of ours, by name Reid, Grandpapa's mother was a Miss Reid, and had a nephew also named Reid whose wife was so obliging as to poison him with arsenic thereby obtaining his property and marrying a footman to whom she had long been attached. We had an old trial cut out of a newspaper in the house once, of Mrs. Reid for the murder of her husband, but —very iniquitously—she was acquitted with 1,000 proofs against her. I believe she was pretty and cried and fainted, and so the Judge was entirely "melted"—but it was a crying shame, worse than Mme. Laffarge, that she was not duly hanged for her crimes. We had this trial till very lately (that is till five years ago) but when I was 14, I very naturally

took a dislike to seeing this old record of family crime lying about the house—and one evening burnt it! I thought poor Papa would have gone distracted when told that this valued trial was burnt. "It is quite rare—seldom to be met with, was given me by Richard Smith* (a favourite of Papa's, a Bristol surgeon,) I would not have lost it for £100," etc., etc. Well, I have told you a long story but you see by degrees you become acquainted with all the "Blots" there may be upon our "Family Escutcheon." I told you the story of "Andrew or the Mysteries" not long ago, and here I have given you another blot in the shape of Mrs. Reid, of whom may be said "Oh! no, we never mention her, her name is never heard."

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
31 *Jan.*, 41.

Dearest Jane,

You are so charmingly encouraging in the way you speak of my most scurvy and hurried letters that I sit down with perfectly reckless confidence though I have not got a thing to say nor, if I was doing my duty, a minute to say it in.

I had a letter from Trench this morning saying that his boy died yesterday. When he wrote before he spoke so certainly of his being close upon the article of death that I replied in the presumption that he must be gone—which however was not the case. I am to insert it in two or three of the papers. Poor Trench says "you cannot guess what a gap he has left in our household. He was a very, very dear little fellow."

Your kind story would have alarmed me but that

* This Richard Smith married a sister of Maria Edgeworth.

on reflection, I think that from your Grandfather's Mother's Nephew's Wife—down to your Grandfather's Son's 8th daughter the anti-husband propensity has had time and space to lose some of its active malignity. But I should certainly make you taste anything of the broth or cake or dumpling kind before I "partook" of it myself—and should insist upon your being as little as possible in the kitchen. But while I am able to philosophize about Mrs. Burdock-Laffarge-Elton-Reid I do not find it so easy to reconcile myself to this progressively horrible development of family mysteries which may end I know not where. First it is cautiously communicated that Harry ran away from school. Then when that has subsided that you have an Uncle who plays upon the clarionet. Thirdly that "it is already proved and will go near to be believed shortly" (vide Dogberry) that the wife of a distant connexion of the family was acquitted of poisoning her spouse. I shall expect next to see part of the rope in which one of you thought it would be very disagreeable to hang herself. Do, dear Jenny, let me know the worst at once instead of leaving one upon the rack of fearful conjecture.

So you are getting lazy. There is no being angry at this distance—but if I were at hand I would give you such a scolding as should cure you for some time at least. But, seriously, Jenny you must make effort. Now just tell me your hours in your next. My impression has been most favourable and most agreeable as to your going on since I left last. I hope it was well founded. I confess myself to disliking the chin scrubbing on getting up—and have just begun a compromise by getting through that part before getting into bed. For the cold unmitigated tubbing I do not fear it much—and approach the vast rigid merciless looking pan of all but frozen water pretty

much as an old hardened thief goes to the gallows. But I dare not resist either scrub or tub for fear of losing the charm of habit.

To-night I go to an old college acquaintance, W. Pearson, who married Lady Angela somebody—the daughter of a disputed peer.

W. B.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
14th Jan., 41.

The noise of the carriages kept me awake half the night, and at half-past eight I should still have been catching up my lost sleep, but that I was awakened by a "Hum" (as Papa would say) of men's voices outside the window, and looking out discovered Arthur and Edmund in fits of laughter with five or six men in fustian and an old woman surrounding them, Arthur patting the foremost man on the shoulder in the most familiar manner, and soothing him down, while the woman was scolding in shrill tones. We called up Edmund, eager for explanation, and found they had left the Day's at 6 o'clock, with the two Forrests and a party of other men among whom was the illustrious Crewe Reid. They went in to smoke cigars at a house in Bedford Place, the lodgings of one of the party and on coming out, little Bagot could not resist from tearing a knocker off a house near, upon which the owner of the house, one Barnes, and his wife, ran out after him, and Crewe fought with him, and Arthur ran to his assistance (Barnes being a powerful man) and knocked him down twice running, offering the woman half-a-crown. Then Barnes followed him and Edmund home, calling every stray workman they passed to join him—so there was this little crowd assembled outside the house.

All Barnes wanted was five shillings for the wrenched knocker—which, as they had had nothing whatever to do with taking it off, and Arthur has the utmost horror of anything so ungentlemanly, was hard upon them;—however the little crowd seemed to take their part, and joined in the laugh against Mr. Barnes, who at length became exceedingly good humoured and was fully pacified by half-a-crown. If I had known how much room this prosy story would have taken up I should not have added it to the list of family delinquencies with which from time to time I have enlightened your mind—I am not conscious of any darker crimes to be revealed to you since my narrative of Mrs. Reid—should any occur to me I will furnish you with them to put you "au courant" with our family.

I cannot give any good account of myself in respect to early rising, and so tardy a history I should have to write down, if I told you my hours, as you request, that I rather shrink from it, however, one word in self defence, I must say that until I grew wakeful at night, I used to get up early (not at 7 but before 8).

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
18 *Jan.*, 1841.

My dearest Jane,

Sunday I got thro' my work uncommonly well and without the slightest fatigue. It was a delightful day—warm—comparatively at least and free from rain. York Street Chapel was much fuller; after service a card was brought into the vestry—"Mrs. Stockdale"—and I directed her to be shown in. In came a stout, large eyed, very self complacent looking widow of sixty. She talked with a sort of slow and measured volubility peculiar to religious minds of

a certain calibre and of uncertain—because infinite—self conceit and affectation—and took a chair and commencing with supposable apologies for the intrusion proceeded. "You mentioned, Sir, in your sermon last Sunday that it was possible there might be those present who, from their earliest recollection and from the dawn of responsibility had walked in the main uprightly before God, and who therefore needed no conversion—but that in all probability such were very few. And no doubt, Sir," she continued, "they are very few; but I thought, Sir, it might be a satisfaction to you to have your conjecture confirmed—that there were such present—and so I thought I would venture to obtrude myself upon you to tell you that you see before you one of that happy few. I have always been as I am and cannot remember the time when I was not a true servant of God!!!" And she proceeded to suggest that I should preach some day upon purity of heart (Heaven knows what she meant) and added that perhaps I had never in my life addressed a person so happy as the one I was speaking with nor one who had known so many trials.

In the afternoon I preached for the Queen's letter.* The congregation was very good—and collection £29. Gifford had got £39 in the morning. Ward had hinted that he did not wish me to pump much, so I did not. I gave one of the most unpretending sermons that I had.

Ward told me yesterday that a Lady had asked him if I was not an imitator of Newman—he said he believed not (assigning some reason which I don't remember) and he added, in relating it to me, that the idea was suggested no doubt by the plainness of my

* This was an appeal written by the Queen for funds for the enlarging and building of Churches.

sermons—which I thought a compliment. At night H. Bullar and I walked as far as my Brothers. On our way we looked into an Evangelical Chapel where a Missionary Sermon was going on, and we heard the preacher (in entire good faith) refer to the pious rejection of human strength and the true Christian wisdom of Lord William Bentinck, when Governor-General of India, in reference to a certain application made to him by some Wesleyan Missionaries. They waited upon him to express their high sense of his kindness and to ask him to advise government to aid their schemes to convert the natives. He replied (as the preacher said, with such pious feeling—but as you will see with the sly double meaning of an old diplomatist) "Why, gentlemen, if I might give you my humble opinion I should advise you to leave this work to the pious missionary and instead of calling in the secular arm let us procure more of such devoted individuals as I have the honour to address." They retired highly delighted. He knew—the old fox—that those "individuals" would never do much good or mischief—and he dismissed them more gratified by his refusal to call on government to interfere (remember they were sectarians) than if their object had been answered.

I cannot delay to say how much pleased I am at your speaking of yourself as happier and more cheerful of late and attributing this to your having exercised more endeavour to improve. Be sure that this is the right principle. Endeavour, Endeavour, Endeavour, and you certainly will be successful and happy in proportion :—always assuming that such endeavour is in a right spirit of dependence upon a higher strength —as hearty and honest and steadfast as it is humble ; and as humble and dependent upon God as it is hearty and honest and steadfast.

I do heartily trust that you will experience much more of this, and bring your body and your mind into regular discipline and be certain that the effect will not be lost upon either. I have but a few moments left,—and must bid you good bye. Pray tell Arthur about Stockdale and the Governor General. Lord Canada is the eldest son of Earl of Sterling, and the latter is a Mr. Alexander who claims the peerage and calls himself by the title : but in some trial that occurred there transpired something not creditable to him—but I do not accurately know what.

Bless you dearest,
W. H. B.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

WINCHESTER,
19*th January*, 1841.

My dearest William,

Yesterday dined here Mr. D., a banker of Winchester and his wife, a pretty woman with a great quantity of ringlets and of shoulder to be seen, and who keeps a list of everywhere the hounds meet for each day in the week, and talks of horses incessantly just like a man—the whole of dinner yesterday was a repetition of the morning's hunting. Arthur and I sat by bewildered —at least I was, I suppose he was more used to hearing horses talked of as if they were rational, I mean human beings ; and every slightest joke about so much mud on boots or how fast the fox ran received with peals of laughter as if it had been the most brilliant sally of wit. How dreadfully it would degenerate all one's perceptions for what is clever or witty or good, if one was forced for all one's life to live with beings content with such lives and such conversations—really that woman was quite enough to disgust one with women entirely ; she did not seem even to have read a novel,

but to have her whole mind engrossed in horses with a lucid interval of worsted work and gardening, and they talked of flowers as a change in the evening just as vehemently as if they had souls as well as their pretty little exteriors.

I have just sent Arthur and Maria into fits of laughter over Mrs. Stockdale, and also amused Arthur with the Missionaries. He begs me to ask you whether it is not possible the Widow Stockdale was a man dressed up by way of a hoax to pretend this self sufficiency or whether you are sure she was not intoxicated as he can't believe it possible any human being could deceive herself to such a degree.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
23 Jan., 41.

Dearest,

It was only the neatness of the letter I got from you yesterday morning which saved you from a scolding for the blackguard sluttishness of its immediate precursor—though I admit that even that was very charming and witty in spite of its entire contempt of orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody. I remember how vastly you improved under my premonitions about 3 months ago—and I fancied on looking at your shameful scrawl that time had arrived for another jobation—as they spur horses now and then (not incessantly) just to keep them in mind that they have a rider. I was a good deal melted, however, by the reflection that after all the letter in question was quite a free gift; written in a cold room, and as bewitchingly pleasant as it was disgracefully slovenly. The next day's letter, however, with its commendable neatness entirely dissipated all hostile intention and

I resolved to say nothing about the matter, and consequently have said nothing about it ! ! ! ! !

I amuse myself with thinking how delightfully jealous you will be all this evening while I am dining with Mrs. D., MY OLD FLIRT ! ! ! Yes—I shall be there—most likely sit next her—say very, very pretty things to her. Seriously I think you will be rather uncomfortable ! *And thou shalt know how sharper than a maggot's tooth it is to have a faithless love !* You know she is really very pretty and " lights up " like a lustre —and has such winning ways ! Ah, Jenny, sweet child—they must have loveliness indeed to win the eye even from your outward and poorest loveliness —and winning ways they must possess that could charm one's heart into forgetting your fond confiding affectionate nature—I never see any slightest approach to you in head or heart ; and I feel it a sort of wrong to you to commend your beauty when praises so much more honourable are your due. I fear when my letters come to be printed in a breach of promise case I shall be thought a great fool.

When I called at D.'s on Thursday, I was shown up to the drawing room where were Dick and Mrs. D., I flourished away rather perhaps in my old style—such as " well, I am *the-e-e* happiest man in the world to be let in," etc., etc. There was all along one side of the room a huge bookcase with pink silk puckered fronting (like a piano) protected by squares of glass like 500 other bookcases. In the midst of my vivacious gallantry the bookcase suddenly opened and forth issued—*not* a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica but Mr. D. himself—the bookcase was false and only a folding door to the next room. " Good gracious," I cried in alarm, " you have not been behind the arras all this while." " Yes, indade I have, and I haired every wurrd ye sade."

The overture of my flirtation having so narrowly escaped being eminently perilous I think Jenny you are secure that the play itself will be kept in abeyance.

You never saw such a set of soul withering cats as were at O.'s the other night—one pretty face and only one. But you know "I am spoil'd for pretty faces." Indeed, I have never seen a person at all completely pretty since I came to London. The Brides are all as plain as the way to the Parish Church—the Bridesmaids rather better—but still disgracefully hideous; I married a blind man the other day and thought of Walpole. By the bye I have never received from Lord O—— the dibs that he owes me for that precious charge.*

Now, good-bye. Sometimes I am in good will for writing but with no creative humour. Sometimes in brighter humour but no will to write. Sometimes both, sometimes neither, to-day I think the case has been the first mentioned. However, I am secure of an affectionate reception so—

"Once more I bid you gentlemen good night."

Vale dulcissime—dilectissime—desideratissime.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
27 *Jan.*, 41.

Immediately after dispatching your letter Monday Lord Lyttelton came into my room and I forthwith ordered a dish of Beefsteak from the Albany "RESTAURANT" close by, to this was added a pot of porter, bottle of Madeira, cheese and incidentals—but no sweet—no fish—no dessert, and the Peer and the Curate dined very contentedly. I had vowed to myself to have

* For some time in Southampton Mr. Brookfield had Lord Orford's son under his charge.

nothing for dinner but a "Meat Tea" in cure for my cold, and tea things were actually on the table when beefsteak and porter pot appeared. The latter, however, was too much for my gratitude—tea pot retired—pewter pot advanced with flying colours—sugar and tongs slung back into their caddy—milk jug—cups—spoons were routed in pell mell as Madeira marched forward like a stately grenadier. Ah! but Jenny, when was such battle ever waged and the country where it was foughten suffered not. The consequence was a wakeful coughing night followed by a sore throat coughing day, which has torn one lobe of my lungs into ribbons which I will send you to wear at your next *soirée*, for they are no use to me now. I simply deserved whipping—not like a mischievous graceless boy—(who often has more grace in him than the whipper) but like a downright fool. Whenever I upbraid you with anything henceforth say to me no more than "Beefsteak and Porter Pot"—and then go mend you of your own fault.

Next day Henry came and dined with me at four in order to accompany me to the House of Lords to hear the debate on the address. This time I stuck to tea. We heard the address most dully moved and seconded by Lords Ducie and Lurgan—the latter excessively tedious—it was like four sermons tied end to end like sausages—excepting in savouriness. Then came Brougham, who gave us an hour's speech, some of it twaddle—some of it blarney—but then it was like nobody else's twaddle or blarney. And now I can partly understand why some people can listen to the sermons of some preachers with so much pleasure as they profess while I see no merit in them. It is that they are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject matter to criticise the sense of what is said—and the manner of its delivery is the charm. So it

was with me listening to Brougham. I knew nothing of the merits of the question—but his manner was almost perfect. Lord Melbourne followed and then the Duke of Wellington—and soon after 9 all was over.

Wm. Wilberforce (the eldest Brother) called on me yesterday and I returned it to-day. He and his wife you know were always very kind to me.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
28 *Jan.*, 41.

Poor Simpson has been dangerously ill but is getting better I am glad to say (of course we have been dutiful in enquiries at the door after him)—but mark one thing—his first attack came on by *over indulgence* in eating lobster salad, and a relapse which he had the other day, was brought on by taking *coffee*, though expressly forbidden by the doctors, and though he knew it was bad for him (his wife gave it to him, being unable to resist his wishes for anything) therefore I mention this, my dear, to point a moral and adorn a tale with regard to the Porter and Beef. We have a kind of moral, unevangelical, religious novel in the house now, in two vols.; "Modern Accomplishments" and "Modern Society," unnatural and sometimes underbred but very amusing—don't give me a pulpit frown and recommend a more useful book. I think "*Lord John's*" Boudoir or himself cajoled you into reading Henry of Guise the other day?—and it is now a long time since I read a novel. The "Flirt" was my last.

Arthur begs me to ask you candidly whether you can agree with me in calling Fanny Willis's mind "rather above par," or whether you do not think her name requires to be written "fanny willis" upon the plan of your small o's to oxford (which idea amused

him very much). I write down this question as he desires me, though I think her too good natured and too kindly disposed to be cut up. I *was* rather provoked with her for quarrelling with Carlyle (a volume of which I was profligate enough to lend her)—because, first of all, of "the enormous number of Capital letters that he uses—so very many capital letters—*really* so *very many* capital letters—did not you find it annoy you excessively, Jane? I *did* to a *very great* extent." Can anything be more tiresome than being forced to believe that any one would so far separate words and letters from *sense,* in a really interesting book and not perceive how every Capital letter Carlyle uses is for a purpose, to give prominency or greater importance to the word it belongs to, or some other reason.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

11 *Feb.*, 41.

I was momentarily softened towards "dear Joe" by your flatteries repeated to me—but then—"when I reflect" (Fagin in the condemned cell) upon the way, the cruel way in which dear Joe turned aside from my admiring and wistful gaze to meet the brilliancy of Caroline's gay fragments from the *Beau monde* which she poured ceaselessly forth to him, only interspersed with the duties of her office as sitter at the head of the table. "Ah yes, so Rogers told me—Rogers said—Fish sauce, Mr. Bullar?—Rogers said—and indeed so did Sydney—Sydney Smith, that the Queen, you know, has been so dreadfully maligned. There ought to be stuffing, Mr. Bullar, pray look for some. Yes, I met Wordsworth at the lakes and thought him very disagreeable—very disagreeable I own. I was at the lakes with my uncle, Mr. Hallam (!) Oh, Mr. Wordsworth only talked of himself I thought—don't you

drink Porter, Mr. Bullar ?* A glass of Porter for Mr. Bullar. That reminds me that Rogers, etc.—I am very fond of Mr. Rogers—Rogers the poet, pleasant breakfasts, I often go there when I'm in town—with the R-R-R-Romillys, or indeed when I'm with Mrs. Wickham, my cousin Mrs. Wickham. Oh, you meet all the clever people at Rogers'sss breakfasts, etc., etc. I should call the Queen pretty, oh, decidedly pretty. she asked Rogers (the poet) what he thought of Prince Albert, and Rogers answered 'He is good looking and looks good.' Rogers told me this himself!" Joe, I thought, seemed amused by it—altogether. But, my dear, sweet, honoured, darling, respected Brookfield what do you think happened to me yesterday ?

I CALLED ON ANNE ! ! !

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 PICCADILLY,
2 *March*, 41.

Dear Jane,

Your letter was overweight. That it was not discovered at the Post Office only proves that one fool makes many. You had used thicker paper than usual and fancied it weighed none the heavier—as perchance you think yourself no heavier than my beloved Anne ! Dearest Jinks,

I must get off with what fopperies I can from writing a long letter to-day—for I am intending to go to Greenwich. Your letter this morning made ample amend for the scrubbiness of its antecedent—neatly written—clever and delicious.

* The Bullars were a family of Southampton, close friends both of the Brookfields and Thackerays. They are often mentioned in Mr. Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield.

I will answer your urgent enquiries as to my opinion how far £800 a year will go when I see you next week.

Milnes took me last Saturday Evening to a vast *soirée* at Lord Northampton's. He is President of the Royal Society, and gives these Levées during the season to grandees and Literati. Many people were in court dresses—deputy Lieutenants' uniforms and so on. Three Bishops were there, Bobby Peel, Sir James Graham, and a thousand starry peers. I was introduced to Bishop of St. David's and to Lord Mounteagle.

On Thursday morning next—oh, where is Caroline ? I breakfast—where ? ? ? ? ?

At the Burlington ? No. At Lord Lansdowne's ? Pooh ! With JNO ? Pshaw !

Upon Perigord pie and *omelette aux fines herbes ? Du tout !* With Lord John ? Wheu ! Bishop of St. David's. Nein ! With Prince Albert ? Pish ! With ROGERS ? I can hardly frame my guessing lips to utter—Yes !

I hope he will " behave well "—that is that he will not pick his teeth with my fork, etc.

It is Milnes' doing. I found his card on my table yesterday morning " I have arranged for you to breakfast with Rogers on Thursday, and I hope it will suit you." It is extremely kind in Milnes, he always has acted in this manner to me, and so very voluntarily.

In the evening, yesterday, Spedding, Venables, Chapman, and Harry Lushington—all good men and true took their tea and baccy with me. I really beg pardon for this letter. Yours this morning was *première qualité*.

EVER,
W. H. B.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
3rd March, 41.

Dearest love,

It took me a long time, that is, till I came to the 4th or 5th reading over of your letter of to-day, before I discovered the reason of my being honoured with best, superfinest, satinest, giltest, thickest, postest paper—instead of the ugly little set of old-fashioned ruled account-book leaves, on which you generally write (and which, however, I become intensely used to and fond of), but when I put things together, and began to reflect, a light flashed upon me, for how could you answer all these invitations from R . . . . . d M . . . . . n M . . . . s. AND Lord J . . n (By the the bye you think it disrespectful to abbreviate *his* name) upon old copy book paper? of course it was out of the question, and that gilt edged piece on which you commenced your letter of this morning must be but a scrap off a quire bought expressly for the purpose of answering and giving out invitations. I shall sing to you, at length "They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest of every fair and brilliant throng. No wit like thine to wake the jest, no voice like thine to breathe the song. And none could guess, so gay, thou art, That thou and I, are far apart"—proceeding you know, with "Do I thus haste to hall and bower. Among the PROUD and GAY to shine"—Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera—(I could not stop short in my quotation, for I sang it you see, *in my mind*, as I wrote it!) I was delighted with your letter of to-day, my darling—rejoiced you are to be elected to the inestimable privilege of "the favoured few," a breakfast with ROGERS, your anticipations before pronouncing whose name, exceedingly amused me. There is nothing in the world to tell you, here dullity reigns around me—

with an exception of yesterday evening when my dear "Anne" dined here! *We kissed at parting.* Need I say more? Maria having heard of you being appointed to Tenison's, wrote to me in the greatest delight, desiring her warmest congratulations to you, and begging me to tell her in confidence, what our plans were, and that she would reveal nothing till we wished, and so on—taking quite for granted that you would immediately intend marrying. However, I am not foolish enough to be thinking seriously of this, because I think you would have mentioned it if you thought it feasible. When you once say it is impossible, I shall think no more about it—at least, I will try not to think of it. Still, if one could do it, it would be far happier even living in the greatest poverty with you than as we are now—perhaps it may be different with a man—and especially with you—who are so strong minded, but it is very miserable to live away from one another. I don't know how all this about marrying looks, coming after your opinion as to £800 a year!—but I suppose you meant to make exceptions in individual cases?

We have a little overhanging box to contain three—in the gallery of St. Paul's Church, very uncomfortable; but Papa having taken such a fancy to Mr. Hulton, filial piety demanded a seat to be provided for him—meantime we were promised part of the Ayscough's pew at All Saints', so gave up the square side aisle one. But the Ayscoughs have all come back and taken possession of their's again, so I wander up and down the Church, pew doors flying open to me of kind-hearted strangers.

Forgive this letter, the very Quintessence of prosiness. And believe me,

Yours eternally,

JANE ELTON.

What a ridiculously good memory you have—how should you remember "Rogers behaved very well." Your very amusing letter (though it was hurried) deserves a much More Jovial and entertaining repartee on my part—but, etc.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
4 *March*, 41.

Dearest Jane,

The Bishop of London has sent me a card for Dinner on Monday—but I declined on the plea of being engaged to be in Southampton. I dined with the Dean of Salisbury—met Sir George Staunton and Sir Benj. Brodie. This morning went to Rogers—only Milnes and C. Buller (M.P. for Liskeard) there. Certainly it was exceedingly pleasant. The old man very, very agreeably talkative, and saying very good things of his own and repeating those of others. I am to go there again on the same Muffin-eating errand on Saturday. I called afterward on Mrs. Chambers, Mother of poor Charlie Chambers, of the Rifles, who died some time ago to her immense desolation. She is a lady of some consideration on the border of Yorkshire—and was always flattering to me. She rather startled my modesty by saying "I hope, my dear Brookfield, you won't let them make a lion of you like Sydney Smith. I was always anxious you should come to London, but I was always a little apprehensive of you being too social." She told me they had been three times in rain to St. James', and had first heard of my being in London from somebody in the foreign office who had been very much struck by "A Mr. Brookfield." We must try if we can't change that A into a definite.

I thought I had an inordinate deal to say before I began writing—but I don't know why it somehow

does not come. Perhaps it is a consciousness that I shall see and feel and talk with you so soon that prevents the needful effort of the mind.

Good-bye, Friday! SATURDAY! SUNDAY!

ALWAYS,
W. H. B.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
22 *March*, 41.

Dearest Jenny,

Talking of pretty girls, what do you think? Last Wednesday I saw come into Church a set of tall striking looking people in new mourning (new—because on Ash Wednesday I had seen part of the same family in colours); one lady amongst them I could not help being caught by more than the rest—enquired of Ward as to who they could be—nothing could be learned but that they came in a Coronetted Carriage. Yesterday afternoon from the pulpit I saw the same family—the same remarkable face—could not ascertain who it was. It had some kindred to your own—but had less vitality—less soul—less capability for either laughter or tears—but withal a sweet face of the unimpassioned order. I had forgotten the face and its owner and all the family of mourners. To-day I called on the Dean of Salisbury—who happened to say, "I was glad to see Lord Bruce and Sidney Herbert at Church on Wednesday." The face was Lady Mary's *i.e.* Lady Bruce's now.*

I began yesterday at Tenison's—the congregation seemed pretty large, and I was sufficiently happy and

* When he next saw this lady he says he was so much struck by her resemblance to his *fiancée* that he "was tempted to throw the pulpit cushion at her."

unembarrassed. My sermon was about the ups and downs of Joseph's life—being appropriate to the first lesson of the day—but I had nothing personal about myself. Knowing, however, that they had all a double supply of Cambric I thought it necessary to be pathetic about the Hebrew Prime Minister of Egypt yearning after the scenes of boyhood in Canaan, which called forth abundant blowing of noses. To-morrow I am to dine with Dean of Salisbury quite quietly, and to meet the Bishop of Chester—Arthur's friend. I never dined easy and in the friendly way in company with an apron before.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 PICCADILLY,
24 *March*, 41.

Sweet Junk,

Very pleasant was your letter—and I think you have gained a little in piquancy by being just a little bit vaccinated with Carlyle.

At the Dean's last night all was evangelical—I sate next Chester. But, oh! how thin, affected, self-conceited, canting, unreal, narrow-hearted was all the talk. How different from the morning's breakfast. I after the dinner, went to Spedding's. It is very true that you sent me one stamp—but you are aware that when the overweight is not prepaid, it is doubled—so that your letter cost me twopence, *Twopence*, TWOPENCE, —for which one Victoria is but a paltry payment.—You owe me a label.

My sweet darling, it will be your birthday to-morrow, and it ought to be the most lovely festival according to old Catholic notions in the year. It sounds nice " Our Lady's Day." I am sorry I have no pretty surprise of a book for you—but you shall have your

bracelet. God bless you. May you be as much more dear to me next birthday as you now are than last—and enjoy all health of body and peace of mind.

Good bye thou sweet soul.

Ever more thine,
W. H. B.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
25 *March*, 41.
Our Lady's Day.

Sweetest Lady,

I must write a few words, tho' never so hasty, so shabby, so pithless. Yet I can say nothing that I wish to say. It is difficult to utter what lies deep—and cannot be done in such hurry as I am (now almost always) placed in. The day is as beautiful as day can be, and is hallowed to me by the sweetest and sacredest of all human appreciations. I wish I could see you. You must make our honoured sire to understand that being in the same room with the prince on Saturday will be much like being in the same Church with him. We shall be 3 or 400 most likely—and I the most insignificant. It is something to be the most anything. I was reading No. 90 (the Oxford Tract which is making such a row just now on account of its alleged heterodoxy) in bed this morning and came to the following extract from a Father (not yours) as to what "The Church" is. "The Church is the congregation of All Saints." I should think Shaddy* will subscribe to this. I have but a moment left—but if it were the last of my life I must give you my sweetest, dearest Jenny 10,000 blessings on this day above all others. Don't mope about being a year older. You are a year dearer

* Rev. Mr. Shadwell—his late rector at All Saints', Southampton.

to me—and even if you do not improve as much as you have done in the last 12 months will continue to grow dearer to me. God bless you—and both of us, and help us in all things—and chiefly in our efforts to become worthier of Him and of each other. Bless you my dearest, sweetest lamb — much loved and really—most really much honoured also. Farewell.

Yours,

W. H. B.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
29 *March*, 1841.

Dearest Jane,

In the morning "at the late lamented Archbishop Tenison's (as you charmingly called 'our benefactor')" I preached the sermon you wrote out for me from that remarkable old man's remarkable MSS. You had written it most legibly, and with scarcely a fault. I cut out several pages—and inserted a few paragraphs of my own "to give it an air"—and it came off exceedingly well.

Saturday evening I was at the P. R. S. soirée. The Prince there—looking certainly very nice. Dressed in plain black, very nicely made. White waistcoat, a good deal open in front. White cravat without collars. Broad blue Ribbon across his chest over the waistcoat—hair most neatly parted—altogether looking fresh from the band-box—but mild, good natured, unaffected; in short decidedly nice looking. There were many notables there—but it was not so smart as on the former evening inasmuch as people were all in plain clothes this time—there having been no dress levée going on anywhere else from which people came all in their gaudy as was the case before.

I was in the National Gallery this noon alone for a few minutes when in rolled Alfred Tennyson (the present representation of the most reverend prelate) We coalesced and evaporated. He spake of your sire—how he liked him and all that. How he could not help contrasting him with Mr. Hallam, whom he honoured and respected as much as he could honour and respect mortal man, " but he had not the geniality of our dear charming altogether unequalled and unresembled patriarch." I think you have judged wisely to have Southey—it is a very nice book—and will lead you to read at any rate a little of some old poets that otherwise might have never come under your notice.

I have not time to write more. I write by this post the lines which I promised to Kitty. I enclose you a copy. They are not meant to be very striking—merely compact and true. But ask your Governor what he thinks—and Don't encourage him to praise them.

I.

The voice that ask'd this simple boon
Must cease kind things to grant or crave ;
The grateful hand that writes will soon
Be passive in the grave.

II.

These lines design'd forsooth ! to last
When hand and voice are gone away,
Will to oblivion's void have passed
Quicklier e'en than they.

III.

But thoughts in pure goodwill that flow
From soul to soul unfeigning given,
Transplanted hence for age shall grow
The Amaranths of Heaven.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

30 *March*, 1841.

Papa was much interested in your very satisfactory description of the Prince. His admiration of your verses did not, I own, come up to my own, in short I felt rather piqued, at what perhaps you will (in your humility) be satisfied with. "Very neat—yes, they are pretty lines,—very fair, but I don't like the word Amaranth." Papa was pleased with Alfred Tennyson's comparison, which I ventured to read to him. Was I wrong ?

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton :

188 PICCADILLY,
2 *April*, 1841.

Mild Jane,

I thought your father's mitigated praise of the verses the outside of what they deserved. I was afraid they had no merits at all but the negative one of not being longer.—Yesterday was rather eventful with me. I was off duty (being 1st of the month) and was at Milnes' with my legs over the arm of a chair reading aloud while he breakfasted when in stepped impromptu : The Prince ?—Arthur ? —t ?—Alfred Tennyson ?—Archbishop ditto ? No, No, No : Father Gerard solid in his thick shoes ?—nearer—Carlyle ! The form of his face is like that portrait of Count d'Orsay's you have seen. But complexion very coarse—and general appearance "solid in thick shoes." As tall as I about—and certainly no less ungainly—a hearty laugher with discoloured teeth—very broad Scotch—talks not unlike his writing—unreserved—unaffected, of course—a leetle shy and awkward—but very likeable. We went thence, all three, to Rogers' to call—found pretty ladies break-

Thomas Carlyle,
From the drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Yours faithfully,
T. Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle.
From the drawing by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Engd by J.J. Washington, Ld.

fasting with him—also Harness, the Editor of the Shakespeare you gave me. To him I was introduced, he said he had heard of me. I have been to-day licensed to my Curacy.—Now,

and til deth,
W. H. B.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
6th April.

My darling love,

Your most kind and most delicious letter gave me a great deal more pleasure than I can tell you and so —I will not even thank you for it. I am gratified to observe that you are completely conscience stricken as to the utter inappropriateness of the epithet "Jumps" as applied to ME, and that you prudently abstain from any attempt at vindication of the same. Your defence of Mumbo Jumbo appears plausible, and was rendered palatable by the seriousness which was combined in the ingenuity of the defence. But you must remember that this Mumbo Jumbo—as represented probably in an immense wooden and painted image, is the most hideous object that the fancy of the poor swarthy worshippers could picture, an object at once awe-inspiring and imposing. Don't suppose I have read Carlyle, without knowing what the words meant (by the bye, and in Justful wrath, I may remark) they head a chapter on one of the Jubilee days, at Paris—I think. Mrs. Arthur begged to see Papa yesterday, and of course threw him into a perplexed state of half submission to her, owing to his "Enormous bump of benevolence" (which Alfred Tennyson said would lead him into so many foolish things.)

April 5th, 1841. [Diary.]

In the afternoon the Bishop preached, and Ward read, I took Baptisms afterwards. The Duke of Cambridge was there to hear the Bishop, and sate in the pew before me. Such a noise as he made in responses, psalm reading and singing, a sort of old Walpole with eyes. I had not caught what psalm the clerk had given out, and turning to look on my neighbour's book for the page—fidgetty, restless, Royal Highness turns round and bawls loud enough to drown the organ, "It begins at the third verse—the third verse." All eyes turned on Royalty speaking to inferior clergy. I turned red as a raddish. Royalty went on singing like a bull.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
11 *April*, 1841.

My dear love,

I told you I should write again to-day, so I keep my promise, though, having virtuously spent the time I might have been writing to you in catechising 3 youths, Kate's protegés, who arrive just the same, although she is out dining with the Duo in the Crescent —and it appears one's duty to prevent their having their walk for nothing. All I have to tell you to-day is merely this—Caroline says of Alfred Tennyson (who has been at Tunbridge—) "very far from handsome, and his hair quite disturbed me—but after the first sight I like him—he is agreeable and clever." I wouldn't cut his hair for worlds—would you? I went to Church in a new boot lace to-day, for luck. Yesterday I called on the Ogles', who were very kind and

gave me some lovely flowers and Kitty showed me a black profile of the Gentleman she was once engaged to. Also she made me eat a piece of bread and some potted lampreys! She kissed me, and told me my upper lip was "one of the rare specimens of the Cupid bow shape!"—quite Gallant; praised you, of course.

19*th*. [Diary.]

To-day I am going to dine with some ultra-ultra-ultra evangelicals of aunts who believe Pusey to be the Pope in disguise and Newman the head of the Jesuits. By the way several people consider this sketch of Newman (which is extremely ugly and quizzical) very like me. If you remember I said myself after I had seen him that we were not entirely dissimilar.

26*th*.

I walked, after Church, with Lyttelton for a couple of hours, and saw his wife and child. Lady L. told me they were invited to dine at the Gladstone's to meet me, but I have not yet received my invitation. Am going this evening to the Goldsmid's, there to see Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) and Charles Kemble.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
18 *June*, 1841.

My dearest Jane,

I am so out of practice of writing to you that it seems to me almost a difficulty. Last Thursday afternoon Garden called on me with whom I laugh more than anybody in the world. He said he had been having a long talk with Gaye about me—that Gaye

had been asking him if I were affected—that everybody liked me, but some people said I was affected—but that he had seen nothing of it. I believe Garden's opinion was that I was no more affected than a person of imitative propensities, and with certain fantastic turns of mind must inevitably be—but those alone would produce what ordinary observers might call affectation. I hope you will make good use of your time at Henley—I do not mean in the way of Hume and Lord Bacon and Locke and Isaac Newton—(to which of course you will do justice)—but in taking exercise—eating hugely—being happy—getting mooney cheeks—and getting yourself (as Robbins would say) into condition.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

HENLEY PARK,
20th June, 41.

It is such an immense comfort in separation from you, to feel so great confidence in your affection, and I believe without vanity, I may even add your esteem for me, that I now feel, and to a much greater extent than I used to do. Dearest, I hope your cold has left you. Since I have been here I have been absorbed in "La vie de Marianne" a celebrated old French novel by Marivaud which Julia Hallam was reading, and which my Uncle recommended. It is rather lengthy, but exceedingly amusing and interesting; a nice book to have in the house with one here, as at home Uncle Hallam is so silent (altho' cheerful withal) that it is sometimes unearthly, everybody following his example. The first three days I struggled to keep up a conversation and succeeded in getting a little talking, but my individual exertions grow daily feebler, and the last two days I have in despair resigned

myself, *selon les autres*, to total silence. This is only during breakfast, luncheon and dinner, whenever I am alone with Julia we talk most rapidly and agreeably as I am exceedingly fond of her and she is so very affectionate and sympathetic. I generally brush my hair in her room, which is next door to my own. There are very pretty views here, but the first day or two I admired nothing, felt perfectly *gênée* and uncomfortable, now I have worked myself into greater contentment; three weeks will end, and then I hope exceedingly to meet you at Hampton Court—besides, I know it is very wrong to be discontented, and the bracing air and constantly being out of doors and taking long walks may tend towards the moon-like face you desire to see in me.

Dearest, it is quite true, what you have often told me, that the more one tries to do and to think rightly, the easier it becomes—I believe I have found this lately, and owing to all you have said to me, it appears very nice to look to you always for advice.

I am quite sufficiently all that is wrong, to feel no scruple of modesty in saying I am a very little improved, I am alluding to such endeavours at self-denial which you have always advised as to small things and as to one's thoughts.

Good-bye, for I find, suddenly, that it is time to give my letter for the post.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
21 *June*, 1841.

My dearest Jane,

Your letter this morning has pleased me very very much, not the gossip of it, which is sufficiently amusing—but not what I should single out as pleasing

me very, very much; I mean some cheerful assurances toward the end which I could not read without great thankfulness. Go on steadfastly and perseveringly, and good must be the result.

In the afternoon, Ward's throat being incompetent to another discourse, he called on me at half an hour's notice. Whereupon I edified them with the same I used at St. Mary's last Sunday morning—for no other reason than that it was plainly written, and would not require any getting up. Being coughy I was rather bothered, and did not deliver it as well as ought to be. There were four Bishops—St. David's—Lincoln—Bangor, and pompous Winchester. Afterwards I dined with Dowager Lady Lyttelton. I say with her because I think the concern in Eaton Square seems to be her's. Young Lady L. was gone to Hawarden, Sir Stephen Glynn's place—but we had the two Miss L.'s—Lord L. and Lord George Quin. Very, very pleasant of course—as anything must be in which the Dow. Lady is prominent. She is the most charming person of her years in the world—do you hear, Jane!—*the most charming person of her years in the world*—and I see no reason why some people, if they will attend to what some other people say and advise—and be industrious, and all that, should not be quite as charming or rather as much more so when they arrive at the same time of life as they are now in another way, being happily somewhat short of it.

I detest "Humphrey's Clock" more than I can tell you—I really find no genius in it. Except Swiveller and Mrs. Jarley I have not found a natural character in the story. (All the rest are badly selected—badly conceived—badly overdrawn.) Not one of them is a type of a class. And for structure, surely never was a story worse. No—Dickens won't do.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

HENLEY PARK,
25th June, 41.

My dearest William,

As I was with "frenetic" haste rushing through the end of my dressing I just ran my eye over your note, putting on my clothes the while, and was at last in time for prayers, which I dread missing to a degree: the other day I kept the carriage waiting one minute and a half, ran down-stairs, feeling quite secure of a good reception — was greeted by a knit brow (from my uncle) and, "My dear Jane, you should learn to be punctual, you should be in time—it is very easy to be ready, when you know beforehand the time the carriage was ordered!" I had never been late for the carriage before then, and certainly never since. I suppose you will find me a pattern of punctuality after this visit; I wish it may be the case, but it is in dread of a reprimand that I am in time now. To-day I was so tired when I awoke, that in a moment of infatuation, I suffered myself to lie stolidly happy and revolving thro' my mind all the kind, delightful things you have ever said to me (perfectly endless you know) suddenly the knit brow appeared to my mind's eye, and it is extraordinary in how short a time I dressed myself without any curtailings. I do not think I have ever received anything like crossness from Uncle H. since I have been here, except on that one occasion of the carriage. Julia heard to-day, from Lady Palgrave, that it is quite true Mr. Whewell is engaged to be married to Miss C. M. They have constantly met of late in Mr. Hullah's singing class, she is a very nice girl the Hallams say, and pretty, and Miss Rogers vouches for the truth of the engagement. Miss Marshall is sister to Lady Mounteagle you know.

Can it be possible that I have written half a sheet with no word about "The Regatta!" I had really quite looked forward to it as something to write about. Harry Hallam being here made it much more amusing; all the morning we were discussing what would be the best place for the carriage to overlook the river, when an idea occurred to send to Mr. Freeman's (the grand person of this part of the world, to whom this house belongs, besides an immense place where he lives himself) and to ask permission to drive into a certain meadow of his, which would overlook the regatta beautifully. Boosey was despatched with the message, and gave to Uncle H. the mere information that Mr. Freeman was out, but Mr. Hughes, the steward, would "send a note to his master to ask leave for us to stand under a certain Marquee instead of the meadow, though he would only say we asked for the meadow, and send a man and horse here (about two miles), directly he had the answer." To Harry, however, when probed, Boosey with the cheerful air of a man who was giving great pleasure, further deposed that Mr. Hughes had given up his own house, Phillis Hall, to Mr. Freeman for the day, where "the Marquee was prepared, and his master had some company." Phillis Hall being still nearer the river than Mr. Freeman's Meadow, our horror was that between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Boosey we should have the effect of pushing for an invitation to join the Marquee party, and as my Uncle knows Mr. Freeman, he might just as well have invited us without our pushing. Harry's imagination was the most vivid, in picturing the cold collation—Champagne—Marquee with streamer flying—Band of music—and all the County in new bonnets, standing in groups, knowing each other intimately, and in refined intimacy of full conversation; while our carriage,

perfectly loaded with ourselves and the Rushworth children, etc., all as Harry said, " looking shamefully dowdy " (being in deep mourning for Aunt Hallam) except Jane. And all strangers, would slowly roll forwards, all eyes directed to us, and Mr. Freeman coming to receive us, with innumerable apologies for not having sent to invite us, " but this is so friendly, Mr. Hallam, in you to invite yourself. I have had four more covers laid, but will order some more, your party being large. Sorry the Marquee will only hold twenty-one, but your party shall have a table outside, I hope they've brought dancing shoes to join our hop on the green, this evening "—and so on.

We became so thoroughly worked up by these ideas that we told Uncle H. our horrors, who was thunderstruck, and we were still in consternation, when the clatter of horses' feet was heard, and Mr. Freeman himself appeared, sent for Uncle H. to come to him at the door. " Too much hurried to alight—just time to say—Phillis Hall much the best place. Bring all your party, don't go to the meadow, see wretchedly there, a few friends and Marquee, would have sent up to invite you, but did not know you were here yet," or some such excuse I forget exactly " only just come home myself—you must join us at Phillis Hall, great haste " and off he galloped! So with infinitely relieved consciences we *did* go to Phillis Hall, and the lawn was covered with groups of smart people certainly, so that Harry and I were just agreeing our expectations were fully verified, when we found the greater number of the company assembled, comprised the Goldings (our own cousins,—the same relation as the Bournes) who are very pretty and nice girls, with their father, and Robert Palmer, (another cousin) the Philimores, friends of the Hallams,

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and two or three Etonians, whom Harry knew, besides, of all people, George Durbin, who has been seven years at sea, but whom I recognised by the family likeness at the first *coup d'œil*, and who followed us, as a shadow, all day. Mr. Freeman (who is a very handsome, youngish man) married a niece of Mrs. Durbin's, a Miss Wirley Birch, (I don't know how to spell Wirley) and George Durbin accordingly is on a visit to the grand man of Henley, and seemed much pleased with it—he is grown quite as broad as tall—bronzed and freckled with North America and West Indian alterations, and withal good natured, but he bored me to so great a degree, that I hardly could talk to him at last, and with Harry (who partly in honour of my being smartly dressed, partly because he is fond of me), remained all day by my side. I continually dodged out of his way, but was sure to be recaptured again ere long—the round face and large light whiskers, appearing with a beam in our path just as one had left it ten yards off. Further, the race was so delayed that we were frequently caught in showers of rain, while waiting on the river's brink, and had to rush for refuge to the Marquee where, instead of champagne, etc., there were a row of neat maids—dispensing sponge and plum cake, cut up, with tea and coffee (we had had luncheon ourselves.)

At length the boats appeared and we saw one very good race between Cambridge, Oxford and London. London was far behind, Oxford frequently ahead, but in the end, of course, Cambridge beat. Such a noise, hurraying and clamour. I never was at a regatta before, so was quite unprepared what to expect —I believe we are going again to-day, but the weather is doubtful, and we got so tired of all the waiting yesterday, we don't wish to go, but my Uncle enters with so much gusto into the whole thing, that he

evidently would be much disappointed if we declined, also when called upon by Mr. Freeman to join in a half-crown subscription for the watermen, yesterday, my Uncle gave a pound to Mr. Freeman's amaze, who uttered "Oh, gracious," but pocketed it—so he says he must have "at least a pound's worth of fun." Is it possible that I have filled a sheet with this stupid Regatta? I must leave off, dearest. Harry went back yesterday evening to Eton.

You don't like me to sign, Jenny, so I ought to say Jane.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

30th June, 1841.

I have just been told that I have been elected a Member of the Sterling Club—a knot of about 50 men, all more or less worthy and notable—who meet on Tuesday in every month to dine and chat. It consists chiefly of those of the Spedding and Milnes stamp. Trench, Wilberforce, Bishop St. David's, Carlyle, Kemble and such like. I was proposed when I was in Southampton about a year ago and blackballed by two—which was enough. Goulbourne was treated with the same sauce at same time, the concern affecting to be very exclusive. It was not a thing to be mortified at—but still I would not I think knowingly have allowed myself to be proposed again, tho' of course my being in London must make a difference. However, unknown to myself I was elected last week, and was told it only just now casually in the street, and am pleased therewith. Mayhap your Uncle may know the Club by name.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 VESTRY,
6 *Oct.*, 41.

My dearest Jenny,

Your letter is exceedingly nice, though deficient in cheerfulness. But after all one would hardly wish you to be always cheerful. Your mind is as nearly as I can judge precisely the constitution I should most desire—and if some fallings short of continuous repose and equanimity be a necessary condition or result it can't be helped—So let it be—I would rather it were so than play tricks with such a soul in trying to mend it. Bless you—most dear heart—a thousand fold.

What has somewhat bewildered me, however, about your letter—and what embarrasses me so that I even fear whether I shall get coherently thro' this answer thereto, is how in *theee* wide world it comes to pass that Gengy Brigstock, being married to Mr. Graham, should take the name of Emma Eagles when everybody else calls her Cecilia Beddoes.* Possibly I may confound her with Alicia Touchet. But as it has been the one subject of your ambition to perplex me on this point I ask no explanation.

I wish with all manner of considerateness and even submission to remind you also that in three successive letters—I think successive—you have been guilty of a servile imitation of K. B. in using the expression "Ann Bullar and her have decided," etc.,—"disturbed a tete-à-tete between Cap. Mortimer and I." "Graham sat with Emma and I relating his ill-usage of his parents," etc., etc.,—which solecisms owe their principal charm to reminding me of K. B.

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* A niece of Maria Edgeworth and a friend of Jane Elton.

You are so very, very seldom guilty of any incorrectness that I know, my kind child, you will forgive my noting the above.

I agree with you that it would be better not to haggle about the money, (Oh, this vile theme) which I have being settled, propose it at once and leave any modification of the settlement for after consideration. I hope the interview with the Man of Ur will not be long deferred, I want very much to have something to proceed upon. You will write to me the same night if possible. If he had any mercies he would offer us Clevedon to go to for the burying.*

I took my walk with Ld. Lyttelton yesterday.† We started at one—walked leisurely till half-past three, when we found ourselves at Highgate Hill. Here we made entry into a 4th rate tavern—ordered beefsteak, potatoes—ale—enjoyed the repast much—but not more than the walk which was most mirthful, and not all devoid of gravity. I revealed as we sat after dinner, my hopes—at which he seemed pleased, and talked encouragingly. (I always speak as if he were older than I, which in normal truth he is by as many years as I am older than he in historical fact.)

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* This was in reference to their honeymoon. The Eltons had returned to Clifton by then in order to be near Sir Abraham, who was now of a great age—and as the marriage of Mr. Brookfield and Miss Jane Elton was to take place in November it was necessary to break news of it to him. Jane managed the interview most successfully, the old gentleman fell in love with her and promised to portion her, and as she left the room shook her and said "Now, don't let me see you again until you are married, my dear."

† The invitation for this walk began: "O pleasant Presbyter and future Bishop, Trinity man, Preacher at Tenison's, not unknown to Fame."

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

7th October,
PARAGON,
1841.

Dearest William,

My letters to you for this long time (to-night included) have been so hurried, that I do not at all wonder at their not having been very correct as to that most puzzling of all branches of grammar, personal pronouns; and even in writing they have of late been fearfully slatternly and deservative of a reprimand such as once fell from you at the time of my Rheumatism. I think Monday will be the day for the Clevedon visit, the weather has been such pouring rain ever since we have been here that I could not urge poor Papa to pay the visit earlier as he hates travelling in bad weather; however, we may do it by the train I think, till within five miles of Clevedon, which would be much pleasanter than two hours in the coach. I am quite of your opinion as to a very quiet affair being desirable, and I would not (for the world) have Tom, Dick and Harry to look on, but I think sisters who are in the place must be invited, and Aunt Marianne because she is Mamma's sister, to whom she was exceedingly attached, but I don't know that she would come as she fears I am going to be "starved."

What do you think? Only *conceive* Emily Tennyson (I really can hardly even now believe it) Emily Tennyson is actually going to be married—and to whom after such a man as Arthur Hallam. To a boy in the Navy, *supposed* to be a Midshipman. It is a *state secret* that Uncle H. allows Emily anything per annum, so don't mention it to anyone. Is it not extraordinary—painful—unbelievable, this intended marriage? Poor Julia felt it dreadfully at first—I remember her saying Emily would never *dream* of marrying

—that she was a kind of *Nun* now, and that nothing was more *impossible* than her marrying—she had felt Arthur's death so much—it had even injured her health; and can you conceive anyone whom he had loved, putting up with another? I feel so distressed about this, really it quite *hurts* me, I had such a romantic admiration for her, looked at her with such pity, and now all my feeling about her is bouleverséd—and Alfred Tennyson falls headlong into the abyss with her—but I cannot think he would like her to marry. Julia Hallam always considered her quite as her own sister, and of course Uncle H. could never have contemplated her marrying again (it is just the same thing as marrying again.) She wrote and told them of her intentions when they were at Brussels, which cast rather a damp over their stay there. Her letter was evidently written in great trepidation, Caroline said,* and of course she must have felt dreadfully in writing it. If the Gentleman were a man of astounding talents one would try and get over it, but all one hears is that he is R.N. On the Hallams returning to England, their housekeeper produced a little note in a strange hand addressed to her, beginning "Circumstances making it of the greatest importance that I should know Mr. Hallam's address, I shall be much obliged by your sending it to me to my ship" (this was the *effect* of the note, I cannot vouch for each word). Now why in the world should not Emily herself have written to the housekeeper whom she knows *well*—I don't know if the engagement is to be kept secret at present.

I am glad you had an enjoyable walk with Lord Lyttelton, *malgré* the blistered foot. I must end now.

* Caroline was the one of her sisters who usually travelled with the Hallams.

W. H. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY.
7 Oct., 41.

My dearest Jenny,

I wish you would not write on such blackguard irregular pieces of paper. Why can't you use uniform octavo sheets as I always do, and moreover date them properly.

Post town.
Place.
Day. Year of grace.

This however is rather ungrateful in me—for I was excessively pleased to receive your letter.

I am all impatience to know the result of this preliminary enterprise. You are as brave as a knight, and indeed ought to be knighted on the spot if you succeed with the old lion. Be bold and fortunate.

I thought of you, and with more pleasant analogy than I can tell, when I was reading two or three nights ago of Carlyle's prime favourite, Mme. Roland, shelling beans for dinner on their second floor in the Rue St. Jaques. I thought, I mean, of you living in London, a deep souled but poor wife, rich in most things but money. A change, however, is granted to her which I fear does not await you. And again a change afterwards which made awful balance against such elevation. I fear you will never be tried with the Or Moulu but I have no doubt of your getting through the shelling of beans most Roland like.

Did I say that Lyttelton and I repeat our stroll on Monday next in the low parts of the City—to see unwonted sights. We shall go along the River side towards Limehouse, etc., where all the murders are committed you know!

Tell your Father the following with my sincere respect and good wishes.

UNCLERICAL ADVICE

The new Bishop of New Zealand, in a farewell and pathetic interview with his mother, after his appointment, was thus addressed by her in such sequence as sobs and tears would permit.

"I suppose they will eat you my dear—I try to think otherwise, but I suppose they will. Well!—We must leave it in the hands of Providence. But if they do—mind, my dear, and disagree with them."

You seem to me daily more worthy of all that a woman with a soul could value than before.

W. H. B.

I forgot to say that at Highgate Hill, in the Tavern we found diamond scratchings on the window panes—and roared to discover "Jane is lovely." Lyttelton said it was evidently not my first visit to Highgate. Tell your Father this.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

CLIFTON,
10 *Oct.*, 41.

. . . . Leaving this financial topic, in deep abasement of spirit at having been compelled by the duties of my position towards you, to introduce it, I feel as if I should be *under a cloud* for the remainder of the letter.

I am glad you were astonished at Emily T. I have not got over it yet. She appears to have written such a very "flummery" letter to Julia Hallam—to be sure it was a very difficult one to write, but I dislike the humbug of saying "My beloved Mother—I feel I cannot disguise it from myself—*must* ere very long be taken from us, and I have felt much influenced in my intended marriage by the thought of my future unprotected state," etc., when her £300 per annum was expressly intended to render her quite independent, and of course, to obviate her marrying merely for a

comfortable home. Mrs. Tennyson is in excellent health and not (as from Emily's letter one would suppose) in a rapid consumption, so altogether the excuse was a bad one. Uncle H. told Caroline he was sure E. T. would not have ventured upon the marriage had my Aunt been alive,—but that "as to her allowance, it should of course, make no difference in that." The Tennyson's are reckoned *proud*, and I suppose Emily felt twinges in having to say "I must leave it, of course, entirely to you whether or not you continue the annuity you have so generously allowed me," and then he writing *himself* to the housekeeper, looks as if he were so *very* anxious for the Hallams' answer about the matter. Caroline says it is to be kept secret at present, this engagement.

We have been to Clifton Church to-day, not Mr. Hunt's, though I met him yesterday and received a beaming squeeze of the hand.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield:

CLIFTON,
3 PARAGON,
14th Oct.

My dearest William,

I feel quite different, except in some broad features which have been with me from my birth (not outward features, as mouth, eyes or nose) to what I was when I lived here last—and I am afraid what is chiefly the same in me are my faults—I am equally lazy as to early rising, equally devoted to any glimmer of admiration from any one, as I was when I was four years old; the only difference in these respects being—I am afraid—that I have more sense of their folly and waste of time. As to the "love of admiration" it has been in abeyance for some time, but to-day I found myself quite excited as I was walking out and really thinking

to myself (which I assure you I very seldom do) *that I was looking remarkably nice* and thought several persons appeared to think so. On discovering this folly I will do myself the justice to say I felt crushed to the size of a diminutive gnat or fly. I don't think there's any doubt of Grandpapa's opening your letter in process of time, and it is very unlike him to leave it unanswered, as he piques himself on a Courtierly exactness in such *gentlemanliness* as *acknowledging the receipt* of letters, and I think he would have a great horror of giving *any stranger* a low opinion of his perfect politeness. I am glad you wrote to him without waiting till you had told me, for I dare say I should have tried to disuade you from it, before I saw what you had written.

You don't like me to say anything that I feel towards you—and I would not for the world get into the habit again, of attempting to do so—and perhaps you are right, for no words that I ever can find show what I feel, while other people seem to have no difficulty or if they have difficulty it does not appear, and I almost envy others their power of writing such gratitude stirring things.

Dr. Pusey preaches at Clifton Church next Sunday, I am curious to hear him. I never heard any one I liked, after *your* preaching, until the other day at Winchester College Chapel, where I heard Dr. Moberly, and was much struck by his sermon, so as to remember parts of it now—which is what one does not often do.

I wonder how Dr. Pusey will please, he has presented a beautiful painted window to Clifton Church, which was not yet finished putting up last Sunday, so the *window frame* was covered by a huge sack-cloth curtain, from ceiling to floor, and Sacrament being administered at the altar where this window is, it reminded me of ancient Christians receiving it in some

hidden and almost unsheltered place—for the wind swayed this curtain to and fro, and the rain was pouring down. The Huntites are in great alarm at this fostering care exhibited by Pusey, and fear all Clifton will go astray. Mrs. Henry Elton is dying to hear him preach, but *would not go on any account*, as it would seem to show she *gave her countenance to such Popish doctrines*.

I suppose Pusey's interest at Clifton commenced by his two little girls being at school here, the little Stuarts are at the same school with them, and say they are "poor little thin creatures, and fast regularly twice a week, and have a list of rules to follow, which their father wrote out for them," nothing much more *atrocious* in all this, than that people "were so *very* ill-natured as to say the eldest Miss Onslow was writing an essay on Zinc."

I should be overjoyed to hear Newman preach, but don't so much care about Pusey. Uncle Hallam's description of Newman's preaching was that he "mumbled as fast as he could, used no action whatever, and tried to give it as little external attractiveness as possible, in short came as near to a Catholic Priest as he could—that's what they all do, these Oxford men."

And this, on the same day that poor Julia was so enraptured at having merely caught sight of him! She never says a word about her Newman passion to her father, so that he talks away quite unconscious of any dissentient voice being present. I believe he will bring Julia to us either Monday or Tuesday in next week—and he will sleep a couple of nights here, as he has to go to Clevedon to look at monuments, I fancy.

You can't think how well papa is looking now—he has left off all *his old clothes* and come out in a style

of magnificence which would quite surprise you. I suppose with a view to his usual theory that everybody knows him here, and knows how to spell his name, etc., he must be elegant, while at Southampton he concluded himself in a state of sublime seclusion.

Miss Elton to W. H. Brookfield :

3 PARAGON,
26th Oct., 1841.

My dearest William,

The Marcets have cleared away, leaving a pleasant impression, and Julia Hallam is with us, and two or three dinner parties await us, Henry Elton's, Ludlow's, etc. By-the-bye I have come to the conclusion Mrs. H. E. is a likeable person, she is always very kind to me and always maintained with some asperity on all occasions that my engagement was an excellent thing, you would be a very good match—such talents as people said you had—and that she must say she did not see how I could do better. Then she never makes speeches, and she never kisses, and she does both to me, and with so much frankness and cordiality, altho' I know it is an unusual thing I am getting to like her sincerely. She told Uncle Hallam, Saturday, that she thought much of my engagement to you. "Oh dear, yes! Mr. Brookfield's sure to get on, sure to get on." I shall be amused to introduce you to our patroniser.

Actually I have written two pages and not said how greatly delighted I shall be if you can arrange to come here the 7th. I have so great a desire to see you, and your voluntary offer puts to the blush my yesterday's entreaties.

If you are able to come here we shall decide who we must have at Church. Give me your opinion as to a wedding gown. Julia Hallam amused me this

morning by saying when I was reading your letter at breakfast, "So you've had a letter from your dear Mr. Brookfield." She seems a little more resigned to Emily Tennyson's marriage, after a letter from Miss Heath to console her, with vindications of Emily on the ground of there being so very few in this world from whom one could hope for sympathy, and love, that every allowance must be made, etc., etc., but still Julia says if he had only been some very talented and prominent person it would have been better, instead of one nobody had ever heard of.

Uncle Hallam, I believe, is just going to Manchester for the Literary Meeting. Papa accomplished his business at Wells very comfortably, and is regularly re-oathed as magistrate. I should have multitudinous millions to say to you if I were talking with you, but with "this dumb pen"—as (Anne Bullar calls it)—I feel shackled.

Mr. Brookfield to Miss Elton:

188 PICCADILLY,
29 *Oct.*, 41.

Darling,

Your semitones arrived safely in the most scandalously short scrabble that ever was penned by blushing bride. Pray let your next make some amends. I am not tired of receiving nice letters from you—and they do not lose their value because we are so soon to meet. I believe, Jenny, that I am going to be joined to the finest minded girl in England. Mind you keep up the impression—"I am very particular about it"—of quickest and most apprehensive wit—most genuine modesty of thought and feeling—and of, I think, unmatch'd affectionateness. I never saw such a one—nor ever shall besides yourself.

WEDDING BELLS

I look forward with the greatest confidence to much more and better things than a pleasant life with you my dear, dear girl—"privations from narrow income" notwithstanding. And this not for any cause residing in myself—but because of your own excellent nature, my good true soul. All your faults on the surface, your virtues most of them on the surface, but all of them below also. Dearest, dearest Jane, never had bride so high a character to sustain as you will have with me—and I have not formed my estimate in a hurry—nor has it ever fluctuated, but always advanced. God bless you my sweetest, gentlest, truest girl—and make me more deserving such a gift.

W. H. B.

CHAPTER IV

Marriage. Introduction to London. Clevedon. Tunbridge Wells. Emily Tennyson. Mrs. Brookfield's Humour. A Present from Thackeray. Sydney Smith. At Mr. Gladstone's. Rhyming Invitation from Thackeray. Rogers' Breakfasts. The Wreck of an Illusion. Noble young Philanthropists. Chaunts. "Reverence." The Artists' Dinner. Dickens. Lord Palmerston's Blunder. Archdeacon Manning. The Dean's Robe. Historical Tendencies.

The Brookfields were married at Clifton, November 18th, 1841, and Mr. Hallam journeyed from London on purpose to be present at the ceremony. Their honeymoon, which was spent at Weston-super-Mare, was brightened by many a witty and characteristic letter from their many witty friends.

They reached London about Christmas; and, having taken rooms in Jermyn Street, began at once a new and delightful life. Never before, perhaps, did a young couple fall so quickly or with such ease and grace, into so unique a position, surrounded as they were by a bright and cultured circle of relations and friends, old and new. For in addition to their own families and to Mr. Brookfield's old Cambridge allies, new acquaintances—many of them distinguished socially as well as intellectually—sought their friendship, took them to their hearts and combined to place them in a sphere more brilliant and far more exclusive than any that has existed since. Monckton Milnes, Spedding, Blakesley, and Francis Garden were amongst the first

of their visitors. It was in one of the early months of their married life that Thackeray with his genial *camaraderie* joined them at supper one night and shared their "twopenny tarts." It was to this incident that he referred in some doggerel lines written in '48 to Mrs. Brookfield:

"A friend I had, and at his side, the story dates from seven long year—
One day I found a blushing bride, a tender lady kind and dear!
They took me in, they pitied me, they gave me kindly words and cheer,
A kinder welcome who shall see than yours, O friend and lady dear?"

Mrs. Brookfield says it was at her uncle's house in Wilton Crescent that she received her first introduction into London society. Mr. Hallam had a particular fondness for his niece. He took great pride in her beauty and intelligence, and as soon as she came to live in London it was his habit to have her present at his table whenever he had interesting or distinguished guests.

A page from her diary in those early days runs:

April 19th, 1842.

Read *British Critic* in the evening till Mr. Venables and A. Tennyson came in to tea. The latter talked with great affection of the Hallams. I went to bed early and left William and his friends discussing Urquhartism.

23rd.

Walked to Lady Lyttelton's with William, found

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them at home, and very agreeable and kind. I liked them extremely, but had heard so much about them I felt rather dry.

26th.

At the Pearsons'. Bishops of London, Winchester, and Llandaff. London sang in a glee-anthem with the Dean and Miss Pearson. Mr. Hope (afterwards Mr. Hope-Scott) was there, whose face is beautifully intellectual. William followed the Bishop's example in singing.

29th.

Breakfasted at the Hallams'. Lords Lansdowne and Mahon were there and Mrs. Marcet. Rogers and Lord Lyttelton failed, so it was not so agreeable as it would have been. Afterwards to Hullah's with Julia, met the Queen returning from the private view of the exhibition to which we all afterwards went. While there the Duchess of Sutherland talked to my uncle. She is *very* handsome.

May 1st.

Lord Lyttelton called and sat some time. The dowager lady is appointed governess to the Prince and Princess. In the evening we all walked to Dodworth's chapel (Margaret Street, Cavendish Square). Four clergy were at the Altar and no clerk. I liked his sermon, though his face is not prepossessing nor his delivery good.

29th.

The Queen was shot at to-day!

30th.

William dined at the Sterling, it was pleasant but not

overflowingly mirthful. Mr. Smedley kindly took me to the Opera. The Queen was there and deafeningly cheered, and "God save the Queen" was twice sung by *all* the singers. Pozzi acted in *Elena da Feltre*; her voice is very sweet. Cerito in the ballet one could see drinking porter behind the scenes, we were so close to the stage.

In the spring of this year Sir Abraham Elton died, and Mr. Brookfield, visiting Clevedon Court, now in the possession of Sir Charles Elton, his wife's father, says to her:

I have just returned from Clevedon, and am delighted with it beyond anticipation. Every delightfully old-fashioned room I saw. Every lovely bit of home landskip. Every quaint romantic terrace, every smooth shaven bit of delicate Ladyfoot grass plot. I placed you there pacing along in perfect harmony with all about, and thought how much more natural, more everything-in-it's-right-place it would be that you should be shedding calm lustre on some such home than that you should be sequestered in Duke Street, St. James', tied to a half begotten, quarter conceived, one-eighth born, one-sixteenth brought up, one thirty-second fortunate, one sixty-fourth deserving, one one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth part of a curate, who at best is only the one two-hundred-and-fifty-sixth part of a man,—who is only the one five-hundred-and-twelfth part of what he might be—and only the one-thousand-and-twenty-fourth part of what he thinks he is—thus I fitted thee to the pretty spots about me.

Correspondence now necessarily ceased for a time

to be so elaborate, but when Mrs. Brookfield went in the autumn on a short visit to the Hallams at Tunbridge Wells, she wrote:

WELLINGTON PLACE,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
30th Sept., 1842.

My dearest William,

I suppose you hardly expected to hear from me to-day, and that your philosophic mind has not been beset with any shadow of a doubt of my "safe arrival." My Uncle looks very well and is a little awful, as usual. Riding is the order of the day, and to-morrow I am going out (not in a carriage you'll be surprised to hear, as I've used the word *riding*, but) to sit on a horse and drive it. Mrs. Tighe, "the Queen of Tunbridge," has just paid me a visit, a clever Irish woman, and a great friend of Uncle Hallam's. She has invited me to join her dinner party next Friday. Harry Hallam goes to Cambridge on Monday and is, I believe, to be under John Heath, of which Julia is very sorry, as after his conduct to M. T. of course her opinion of him is quite altered, but it was settled he was to be Harry's tutor long before his fracas with the Tennysons. I told them about Barbadoes* (with the caution of secrecy), and Uncle H. was quite excited, saying the offer showed, at all events, that you would be offered similar good things ere long—though he hoped not abroad.

The expression "riding" was used in reference to one of their friends who would persist in saying "I was *riding* in a carriage."

* Mr. Brookfield had been offered the Bishopric of the Barbadoes.

PENSHURST

October 2nd.

We went a delightful ride yesterday through lovely scenery to see Penshurst (Sir Phillip Sydney's), a curious old house, but the oldest part quite neglected, fine old Peter Lely and Vandyke pictures cracking and smouldering on the walls, and all kinds of interlopers of modern date thrust in among them. Mrs. Tighe accompanied us in our expedition ; she is a nice person and has anecdotes of the Queen and Prince Albert, from the best authorities, with which to win my heart (she is nearly connected with the Duke of Richmond and many other authoritative people). I rode a nice white horse which cantered delightfully and made me feel ten years younger at the time (and a hundred years older now, for I am bruised almost all over). The Hallams ride nearly every day, which will be very pleasant.

The Church we went to to-day is most disagreeably arranged, there are free sittings, instead of pews, which are placed at random almost, so that one is stared at on all sides. We heard such a very very stupid sermon preached by the Rector, a little red-faced, regularly fubsy man, all fat and no bones, who read an Essay upon Shadrach, etc., in the furnace, and said they were "certainly sincere men"! which was a startlingly novel truth.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
7th October.

My dearest William,

There is to be rather a gay party at Mrs. Tighe's

to-night—Signor Nigri is to sing, and people coming after our dinner party. She gives parties twice a week, I believe, and has a very pretty house and a lovely garden where we walk by her desire. The other day she praised me to my Uncle, and corrected Mrs. Booth in a belief that I was only a niece to a BARONET, and in short demands my gratitude and admiration in a signal manner! Mrs. Booth declared she should have been quite shocked if she had sent me out *en qualité de nièce* instead of DAUGHTER to SIR CHARLES, as she is very particular about etiquette. I walked with the Rices to-day in the Pantiles, a paved walk surrounded with shops, where the band plays twice a day, and where the *élite* of the place are expected to promenade at 11 o'clock and at 3. I was sorry to write you such a short letter yesterday, but I was so much interrupted I could hardly write at all. I pitied Emily Tennyson in having to introduce her husband to Uncle Hallam—he was, however, very kind in his shake hands to him, and she looked much pleased at our all being friendly. Mr. J. is going to Caen for 3 months, to learn French, and leaves his wife behind him! which seems a funny plan. Emily was dressed oddly and had hair in long ringlets down her back, which looked singular and elf-like, and merely worn because she fancied it. He wears spectacles, has a pale good-humoured face with a large mouth and rather weak eyes, talks fast, and was perhaps a little flurried, as yesterday was his first introduction to Uncle H., without whose, etc., etc.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

8 *Oct.* 1842.

I don't wonder at the J——'s being awkward. I am glad you are to have the engraving of H. H. I am pleased with your lively gratitude at perceiving

that Garden and I acquit you of being dull however unconvinced we may remain of your being other than a negress—an atheist and a petto.

Dear Jenny—it is great gain having such a wench as thou to jest with. How different Miss Lucy, the young lady I have lately left, as white as a turnip, an orthodox Christian and doubtless qualified for maid of honour to Diana—but alas! no glimpse of humour, thoroughly amiable and all that, even laughs as hard as she can at one—but then she laughs not at one's wit but at one's unusualness merely, has no insight into the absurdity with which all things are as rife as foolish poets say they are of beauty. Well, I shall see thee on Monday—but remember not till a quarter-past four when there shall be all sorts of magnificence awaiting you.

Ever thine, dearest Jenny,
W. H. B.

Mr. Brookfield delighted in his wife's humour, and the above refers to a conversation which took place between himself and Garden. When the latter was one day praising his friend's bride, Mr. Brookfield said: "Ah! I believe I could have married a humpback or a black, but I could not have married a woman without a sense of humour."

In writing about how to congratulate Lord Lyttelton on the birth of a son and heir, he says: "I found this pleasant news on my return from the inmost bowels of Berkshire where I left Gyp in the keeping of her sister now a Curate's 'Lady'—for the newspapers with a laudable zeal for the celibate never allow us clergy to have 'wives.'"

At Christmas Mr. Thackeray made Mrs. Brookfield a present of one of his books—the first he ever sent to her, to which she replied :

My dear Mr. Thackeray,

I must thank you for your kindness in sending your book, which I have been very much delighted and amused with this evening. I should like to expatiate further upon it, but it always appears absurd presumption in me to do more than express bare admiration for any kind of genius, and this sort of reverence I am feeling to so awestruck a degree as entirely to hinder the expression of it, or of anything else, and hence an amount of stammering stupidity which you see vanity makes me anxious to excuse to you—though in a somewhat rigmarole way.

William was much disappointed not to see you last night ; he came in only five minutes after you left. About New Year's Eve I think it is best for myself, at all events, to decline, and William was afraid he could not manage it either, but I don't think he gave me a definite message. Could you not by possibility dine with us in homely fashion on that day ?

Believe me, yours most sincerely,

J. O. BROOKFIELD.

In February, '43, she writes in her diary : " I went to the Gurneys'. William went to a chop-house and eveninged with Thackeray and others." Mr. Brookfield at this time was going walks with Thackeray, for walks in those days were regular institutions ; and even Mrs. Brookfield walked. We find her meeting Mr. Garden on London Bridge, who kept her talking in order to tell how much the Spring Rices had admired

and praised her to him, and who also told how "William had so much admiration expressed for him as to be quite a 'snare' to him." While "William" was away on a short visit she wrote:

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield: *Wednesday, May*, 1843.

My dearest William,

I have been out at the Hallams' and also paying visits till I have very little time to write to you left. The Wilton Crescent Rout of last night I really liked very much, tho' Laura thought it very dull, but there were sundry notables there. Mr. Spedding talked a good deal with me and he told me his smoking party on Monday was quite a failure, he was dining out and after getting away early to go home found he had no cigars. It was pouring with rain, but he bought some and then left them behind him in the cab, being so busy paying the driver, and that he quite forgot to take out his parcel; on which the cabman will regale for many a day to come, I suppose. Only Mr. Spring Rice braved the elements to go to Spedding's; he was at the Hallams' and told me the Henry Taylors wish to make our acquaintance and will call when we come home. I shall like to know them. I talked to Mrs. Sartoris [Adelaide Kemble] a little bit, and listened to Sydney Smith talking to her. Lord Lansdowne was there and the Romillys and Wickhams.

Mr. Parr is in Town and going with us to Drury Lane to-night; it is the Keeleys' benefit, but Macready acts in the *Jealous Wife*. Mrs. Sartoris has a fine tragic countenance and deep-toned voice. Speaking of Alfred Tennyson, she said, "I am very fond of Alfred, he is so simple and so good," and of Rogers, "We get on very well, for he only attacks clever,

talented people, and as I'm neither talented, nor clever nor anything remarkable, I get on very well with him." Of course I made the requisite answer of "If that's your only safeguard"—which was graciously received. What a hideous, odd-looking man Sydney Smith is! with a mouth like an oyster, and three double chins. I did not hear him say anything strikingly amusing.

The Miss Southebys talked to me and asked after you with a sort of reverential interest (though I believe they have never seen or heard you!) "Ah! his arduous duties!—and, Ah! I hear St. James' fills so much more now he is the attraction." Caroline says the Romillys told her Mr. Spedding spoke so very highly in your praises.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

40 DUKE ST., ST. JAMES,
LONDON,
27 *May*, 43.

I dined at Lyttelton's, after a very popish celebration at Oakley's (the Rev. Frederick Oakley). Candles on the altar lighted (tho' staring day-light) and two common oil lamps in the body of the church lighted also to make believe that there was any necessity for it. Dinner at L.'s pleasant but informal as before.

Spencer and Caroline undressed; and all very careless and free and easy. They dressed afterwards to go to Mrs. W. E. Gladstone's, whither I accompanied them.

There was a small private amateur concert. Lord Compton and a Mrs. Barnes sang excellently. It was a smartish assemblage. People got me introduced to them, to wit, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Miss Harcourt, Mrs. Milnes Gaskell—and who doth your La'ship think —LADY PEMBROKE. In they came sailing, the fair bevy of beauties—Lady Dunmore, Lady EMMA VESEY,

and LADY BRRRUCE! However I did not get speech of the youngsters, but had a chat with the Dowager who remembered me at Hagley. I left a card on her to-day and on the Gaskells, the male of whom called on me on Wednesday last. Lady Bruce did not look nearly so well as formerly—very thin—and I thought stern. She was perhaps jealous of her Mother. Also I resumed acquaintance with Lady Galway, who is very good natured. This morning I had occasion to call on Dalton at the Bishop's about a curate. Bishop came in—he looked rather keen at my collar (Oh—la!) while he talked—and told me that they had that morning voted me "or rather Mrs. Brookfield" a key, which would be sent us, of the Square Gardens. Thence to Lady Hoare's, who made me lunch; Mrs. Lethbridge's elder sister was there —also very pretty but not equal to Leth—who, by the way, was not at all affected to-day.

They drove me to leave the two cards above mentioned and then I left them. I met Spring Rice yesterday on my way to Islington, who said that he should dress with the less satisfaction as you were not to be there—all this time I forget that I have not mentioned that he was going to dine at the Hallams'.

On returning home at night I found the following invitation—of course from Titmarsh:

If you like two or three
Of your cronies to see
There's a swarry
To-morry
At Mitre court B.

Lord J. Manners gives me a delightful account of the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, where he made such an excursion as I project—but I can hardly venture upon it without Buller. I like Toby's honesty

about wet Sunday sermons, though I should uncharitably suspect that the difference between them and his dry Sunday sermons might not be considerable.

The surprise of the Bishop was at the fact that Mr. Brookfield was wearing a collar instead of a "stock." It was before the fashion of "Roman" collars.

Some time in May the Brookfields breakfasted with Rogers—"by note invitation," Mrs. Gladstone having *named* the breakfast party by Rogers' request. Mrs. Brookfield says most people gave "breakfasts" in those days, Milnes, Kinglake, everybody,—but Rogers' were the best. His stories were invariably lengthy and did not always possess a point though they did generally contain a moral; but his histrionic skill was so great that nobody perceived this want—his keen and vivacious manner kept everybody always intently interested until the last word had been spoken.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

FOREST LODGE,
31*st May*, 1843.

I cannot think the lady would dare cut you, even if you had given her any cause (unless you were in Shorts?) I am amused at Titmarsh's invitation. I am sorry you have had another smoking bout, you are not a very good patient and I don't think you give Wm. Bullar a chance of doing you good, if you disobey and preach 3 times too—however, of course it is very difficult to avoid the latter, but I should have thought Spedding resistable considering how unwell you are. Don't ever again play any pranks in your directions to me, at least while I am here, the

reason being that I was kept full five minutes waiting for my letter in consequence, George saying "Jane,—I-found-a-letter-in-the-letter-bag-to-day-which I-intend-returning-to the post-office-to-be-stuck-up-at-the-Dead-Letter-Office." "Oh! I dare say it's for me, pray give it me."—"Do you-know-any-body of-the-name-of-Bruce-Leth-Brookfield? *I* don't, and so I intend to return the letter to the post office, ha, ha, ha!" Highly facetious but an intense bore. It was only by being rather testy that I got the letter, and it is bad enough at any time to depend on his pleasure as to when he opens the Bag and when he dispenses the letters, so Beware of "Mr. Brookfield's wit" whenever you write to me here. Mr. Waddington is arrived, but his wife had a cold and could not come; he is a fat, dumpy little man, with a thick Newmarket Guttural voice, and very stiff high neck-cloth, all starch—but he seems the essence of good-nature, very talkative and anecdotic, with sometimes quite a dash of humour. Mr. Buck is coming to-day; he is a man who "Sits down every day to a dinner dressed by a first-rate man cook, but if he can't put up with what we can give him, I should never wish to see him at my table. Maria, I hope there'll be a good dish of boiling fish—both Buck and Waddington prefer Boiled Fish." I could hardly forbear bursting forth to Maria Pilgrim with "How well you are looking," only I thought 'twould be assuming how bad she had been looking before her face was cured. Maria Robbins told me she had always felt so extremely grateful to you for a little thing you once said. Laura was speaking of poor Mrs. D., and said she did not admire her, or think her handsome, "why she has such a red nose!" "Well (you answered), surely that is not fatal to beauty—it does not make her features less pretty"—(or words to that effect), and Maria

said she really longed to thank you. Well, I think I shall be interrupted if I don't "make end" at once, so I bid thee adieu.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SOUTHAMPTON,
2nd June, 1843.

Caroline sent Maria a "very fashionable" "Nemours" head-dress (not Dowagery) the other day, and I have been ingeniously making up an imitation of the same for myself, as I had some lace by me that answered the purpose. Buck (what a name!) seemed much entertained at my millinery—it was quite a good joke for him; he is very good-natured, and not so fond of boiled fish as I had expected. It seems his wife! (how truly and disgustingly atrocious) is the *gourmande* and keeps "Her man cook," etc. Maria tells me she scrapes her little pat of butter all over every morning before she will eat it, although 'tis made fresh every day, by a scrupulously clean dairy woman, and if anything she is eating happened to touch the edge of her plate, she would not eat it for worlds, because the footman's thumb might have been there before—and she offended Col. Robinson extremely, by refusing to allow him to cut her some bread, merely because she would then have to fear his hand might touch what she was given to eat! added to all this she dines daily on *side dishes*, and all the most pamperingly-fastidious-ratifee-marmalade-puddings that can be concocted. Very loathsome, and unworthy "my pen" or your eyes. Beware of ever repeating or alluding to any anecdotes I may tell you—people like well enough to abuse their own relations, but I don't think they at all fancy other people's doing the same, or betraying their own pet stories against their relations to the rest of the community.

GEORGE ROBBINS

George Robbins is not at all otherwise than impressed with an idea that you are "Stark, staring Mad," since your directions to me. To-day he begged I would present his "very respectful compliments and tell you that he thought you must really be a Booby instead of the man of sense he had taken you to be"—and after this speech (which, of course, he did not intend me to give you as a message) I was allowed to have my letter, on the direction of which he has harped all day, "Mistress Brookfield!—well! I never really did hear anything so absurd"—"Care of Capt. Robbins!!" In short "He (George Robbins) "He harps but on one lonely string," and "Thou (W. H. B.) hast many a one." Don't goad me on to madness by telling me "the Men" at Spedding's enquired after me!!!!!—must not "the men" have included ——? And am I not already sufficiently *au désespoir* at that name? I don't think I've anything to tell you, you old Machiavel Circumventor (with Orthodox to one "friend" and Pusey to the other). But I thank you for your very nice entertaining letter of to-day, which I have read 5 times over and shall probably read 5 times again.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

40 DUKE ST., ST. JAMES,
LONDON,
3rd June, 43.

Dearest Jane,

You will sympathise with me, I know, upon the ruthless stifling of a few years' passion—the withering of hopes that in that time however hopeless yet were never utterly unhopeful—the vanishing of visions—the dissipation of dreams—the wreck of sweet illusions. . . . . You have heard me speak (I think)

of Lady B. I thought when first I saw and spoke to her in the bloom of mutual youth ten years ago that creation had no fairer offspring. . . . . .

Last Thursday night I was at Dowager Lady Lyttelton's. In the course of the evening Caroline L. said to me laughing (not ignorant of the condition of my heart), "Lady B. says she cannot catch your eye, and that you have forgotten her." This, of course, led to re-introduction—but the voice had lost its maiden melody and had become rather loud and prompt. The Bloom had left the cheek and brow, and fawn freckles crowded both like buttercups in a meadow. The features had become sharp and thin—and all the fond fancies that had crowded round my heart at mention of her name began to take flight, and . . . .

Finis ! . . .

After all I do her injustice—she is very pretty—but best in bonnet and at slight distance—but I feel that something is gone from her in my mind since the above. It was a pretty enough assemblage. It was the Dowager's party. She was very gracious, enquired after you. I had talk with Lady Clinton, Mrs. Spencer, Bruce, John Manners, Copley Fielding, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Miss Harcourt, etc., so that it was not dull. Caroline borrowed last Sunday's sermon—(your favourite "Arise," etc.) Spencer was flattering about it, and Mrs. Spencer (separately from them) hoped it would be printed but was afraid I did not write out my sermons so that anybody could read them, intimating that she would fain borrow it. I had previously been to the Bishop for an hour. There were "Gloucester and Bristol"—"Edinburgh"—Manning—Wilberforce—Dukenfield, and two or three more. Yesterday I dined alone. Just after dinner a person came with a begging letter not knowing that I was the same person to whom he had applied in the Vestry

two days before to proselytize him from his born Romish faith to the Protestant—which I soon perceived to be sheer humbug—so I went downstairs (thinking from the letter it was the same person), and saying that if he would follow me I would see what I could do for him. I—like a good Samaritan as I am, and like Charles Surface when "justice and generosity are running a race in my heart—I cannot help it, but damme! generosity always gets ahead" I, I say, like C. S. and the Samaritan, conducted him to the Police office—but what is to be done with him I don't know.

I quite forgot that your friend's name was Buck—and my small wit about Back was fatuous.

Ever thine,

W. H. B.

In July this year Mr. Brookfield received his licence for St. Luke's, Berwick Street (a dependence of St. James'), which ministry he seems to have maintained alongside with his preachership at Tenison's, etc., and a little later he is found to be preaching in a "surplice," which practice, however, he was very soon persuaded to give up.

Lord Lyttelton to Mr. Brookfield:

HAGLEY,

5 *Sept.*, 43.

Loved Incumbent,

Write! Let me know how you are, how you have been, how you are to be, when you are to be, and all other tenses, moods, voices, and parts of speech relating to your existence.

I hope you have heard from the lady dowager (between whom and the Queen Dowager now in Worcestershire there is an inextricable confusion in the minds of the sons of the soil) that you are to exact marriage in London between my sister and my brother-in-law, an event which gives us much satisfaction.

We shall be up in town for it, and no doubt some suburb will again be illuminated by one of those not unremarkable dialogico-gastro-peripatetical visits of the Priest and the Peer, of which some are already on the page of universal History.

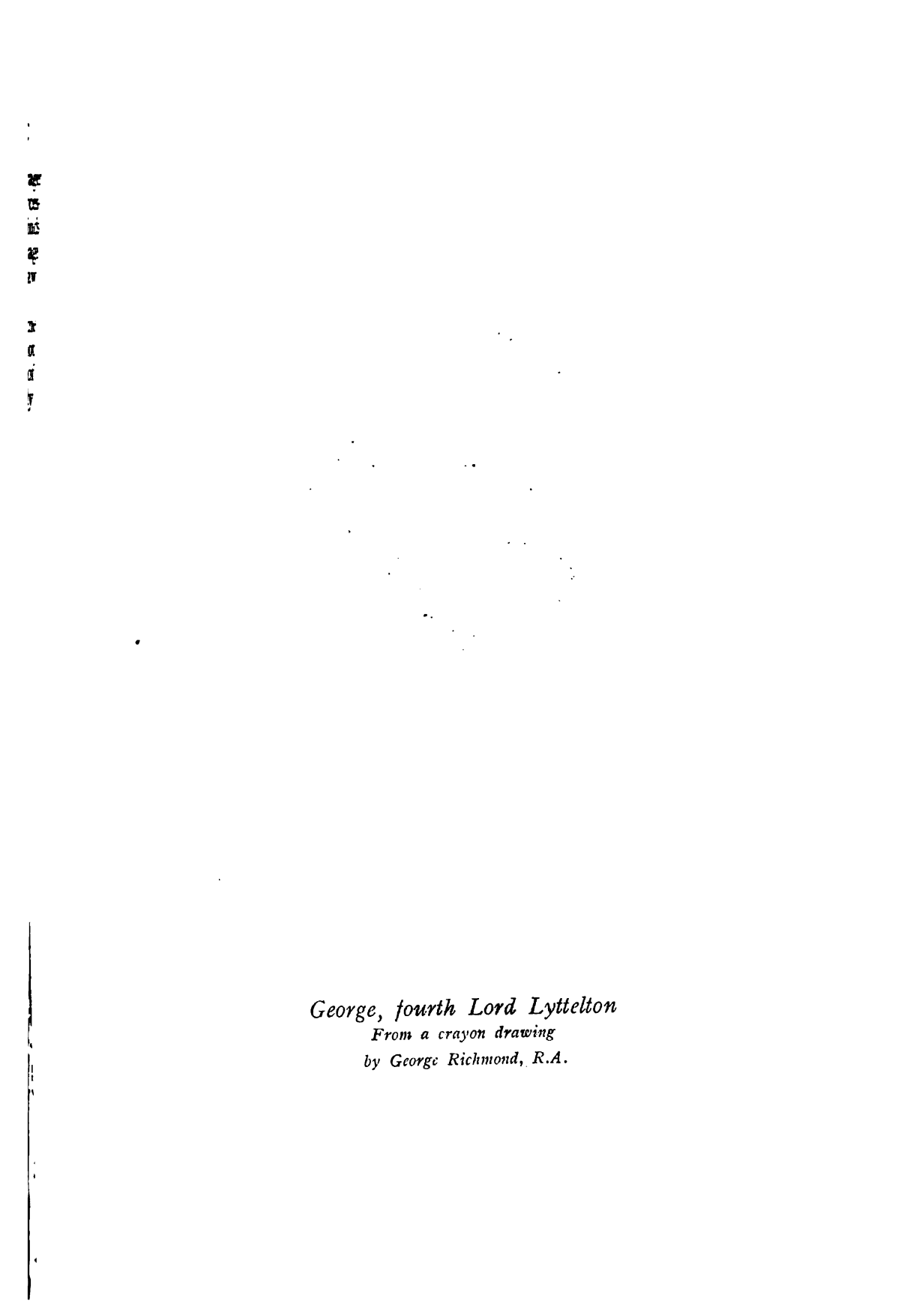
We are all well and hope Mrs. Brookfield is no less.

Yours ever,

LYTTELTON.

These walks were not the only practices that the "Priest and the Peer" had in common. Mr. Brookfield, in the discharge of his clerical duties was punctilious as well as enthusiastic. He possessed a genius for persuading adults who had not received Baptism to seek that Sacrament; the number of infant Baptisms also increased greatly under his influence. A letter of his to a well-known lady urging her to have her children baptised is a model of kindness and discretion. In getting together candidates for baptism he was aided by Lord Lyttelton, who though still young, was, in spite of the lightness of his letters, of a pious and serious disposition, always assisting Mr. Brookfield in parish work whenever he was near to him and giving help and advice in especial cases when away.

Mr. Brookfield has said how glad he was to learn



George, fourth Lord Lyttelton
From a crayon drawing
by George Richmond, R.A.

from Mrs. Carlyle that his sermons had a real influence on many young men of name and position, who would not listen to other preachers, but it gave him a greater pleasure to find earnest young men of this very class, able and eager to give him practical assistance in his labours when occasion offered. The hard winter of '43 overwhelmed him with work, and the sufferings of the poor wrung his heart, but the unobtrusive assistance and encouragement given by his two young friends, Lord Lyttelton and Lord John Manners, lightened his days, and in a large degree made the outlook more hopeful. It is pleasant to note the steady philanthropic interest these young men took in current events. Lord John Manners wrote to him as follows:

WOOLLEY PARK,
BROSELEY,
23rd Oct., 1843.

My dear Brookfield,

I have heard nothing of you since your return from foreign parts, save the fact duly recorded in the *Morning Post* of your having married the H. Glynns. Let me hear how the tour succeeded, and how you are in health.

While I remember it, let me ask if they continue sending the loaves to the vestry? If they don't will you go to the shop (the corner of Bond Street and Piccadilly) and tell them that you are commissioned by the gentleman (they don't know me) to tell them to continue sending them, and that when I return to London I will pay them. Is any project on foot for relieving the poor in London? I like the line or rather

tone adopted by the *Times* in pointing out the Church as the proper almsgiver, and have been thinking that an appeal in favour of a distinct confraternity, written by a clergyman acting in London, would be good weight just now ; why should not you undertake it ? Is the thing altogether impracticable ; the spirit seems alive and ready ; if so—a house, a dress, a rule alone are to be supplied.

Read Wiseman's letter on Catholic Unity *sub finem*. Pray turn this over in your thoughts ; St. James' of all the London parishes would be the easiest to begin with, if the Bishop and Rector would sanction it, funds might, I am sure, be raised without any difficulty. I believe Miss Coutts can be reckoned on as willing to promote it ; and if it was once made known publicly that such a plan was in active contemplation, no doubt the numbers of people who all over the country are wishing for the establishment of some sort of Monastic houses would willingly subscribe to make so favourable a beginning. At any rate let me know what you think about it ; the more I think the subject over the more do I feel convinced that if the Church of England is really to *do* anything among the poor masses She must go out of her present parochial system. This will be my direction for a week more, With my kind regards to Mrs. Brookfield,

I am,

Dear B., affectly yours,

JOHN MANNERS.

P.S.—In case my friend the baker should be obdurate I send a cheque for £5, of which spend part in defraying the cost of the dole, the rest in what charitable way you think best.

THE SOUTHEY SCHEME

Lord John Manners to Mr. Brookfield:

BELVOIR CASTLE,
30th December, 1843.

MY dear Brookfield,

At last my Southey scheme has marched a step. The Bishop of London conditionally sanctions it, and I'm now preparing for a declaration in the papers; drawing out a committee and so on; I am ashamed, knowing your multitudinous businesses, to ask you to take any part in it, but a recollection of your services on a former occasion makes me wish to see you on said committee; either as plain committee-man, or better still secretary or treasurer, if you would be one I'd be the other.

I don't want the committee to be large, but a select working one, and at present propose Lyttelton, Sir J. Hanmer, Dicky Milnes, Mr. Watts Russell, you and I as its constituent parts.

The constitution of the Order is briefly this: the Sisters are to be Churchwomen, but to relieve all distressed creatures indiscriminately, they are not to be bound by vows, but during their Sistership to obey all the rules of the House, and their Superior is to be appointed by the Bishop, and the parish priest is to supervise the establishment, the Bishop being the visitor and all other rules will be referred to him before they are adopted.

Now, ye anti-popery varlets, come on!

Something like £300 is already promised, and once get the vessel under sail and she'll make the port, I'll be bound. Will Mr. Ward come in? Mr. Page, of Woodpit, has written a most encouraging letter, and most people seem to admit the idea readily. I am so taken up with this, having at present all the work on my own shoulders, that I can hardly think of anything else. But I must wish you all the hearty

compliments of the season, and a prosperous and healthful new year.

In haste I rest
Your assured friend,
JOHN MANNERS.

Mrs. Brookfield at this time did her part in making clothes and soups for the poor ; but her husband never encouraged her in regular district visiting. She also made his " bands " for him, copied out his sermons in her bold fine handwriting, and translated others written by the most celebrated preachers of Europe.

Few of Mr. Brookfield's many talents were unemployed at this busy period of his life. It is no uncommon thing to find him, at the end of a very full day, engaged in looking over the speeches of friends or in drafting and writing out letters for them. In '43, with a view to the improvement of congregational singing, he compiled and produced a Book of Chaunts metrically divided. It was probably upon the strength of this that he was invited to examine schools in singing and to rehearse choirs. He writes thus to his wife on this subject from Marlborough College :

COLLEGE,
MARLBORO',
3 *May*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

At twelve I had the boys into Church and found that they had really nothing to learn, they did the chanting so well. I shall hear them again this evening with the organist. I dined in Hall, almost as at

Cambridge, a dinner being provided for the Masters at a table separate from and placed a foot higher than those at which the youngsters dine at one (when the Masters lunch). Dinner over, we adjourned as at Cambridge to the combination room, *i.e.*, the room where M.A.'s combine to drink wine, crack Barcelonas, and talk reason seasoned with salt wit, while at the meagre nursery for sickly minds in Oxfordshire they are sitting in what their dialect calls a common room sucking stewed prunes and mumbling indistinct eructations of crazy superstition. The Masters are six university men, including the Apostle of Intemperance. All of like age and very kind gentlemanly fellows, and you may rely upon it I was not long in finding my chair an easy one. When we had made facts stand out in sufficiently bold relief the etiquette was to go and hear Wilson whom they had got down to sing Scottish songs in the Town Hall. At ten thirty adjourned to combination where a slight supper was furnished for Wilson (who, however, sang no more), and we had a very chatty Cambridge sort of party. We broke up soon after twelve. I was temperate as a Nun, one glass of wine, and one of mountain dew in compliment to Wilson, but a headache this morning gave Oxford a momentary advantage in the perpetually recurring comparison.

To which his wife replied from Clevedon Court:

I am glad you have been so gay (as people provoke one with saying if one has dined or tea'd otherwise than at home), and I am gladder that the Marlboro' boys do justice to the sweat of your brow.

I don't know whether you have grown more intensely superior and intellectual or I more overpoweringly dull and silly, but I can't divest myself

of the fear of your thinking half I say of no value for your reading or hearing.

She then proceeds at length to tell him her friends' opinions upon the religious questions of the hour.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
London,
13 *May*, 44.

My dear Jane,

I must say that the perfectly undisputed way in which your Oxford friends have been allowed to lay down as a ruled point that " Reverence " is a virtue without subjecting it to the same rules of limitation and proportion as other propensities (for it is no more) is not a little careless on the part of my friends. Benevolence is a virtue, but not the benevolence which gives to a canting impostor what is due to the Butcher and Baker. Courage is a virtue but not that which rushes like a vain ostentatious Irishman, " Whurra ah ! then now ! pilliloo ! arrah ! thunder and turf ! aghrah ! " into the thick of an unnecessary row ; and Reverence is a virtue, but not that reverence which refuses to ask any question connected with religion, dares not dispute " My Mother told me," and believes everything that was said " by them of old time." I met in an excellent sermon by a writer of little name the other day upon the text " Temperate in all things," that " intemperate courage, or courage in excess, is temerity ; caution in excess is cowardice, belief in excess is credulity, firmness in excess is obstinacy, and reverence in excess is superstition." To recognise the presence and the hand of the Deity, to look carefully for a moral and spiritual truth and lesson, and to treat the subject tenderly and gravely seems to me the way in which

Reverence would deal with the Angel question in either case you mention. To insist on or rather to require others to believe in the material angel seems to me superstition, obstinately to deny angelic intervention of any kind seems to me something quite as foolish, and the question whether there was or was not an intermediate agency purely indifferent provided you recognise the agency.

Good gracious! three sides about this. Saturday at six to the Artists' Dinner. I have been at as bad but never so stupidly placed, between a twaddling benevolent, self-satisfied old Cheeryble, and a pilling Surgeon. Lord Palmerston's speeches were amusing to me as exhibiting how a Public Man, thoro'ly accustomed to speak, and not caring the shadow of a fraction of a hang whether he succeeded or not, would handle such flimsy topics. He did not excel, however, nor anybody else. Dickens spoke, shortly and well enough, but it had a very cut and dried air, and rather pompous and shapely in its construction and delivered in a rather sonorous deep voice. Not a jot of humour in it. He looks like Milnes, same height and shape, still longer hair, but not his demoniacal good humour of expression. I was totally ignored, no Church, no Chaplain, no personal ME was drunk, while the medical officers were proposed, and indeed everybody else.

This was a decided blunder of theirs. Altogether the dinner was much like other such—no better and could not be worse.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST., GOLDEN SQ.,
LONDON,
15 *May*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

The evening of the last day I wrote to you I dined

alone here and afterwards picked up Monteith, Venables, Lushington, and Chapman, at Oxford and Cambridge Club. Monteith took us to Fenton's Hotel, where we had a very pleasant evening.

I have no intention to dine at the Artist Malevolent again. I was introduced to Lord Palmerston and chatted with him a few minutes, but was not near him at table.

The cruellest blow of all was, not being ranked below a very modest and sensible apothecary as I was, but being made inferior to Sir William Ross, portrait painter, a man who is not " Rather an ass " (Hallam). There the owl sate opposite to me on the superior side of the table grinning sweetly and patronizingly, when I opened my lips, with a dreadfully mechanical face. However I had a few moments of unmixed extatic bliss. Lord Palmerston, in proposing the Royal Academy, blundered into a most unfortunate congratulation of the world at large that every Exhibition showed *fewer portraits* and more of the higher and *more imaginative* and *essentially artistic* works of art. He began to find out his mistake (as nine-tenths of the people present were sign painters and takers of profiles " in this style "), and to flounder out but not till I had enjoyed the gathering frown on the Knight's brow. He was also good when Palmerston was paying Stansfeld a very well deserved compliment on a sea piece (one of the best I ever saw), and facetiously proposed that if we felt no qualms after contemplating that most lively representation of a very uncomfortable sight (a rough sea) we should couple his name with the Royal Academy. The joke was bad enough, but also good enough for after dinner, and everybody laughed except the Knight, who only sneeringly remarked " His lordship is rather badly off for a joke this afternoon ! ! !

How I am prating away, meantime the hours glide on with eternity at their back, and the post will close in five minutes.

Farewell. Kind love to all. Ever
Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST., GOLDEN SQUARE,
22 *May*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

I went yesterday with Lyttelton to the Zoological Gardens, where we staid near three hours, thence to Hampstead, I wishing to call on the Greys. We dined together very comfortably at the Inn "Jack Straw's Castle," where we dined once before, stewed eels, beefsteak, sparrow grass, potatoes, cheeses, salad, beer, and "a comfortable glass," five shillings each.

It may be presumed we sate down with misgiving sensations. But it was exceedingly agreeable. A Cambridge Puseyite against an Oxford any day. I ventured to hint that a Communion might be valid and beneficial tho' there were no credence table, he did not grow red in the face at my daring profanity; and I wondered reverentially whether in all Archdeacon Manning's parsonage there was such a thing as a looking glass. He did not call down fire from heaven upon the blasphemy that assumed the possibility of the Archdeacon's consciousness of having a cravat or apron or silk stockings. He told me what we both laughed at violently. The Duke of Saxe Coburg (Prince Albert's brother) asked the dowager (Lady Lyttelton) at Court one day with very rapid utterance, "Did you read 'Lost Paradise'?" for "Have you read 'Paradise Lost'?"

Oh, I forgot to tell you Maitland, the Archbishop's

chaplain and librarian, said to Lyttelton about Manning, that he observed somehow or the other all these fellows are "such excessive dandies," "Manning, for instance, was here an hour ago just out of a band box."

I do not know whether I shall go to Mrs. Procter's or not; very likely if my cough is tolerable, tho' I have not much curiosity; and of course it is only curiosity that would take one. Last Sunday at St. Luke's "we observed" (*Morning Post*) the pretty girls, the swells, the thoughtful girl, the everlastings, the genteel girl, the Huffee (who has never been to Communion since I made her take her glove off), the Wynn, the incomprehensible, and numerous other upper crust parties.

Ever most affectionately yours,
W. H. B.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST., GOLDEN SQ.,
LONDON,
10 *June*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

This is sad work. I shall be very anxious to hear from you day by day till you come.

I preached at St. Luke's a.m. Dean helped, and the greatest loss by far which your illness entails upon you is that of not having been present on this occasion. The donkey in entering the desk got his robes somehow or other caught in the door. This he did not discover till he had begun reading, when he had not presence of mind to disentangle them, but proceeded as follows, I being below at the Altar.

"Dearly beloved brethren, (Mr. Brookfield, *sotto voce*). The Scripture moveth us (Mr. Brookfield! (louder)) in sundry places (Mr. Brookfield!!)." I looked round and perceived him literally with a face

agonized with terror as if a rat were biting at his heel; I could not see what was the matter and asked if he were ill, but he went on alternately reading three words, then turning round with terrified face and gesture to his entangled hood till the tragedy worked itself to this pitch, "And altho" (a terrified wink at the desk door) we ought at all times (do assist me) humbly to acknowledge (I'M CONFINED, MR. BROOKFIELD) (in an audible voice). At this I gave the door a rude pull, released the unlucky vestment, turned round to bury my convulsions in my surplice, and all thenceforward went on smoothly, but of course I could not ask the fool to preach for me at night, it would not have been safe.

I preached an old sermon with new bits, rather telling, I think. The greatest compliment I ever had paid me was from my old Law Master, who was there and came round to meet me as I left the pulpit; a great bear who hated me when I was with him, and whom I should have thought incapable of thinking anything I could say or do tolerable. However, he praised very much, tooked hashed mutton with me, went to St. Luke's at night and praised again.

I am writing all this merriment while you are suffering.*

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST., GOLDEN SQ.,
9 *Nov.*, 1844.

My dear Jane,

I only lent Leon one Sovereign. I am extremely

* While on a visit to a sister in Devonshire Mrs. Brookfield had been taken suddenly ill with a malady which confined her to her bed for some months during which time she wrote no letters. This illness rendered her delicate and caused her to be somewhat of an invalid for several years afterwards.

sorry for you, dear Jane ; but facts are facts, we cannot control truth ; it is and cannot be as if it were not.

I will also say, too, wishing you most heartily every support under the trial. I knew perfectly well, seven days ago it will be in one single half hour. I knew of Mrs. B.'s sentiments with reference to the blind girl. I knew of her writing. I knew the purport of the letter. But, my dear Jane, be calm,—the historical tendency is in the family.*

Sir Charles' *Roman Emperors*, Hallam's *Middle Ages*, what are they but instances, creditable instances of this propensity to record in their own peculiar dialect, and like yourself with their own peculiar charm, what had been known to mankind for ages.

* Mrs. Brookfield had been visiting and tending a blind girl in her husband's parish and without his knowledge. She had just now in a long letter confessed this act to him.

CHAPTER V

"The Set." A Birthday Party. Compliments from Rogers. London Library. Party at the Procter's. Moxon and Alfred Tennyson. Rogers' Kindness. Wordsworth's presentation to the Queen. A Walk. Gladstone. Kinglake and Eöthen. A Country Visit. Aubrey de Vere. Harry Hallam. A Dinner. Barry Cornwall's Hospitality. A Sermon. Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Brookfield. Hallam and the Parrot. Accident to Thackeray. Father Prout. Mrs. Norton. With Thackeray at Brighton. Tennyson's Pension. Wilkie Collins.

Mr. Brookfield had small-pox during the first days of the new year, during which illness he walked, talked, preached as usual, merely slackening a little when he learned the nature of his malady to write new sermons or re-write old ones, which "sport" he maintained was "becoming a mania with him."

They saw a good deal of Rogers about this time, and were in the habit of dining "extempore" with the Hallams and others, and in fact 1845 witnessed, what may be called, the consolidation of the many friendships earlier begun. As the Brookfields were in London for the whole of the first part of that year, their diaries give some account of how and with whom they spent their time. And the record of their doings on any given day or week was then practically a history of every other one; for the actions of the "Set," as Thackeray called a privileged few, became quite charmingly simple directly any members of it found themselves in the neighbourhood of the others. A close, constant, pleasant intimacy would inevitably ensue and continue

until the hour when some of them, forced away by sterner duties, were found to fly "the festive scene." "Festive" describes almost accurately most of that wonderful companionship; they had no wearyings whatever in one another's society, they extemporised banquets, they strolled in and out of each other's dwellings, they assembled the most brilliant of people on the shortest of notices; they struck their wits together and always emitted sparks; they took keen and often critical interest in each other's life and work, and when they parted set forth stimulated to other and finer achievements, which in many cases were in due time brought forth to the joy and enrichment of the world.

Mr. Thackeray, for instance, was in the habit of breakfasting with the Brookfields every Saturday—but that regular engagement in no way prevented their all meeting at dinners and suppers there and in other places that same day as well as on most others. And so it was with most of them, they went from one to the other, they met *en route* their choicest friends, they took them home, they petted and praised them, they kept them late, knowing well they were all about to begin early another day of similar informal routine.

We do not quote much from the diaries in order to avoid repetition, and also because they seem to grow more entertaining when elaborated into letters as they are later on in this year.

March 12th, 1845. [Diary.]

To Milnes' to breakfast. Sir William and Lady

Chatterton, Kenyon, Canon Roach, Mrs. and Miss Procter—pleasant enough. To Hallam's after—who came in in his Court dress. Walked home with Jane, met Kinglake who turned with us. In evening read Dickens' " Chimes," as utter trash as was ever trodden under foot.

15th.

Thackeray came in to Breakfast. While he was with us Mr. Buller came. Went with them to Baker St. Bazaar. They afterwards took Jane to Miss Linwood's exhibition. Dined with us to-day, Spedding, Kinglake, Harley (George Harley, M.D.), Spring Rice, and in the evening Merivale and H. Hallam came. Smoking till one.

25th.

Jane's birthday. Laura and Grey with Thackeray and H. Hallam dined with us. We had champagne at dessert, on which Thackeray said " So nice of you, old fellow, buying two bottles of champagne on your wife's birthday." We had Gurnet for fish, and Grey observed that they barked like a dog, at which moment a dog barked, when Laura said, " That is the surviving Gurnet expressing his horror at being soused," which I had just said must be done with the residue. Thackeray gave Jane a Turkish shawl. He and Hallam staid to smoke.

29th.

We dined at Hallam's. Bart Frere, Spedding, Tom Taylor, H. Mansfield, and Spring Rice. In the evening Thackeray joined the smoking. Home about two.

Mr. Brookfield, after recording that he had dined at Mr. Deane's and went on afterwards to Mrs. Procter's; where he found Milnes, Talford, Kinglake, Goldsmith, Mrs. Montague, Kenyon, Benedict, etc., writes the following chatty letter to his mother:

LONDON,
16 *April*, 1845.

My dear Mother,

Thank you very much for your letter and the encouraging reception you accord to my last attempt at a gossip. Instead of a mock modest deprecation of so much charitableness—tho' I confess its undeservedness—I will at once plunge as before into the sea of retrospect and swim as far as I have time for before post closing—of which it lacks, however, but a bare half-hour.

I have just returned from the Hallam's, whither I had taken Jane to see Kate, who is up for ten days. They went out in the carriage and I and H. came together and called on old, old, old Sam Rogers—who is as wonderful in conversation as ever. Sydney Smith's death, however, must have reminded him that very few people live "ollis"—they were a sort of "gemini" of wit, but Sydney much the younger. We are to have a domestic dinner at Hallam's on Monday—and Rogers will join us. He is a warm admirer of Jane's, and says many of the gallant things to her which he can say so prettily. Yesterday we dined with the Rector. Somehow or other I was the talker of the evening. I have observed that people are prone to measure the pleasantness of a party by the amount in which they have been allowed to prate, and I should say, therefore, we had a very pleasant evening at the Rector's. You may be amused to know that a

tremendous roar was produced by my telling (*apropos* of I don't know what) of Jacky Ward pronouncing that "Miss Rowbottom's were the thickest legs under the table." The servants could not hold a plate steady for ten minutes afterwards. I finished yesterday a fortnight in the vestry, which I have been taking in the present interregnum of Curate—our late one having gone before a successor was found. It has put 9 guineas in my pocket, which will pay my entrance and one year's subscription to the London Library, which I wanted to belong to. On Monday evening I went to hear Charles Kemble read "Much Ado about Nothing." It was a very crowded room—not much less than £200 I should think. And I liked the reading exceedingly—so much so that I shall take Jane to-night to hear "King John." I have often tried to read a play—but, having never heard one read, felt some difficulties which I think I could now somewhat surmount—but reading is a very delicate art and more difficult than acting. It was curious to me to see in the room (a large lecturing room in the city) Dr. Russell (Rector of Bishopsgate), whose grammar I learned when I was ten years old—and he still a comparatively young man. Day before (Sunday) Bishop preached at St. James', for the endowment of St. Luke's. The sermon's an annual. Saturday we dined at home. Friday ditto. Thursday at the Deane's (Chairman of Customs—pleasantish). They are "hearers" at St. James's. Same evening we were at a party at Mrs. Procter's (Mr. P. is Barry Cornwall, you know), when came a few remarkables—Kinglake—Milnes—Lady Chatterton—and several of a somewhat smaller fry of literature. Procter was an intimate of Lord Byron. She is daughter of Basil Montague, who edited Bacon.

I am afraid the clock will strike before I finish my paper—but I will write to the last breath. All the

world, of course, is talking about Maynooth (The Grant)—and of course, as is natural, a considerable amount of idiotic breath finds vent upon the subject.

Mr. Brookfield was evidently an apt pupil, for from about this date he was acknowledged to be one of the finest of Shakesperian readers. Kinglake said of him, "An orator of original genius, he possessed marvellous histrionic skill, which he was able to moderate in the pulpit. In the reading of Shakespeare he was never in his time surpassed by anyone."

April 17th. [Diary.]

Dined at home. To Tom Taylor's (Temple); Albert Smith there. They were writing a burlesque for the Lyceum at Whitsuntide next. Thence to Chapman's, with whom a cigar and agreeable *tête-à-tête*. He told me that Alfred Tennyson is in Town.

18th.

Jane to Hallam's. I, after a short visit to the Vestry, to Alfred Tennyson's (Charlotte St.), sat with him an hour, and he engaged to dine with us. At five he came to dinner. Kate and Julia Hallam were there. He very agreeable. While Kate, Jane and I went to Church he staid and chatted with Julia Hallam. Moxon came at Alfred's invitation and staid till six, while Alfred and I smoked till one a.m. I liked him very much. He asked me at parting to dine next day, which I could not do, being engaged!

19th.

Thackeray and Tom Taylor breakfasted. I went with them to Alfred's—where we talked very agreeably,

Thackeray and I to Robson's and heard an organ he had built for Lord Saye and Sele. Kate, Tinling, Grey and Laura, Julia H. dined with us. Afterwards I went to Moxon's, where was Alfred Tennyson, no one else. We smoked till nearly two. A *most* agreeable evening. Moxon told of Rogers' kindness to him in lending him £500 to set him up.

21st.

Breakfasted at Milnes'. Two Maynooth Priests (Russell and Whytehead), Bishop of St. David's, the O'Connor Don, Blake, John Manners, Rich, Cavendish, Sir Walter James, Aubrey de Vere. Afterwards to Hallam's with Jane. Dined at Hallam's. Rogers and Chas. Spring Rice with the Tinlings. Rogers told of his going to knock at Samuel Johnson's door, when his heart failed, he dared not, and he went away. Also of the Duke of Wellington on his announcing that Wordsworth had written a sonnet upon him, "Gentlemen, there has been a sonnet written on me." On coming away he shook me with both hands and said, "Goodnight, I am much obl*ee*ged to you." What for?

22nd.

Wrote to Rogers that we were mistaken in thinking we could breakfast with him next Tuesday, as it is Confirmation. Dined at Grey's. Sir Chas. Elton and the whole family in the evening. Read part of "Improvisatore," which unsettles me as all adventurous novels do.

25th.

Dined at the Bishop of London's. Afterwards to the Hallams'. Hallam had gone to the Queen's Ball.

26th.

Thackeray to breakfast. Lyttelton called. He laughed at the similarity of Sir Charles' voice to my imitation of it.

29th.

Confirmation. About 750 confirmed. The Bishop sought me to thank me for my assistance, but I was out of the way. Dined at the Sterling. Two Spring Rices, Lord Ebrington, Spedding, Law, Alfred Tennyson, Venables, Merivale, T. F. Ellis, Trench. Trench willingly undertook to look at some sermons of mine. To Spedding's afterwards.

May 3rd.

Thackeray, Spedding, Aubrey de Vere, and C. Spring Rice breakfasted here. To Alfred Tennyson's who is dining here this evening. Kinglake and Alfred T. joined us at dinner, and staid pleasantly till half-past one.

6th.

Vestry. Jane and the rest of them go down the river to Gravesend, the Steam Navigation Company giving an entertainment on the occasion of a launch. I dined at Moxon's, where were Wordsworth, A. Tennyson, H. Lushington, Harness, Dyce, and self. A. Tennyson and Lushington came home with me for an hour. Wordsworth described his presentation to the Queen at the Ball last Friday but one . . . and speaking of the graciousness of it added, "I daresay it was *my years*, most likely she had not read many of my works." He added that he had stipulated with the Lord Chamberlain that he should not just pass through

the crowd but should be noticed. I remarked that the Queen had done herself good by her reception of him, and that he could not have bestowed his patronage on a more depressed cause than that of Queendom —unless the Clergy . . . which raised a great laugh. I, however, begged to amend my speech and to express my gratitude for his patronage of the Clergy. He said he was quite content with my first compliment.

Towards the end of the season and just as Mrs. Brookfield was going into the country, she wrote to Mr. Thackeray, who had lent her a book:

"I am extremely obliged for Goldsmith and still more for your letter. I don't like to keep your servant waiting while I attempt at all a suitable reply, but you are very unfeeling in burlesquing the distinguishing mark of all ladies writing, and depriving one of the faintest excuse for ever *dashing* any word to you again."

When they were staying at the Bullar's at Southampton we find that "Thackeray came over from Farnham where his mother and children were, and passed the day at the Bullars'." These Bullars, so often mentioned in these as well as in the letters of Mr. Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield, were a cultivated, interesting family, including a clergyman father, and doctor and barrister sons, all of whom had a deep and sincere affection for the Thackerays and the Brookfields.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield, Senr.

31 *May*, 1845.

My dear Mother,

You ask for a leaf out of my diary. I wish I had

kept it for the last fortnight, for really I cannot recall what has happened since I wrote last. Indeed, I forget when I did write last, but I remember mentioning dining at the Sterling Club dinner, which was a month ago. The only thing notable that I can remember since then was a *fête* given by the Steam Navigation Company in one of their Steamers to see a launch down at Woolwich. They gave champagne *dejeuner*—music, dancing (a little, at least), etc. Tickets had been got by Charles Grey for us, and two of Jane's sisters. But the evening before I got an invitation from Moxon the printer (next door to where the fire was at Ragget's last Tuesday) to meet Wordsworth and others, and I went. Meantime Jane and her brothers-in-law and sisters went gallivanting down the river. There was Spring Rice (one of her lovers—but their name is legion) —his wife, who was the christener of the new vessel— and a great many queerish people that one never had seen before, and it is to be hoped never will again. They seemed to enjoy their excursion, and to have extracted a good deal of fun from it—which is all that ever can be said of miscellaneous concerns like that. I, too, was satisfied with my commutation for champagne at Moxon's, where we had an exceedingly pleasant, homely dinner with Tennyson, Wordsworth (who had come up to be presented), Harness, Lushington, Dyer, and myself. I have a shuddering feeling that I told you all this before. When I got home and found the nautical folks supping as well as they could— and laughing as well as if they were supping better. On 7th May (whenever that might be) I had one of our frequent summer walks with Lord Lyttelton. On these occasions he calls on me at about one. Away we stump as far out into the country as we can get, weather permitting or objecting—it makes no difference—when we arrive towards 5 p.m. at any praiseworthy looking

public—we get beefsteaks—or veal cutlets or what we can—dine with huge glee and walk home to tea.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield, senr.:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
20 *June*, 1845.

My dear Mother,

Thank you for your letter. I had never heard of the Burying Beetle. In my early days they had no further connection with interments than providing the shroud, "I, said the Beetle, with my thread and needle!" By the bye, they always pronounce it beedle here amongst the lower sort. My Beadle lives under the Church. I called one day to speak to his wife and asked how they found the rooms—whether damp or what. "Oh, I should get on very well," she said, "if I wasn't so overrun with Beedles." I thought it a very unconnubial complaint. Thank you also for the Maynooth Petition of which you write, whether by slip of pen or not, "which I think answerable." I can only say I think so too. Wm. Gladstone divided me from my wife at dinner yesterday at the Lyttelton's—but I did not catechise him about his vote on Irish matters—I have no doubt that whatever he has done was in good faith. Consistency and sincerity are two things very far indeed from identical or co-ordinate; and apparent consistency is often purchased by a sacrifice of truth—and when truth (in which I include all sorts of integrity) is honestly pursued, there must appear in our conduct a good deal of seeming inconsistency in this ever shifting world of circumstance. William Gladstone left the ministry before he voted; there went £5,000 a year.

As to Kingslake (about whose book you are particular in asking) it is always spoken of as a very clever

book—with a very fine edged wit—and this it would be difficult to gainsay. "Eöthen" is not a novel of reverential writing certainly, but I believe people of fine minds and much in the habit of reading instinctively separate the chaff from the corn; and in it, tho' it is not free from what is objectionable, the corn predominates. He is a delightful companion. He sometimes comes here. We dined yesterday at the Lytteltons'. There is a saying in that family which has come round to me three or four times, once thro' Lady James, once thro' Mrs. Gladstone and elsewhere "that Lady Lyttelton is jealous of nobody but Mr. Brookfield" meaning that if Ld. L. . . is engaged to walk with me on one of our excursions nothing at home can get him to relinquish it, etc., etc. Well, old Lady Davy—who is deaf—a gentlewoman who knows everybody, told somebody that Lady Lyttelton was jealous of nobody but *Mrs.* Brookfield—a distinction not without a difference. Wednesday I was at the House of Commons. Dull. Tuesday night we went to a concert at Miss Herries', there were a few first-rate Italian singers from the opera, and a large company, but I don't remember anything good being said. Monday we dined with the Milnes-Gaskells. We had Ld. Jno. Manners, Morpeth, Monckton Milnes, Stafford, O'Brien, and Sir F. Doyle, Lady D., Jane, Miss Wynn, Miss Harcourt (Archbishop's daughter), and myself. It was excessively agreeable. All people that one knew and not much older or younger than oneself. It is pleasant to see opposition parliament men at dinner—*i.e.*, when they are clever ones—as all the above—excepting, by the bye, Doyle and Morpeth, who are not in parliament—and one other gent who is neither.

Ever most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

They were so much in the habit of saying and hearing "good" things that they aired their surprise, as above, when there came the occasion on which nothing striking was said.

July 2nd. [Diary.]

At three Lord Lyttelton called as agreed. We set out for Hungerford Bridge, proposing to go to Putney by steam. It rained so much that we went to the "Cheshire Cheese" to dine, poking along the Adelphi as we went to Savoy Chapel. After dinner by omnibus to Surrey Gardens. Views of Edinburgh. Rock harmonicon. At nine thirty I went to Thackeray's, where were Father Prout (Mahoney), Morton, and Wyndham. Staid till two.

5th.

Thackeray breakfasted. Letter arrives that Totty Fanshawe may return to-day, which she immediately prepares to do. Thackeray and I to Fraser's, where he buys for her "Pride and Prejudice." He and I take her down to Vauxhall to see her off to Southampton; returning, we look in on Millbank Penitentiary.

August 5th.

To Hampstead to call on Wickham's at Eton Cottage, thence to Colonel Elton. He was visible to me by accident, but not ceremonially, so I left my card. Thackeray called, so we went to Mrs. Procter's. Then he dined with me but seemed quite out of sorts. To his rooms, whither came Budham and Father Mahoney. Home at half-past one.

In July Mrs. Brookfield had gone into Somersetshire to stay with the Hallams, and letters began to pass again.

WRAXALL LODGE,
1845. 5 *Aug.*

My dearest William,

The poor Horse died last night—Boosey announced it with a quivering voice at tea, and sorry we all were—but Harry rallied sufficiently to propose taking Julia's young horse in to the dead horse's stable to teach him a lesson of mortality! All yesterday till near 5 o'clock the Church Bell was tolling for a lady who died on Saturday, I believe. Harry suggested tolling our dinner bell for the horse, also pulling down the stable blinds! I was delighted by the sight of your letter and thank you for finding time for so long a one on a busy day. I had been sobering myself to expect just a few straggling lines and your sheet was pleasantly full. Why did not you open and read Aubrey De Vere? He apologises for not having sooner sent the poems, owing to his time and thoughts being at his father's sick bed and till he was better he had neglected his present to me, and then he proceeds to remark, "I believe I ought also to apologise for sending you at all what is little worthy of your perusal. However, I cannot make my verses better either by praising them or depreciating them, so I will only say the simple fact that it is on such occasions as the present that I regret their being so bad." He remembers himself to Brookfield, whom he hopes to meet at the Sterling dinner on Wednesday, at Greenwich. You see, I do not part with his autograph to send to you and I am going by and bye to answer his letter with all the airs the wind can blow of gratitude, admiration, etc.,

that I can allow myself to give utterance to out of London, and within the bounds of conventionality. Yesterday we set off for Lady Le Poer Trench and for Ceciliatic visiting. I was to be dropped at the latter's while the Hallams did homage to the Le Poer—but the rain it raineth every day and in torrents it fell, the horses' legs swayed to and fro in the clay red streams we had slowly to drag thro'; hail pattered on our roof, and poor Uncle H. was distressed and perplexed, but still wished to get over the civil thing to the Trench Dowager. It, therefore, behooved J. O. B. to beg her movements might be no clog (Ha! ha! ha! clog—muddy day, you recollect?) upon the more paramount plan of action, and she begged to resign her visit, wherefore with speedier tread and relieved interiors (the tread applies to the horses—the interiors to the trio inside the carriage, not to their individual interiors), we went straight to Trench. The rain poured down as the servant bird of ill omen uttered "at home," and then came one of Uncle H.'s funny Carolinistic agitations "How could Jane come in" when I did not visit there? Julia, however, was peremptory that I must not stay out in the rain, to which his benevolence assented (it is perfectly usual to take any visitor in your house to morning calls), and in we all went,—the Le Poeress was a little old lady with very civil manners and a little air of dignity in keeping with her high estate—and the visit over, I was amused with "By the bye, Julia, you did not apologise for bringing Jane in, did you?" which idea she indignantly repelled, and we laughed much about it with Harry afterwards; my ogre-like appearance, or awkward manners, or servant-rank, being severally suggested as accounting for my Uncle's state of fidget.

Mrs. Brookfield to Aubrey de Vere:

WRAXALL LODGE,
NR. BRISTOL,
5 *Augt.*, 1845.

Dear Mr. De Vere,

Your kind note was only forwarded to me to-day; if I had sooner received your Poems you would not have found me so ungratefully silent as I must have appeared ever since you sent them to me, and I must now thank you for your book and for the pleasure I have already had in reading the lent Copy of it which I brought with me into the Country a month ago, to read in a more congenial scene than Great Pulteney St. I feel it is very presumptuous in me, uninitiated in Wordsworth and incapable of writing or imagining how others can write one line of Poetry, to venture to praise, and I must not attempt to do so. The Hymns for the Canonical Hours have particularly struck me by their very great sweetness and their soothing and quieting tone, and there are so many thoughts throughout both Volumes which I was so glad to find expressed in words. I assure you your gift will be valued however inadequately. Mr. Brookfield returned to Town Saturday, leaving me with my Uncle Mr. Hallam, I suppose, for a week or two longer. I trust you have no longer any cause for anxiety about your father. I only know "Van Artevelde," I am sorry to say, but will try soon to read "Edwin the Fair." I heard it was likely to disappoint one after "Van Artevelde."

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
JANE O. BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

WRAXALL LODGE,
8th Aug., 45.

Uncle Hallam was amusing in preparing for the

Jane Welsh Carlyle

From an original in water-colours and crayon
by C. Hartmann in 1819

Jane Welsh Carlyle
from an original in water colours and crayon
by C. Hartmann in 1849.

Gibbs' dinner by gravely and rather a shade testily asseverating that on counting up the neighbours there could not be more than five gentlemen to meet him, and he therefore enjoined us to come at ½ past 7 to suit the Country and so small a party, but Julia and I stuck out for ½ past eight, and punctually at that hour were ushered into the drawing-room, which we found filled with ladies "only" and about 6 little girls, Mrs. Edward and two Miss Vaughans, and sundry unknowns. Soon after the door again opened and in poured a motley Group of twelve dinner Guest-Gentlemen of the County, on whom Uncle H. had not calculated, two Mileses, two Vaughans, no end of Gibbses and Arthur!

I had a letter the day before yesterday—it was lying by the side of my plate at breakfast when Uncle Hallam began "Who in the world directs to you at Sir Charles Elton's without any 'Bart'?" and there was a general scream as to who my correspondent could possibly be, which at first I would not tell, as I said they seemed so horrified 'twas unkind to victimise my friend; but Uncle Hallam, getting really curious, and reiterating how much he wished to know, my pride of friend gave way and I gratified him. Arthur has just been here *en route* for Bristol, and as we start after luncheon for the Court my letter is somewhat hurried, and you will not be able to compliment me again on my good letters; also my expedition to Bristol somewhat knocked me up yesterday, and unwraxalled my mind I suppose at the same time, for no wittery in reply to yours occurs to me.

Uncle Hallam and I had a good deal of talk on our journey to and fro—confidential. Soh! You discussed "Matrimonial irritations" and "domestic matters" with *yourr frriend* Thackeray! I hope you may enjoy the Procteress repast to-day (meant to be said

in a highly satirical tone). Harry knocks under about the right of road dispute, he grovels at your feet, for you were right after all! How very funny you are about my "imitative propensities." I believe you are quite serious in your warnings and fears of my Pilling when I leave the last trace of Cambridge influences behind me.

Good-bye, don't be too cold shouldery in your meals, fat of the land and Mrs. Procter one day, and tripe and blue etceteras the next.

Mr. Brookfield, writing to his father, says: "Harry Hallam, the only surviving son, joined us the first day of our visit to Wraxall. He is exceedingly well gifted and cultivated, not unlikely to be medallist if he should succeed in getting a Senior Optime degree in Mathematics. He is a better scholar tho' not equal in the higher regions of Philosophy to his late brother—though neither of them were defective in that department in which the latter excelled."

Mr. to Mrs Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST.,
9 *August*, 45.

My dear Jane,

To resume our Story. We left Villiers sealing a letter to his wife, who was staying with her relations, the A. Lambs, at their ancestral mansion of Rex Hall, once the seat of royalty, in Somersetshire. He used, as was his wont, his old family signet, a mailed arm and sickle with the motto "Pitch in," which had been won by his knightly forefathers in the olden time. Villiers was not one of those who in a paltry and sordid misinterpretation of Christian humility underrated the value of birth and ancestry. No one could be more

studious to repress the vulgar obtrusiveness and familiarity of those who vainly imagined that learning, integrity, and good manners entitled them to address him as an equal, and he considered that a proper exclusiveness was part of his "duty in that state of life to which it had pleased . . . to call him." In this spirit he always sealed with his family crest!

At 7¼ yesterday to the Proctrix. Only Count Revel and Thackeray, and Procter and Wife and daughter. Very pleasant. Procter is fearfully hospitable. I don't wonder at fellows being so fond of him. So modest, has not even the degree of impudence needful for expressing himself. Everything good and true about him. We left him fast asleep on the sofa. One of Mr. P.'s girls (Edith) is *verrrry like me*. Thence to Thackeray's rooms where we had a weed.

The matrimonial discussion with Thackeray was only with reference to D. J. Somehow I don't get on in my writing. I thought yesterday I had loads of "remarks" to make. I am too generous to make any comment upon Harry's discomfiture. He is dead, so is my enmity, the lion preys not upon carcases. The Proctrix has not one smallest sparklet of humour. Witty, well informed,—or what you like (No, Mr. Caudle, what *you* like if you please), but not one jot of humour. It is a sad deficiency. They sail for Paris next Saturday. Thackeray and Procter propose going unbeknownst at the same time for a day or two. But I think they will not (unbeknownst I mean to Mrs. and Miss P.).

When I look back upon my letter, and see how empty — vapid — meagre — humourless — newsless — every thingless it is, and compare it with yours—fluent —funny—interesting—I am ashamed of the contrast. Farewell, dear Jenny—be healthy and happy at Halberton. Take care of your diet. Breathe plenty of

fresh air. Take heed to your way going up and down stairs, and don't pill—and you shall be welcome home.

God bless you,

Ever most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

WRAXALL LODGE,

10th Aug., 45.

My dearest William,

Thank you much for to-day's *Belle-lettre;* as usual on Sunday I have only three-quarters of an hour after Gorging (a thrill, lest the Gorges should oversee me profaning their name) myself with a Lambic luncheon and also sooth to say, joining in with Senior and Junior and even Julia, in "pishes" and "shrugs" and "did you evers"? called forth by this morning's sermon preached by Mr. J. V. (brother to our deaf and roof-palateless friend), "*The* Mr. V. of B———, you know"—said Miss Mason whom we saw Friday at Naish. He preached on the ¼ text "Here I am," and in so very affected a voice I have not, I think, for years heard anything at all like it—our friend Rogerio of Weston-Souper perhaps came near it. One expected a curtain to fall amid clapping of hands when the sermon ended with an abrupt burst of eloquence, the voice gaining in strength and the words as much clipped as possible to make him the more affectionate cofamiliar. "'Tis the voice of the Archangels—Here am I ! ! ! "—and then the voice dropped again. He said we should be always on tip-toe (on which a few poor boys taking him literally suddenly looked very tall); but I can give you no idea of his intonation, poor, dear man—you can easily imagine it.

I shall not answer poor Madonna, I think, till I hear again from you; of course I should write with due

delicacy and kindness to her, though I may own to you I feel a shade taken by surprise, and cannot quite make out how long she has thought him attached to her or thought of him herself in that light. It is perhaps rather soon, but let "him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." How foolishly, blindly fond *I* am, of being liked and admired (?). If I had not the restraint of very deep affection for you, and some restraint of conscience, I should be, I believe, still on the look out for conquest—and here I am half blaming poor Madonna who is at least quite at liberty to be in love! . . . It is impossible for me ever to love anyone as I do you—but others of course are differently constituted and yet blameless; there is no *merit* in loving exorbitantly, perhaps quite the reverse."

In a preceding letter Mrs. Brookfield had apologised for having "only witticisms—the poor gabble and quips of the humorous kind incidental to a wet day in a country house" to give to her husband. For she and her "witty cousin," Harry Hallam, had found their only amusement and recreation in frightening themselves and the family with ghost tales which they themselves invented concerning the Gorges, the former owners of Wraxall Lodge. "Madonna" was a lady of Southampton, a friend of the "set," a widow and middle-aged, who had made this girl of 24 her confidante.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
11 *Aug.*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

In one week I have received from you two letters,

one double stamped and the others (this morning) charged for overweight, both of which might have contained twice the number of words on half the quantity of paper.

Before I proceed I will solemnly declare that I will return the next letter that is needlessly overweight or one syllable shortened to be underweight.

You left me no difficulty in realizing V. My sister Caroline was in love with him once. She used to hear him at Chelsea or thereabouts when she was with my Aunts. As to Madonna I don't see that I can give any advice. I think your view quite right and you must tell her the truth as kindly as you can, which there can be no manner of doubt of your doing in the best way possible. The only advice I can give additional is that you should write as wide as possible lest she find your crabbed hand illegible ; and on as thick heavy paper as you can get—as no doubt such a letter will be subjected to a great deal of wear and tear being shown to all her friends and acquaintances ; and also that you should forget to pay the postage lest she should feel hurt at your having incurred expense in such a matter. For my own part, I can hardly think that W. B. can be blameable—it could only be Madonna's wish that was father to the thought. If she is wise, however, she will leave the town. Absence is the only remedy—*and it soon acts*.

My Father came Saturday night. On Sunday night Charles Frederick and Little Gaye came in. At 10½ they went—and had hardly gone when Thackeray arrived. My Father was just off to bed—so we kept him up ¼ hour and then dismissed him and betook ourselves to serious debauch. We smoked and " conversed " till 1½. We flattered you a little. (*Your " more to pay " letter had not then arrived.*) He said " Funny little fact that—Mrs. Procter being so jealous

of Mrs. Brookfield." "Oh, nonsense—it's one of the little facts you invent for the fun of it." "Oh, but as it's quite evident," etc. But after your horribly profligate confessions in your last page but one I will go no further, not but that you are quite right in making excuses for Madonna. I hope you are aware that in your successful anxiety to reduce the weight of your letter to the lowest grain you left out a leaf more or less—the last page begins "him by surprise to find he has complete control over £1,000 a year" which has no kind of connection with the preceding page which concludes with Madonna being "at liberty to be in love." I have no doubt that the next page breathed a devout aspiration after similar liberty and that you thought it better to suppress it.

Ever most affectionately yours,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

If Mrs. Procter had not been jealous of Mrs. Brookfield she would scarcely have been human. She was not beautiful, but she possessed a peculiarly clear mind and a fine intelligence, and was moreover a brilliant and attractive conversationalist. The mordant touch which she sometimes added to her stories did not in any degree take from their value, but perhaps attracted to her her particular audience of eager listeners; though these—and this it seems was the crime—these were known to turn away in a body as Mrs. Brookfield entered the room, and transfer their allegiance from the one side of the room to the other—with barely an apology.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield :

HALBERTON VICARAGE,
12th Aug., 45.

My dearest William,

I hope you see that I am trying to cramp my writing to-day, but I am afraid it makes very little difference, because it is so entirely the character of my hand to be sprawling. However I need not be sulky about it and at all events I know it is very tiresome to find the same thing recur again and again about which you have complained, I only wish you to believe that I do try to alter my writing.

I left the Hallams' with the impression of having had a very nice visit there indeed. Julia H. amused me by saying that I had *quite* won Uncle H.'s heart by praising her and Harry, the "sure way to his heart," she said — but, of course, all I said was merely spontaneous feeling—after I had talked about them though I found Uncle H. peculiarly *empressé* in his kindness to me, calling me "My dear," not a usual term with him except to his children, and giving me a little tap now and then and a complimentary speech or two. Talking of parrots my uncle asked me (not much worth repeating), "Does not Robinson Crusoe eat parrots' eggs?" "Oh, no, I believe they were goats' eggs. I mean *turtles*' eggs." And on Harry's talking of teaching the parrot to say "Ugly Poll" for novelty ('twas *your* idea), Uncle H.'s beautiful touch of benevolence struck us all. "No, no. Why teach a poor ignorant animal to mock itself?"

Sunday afternoon the Clergyman, who was mistaken for Hensman, preached, and we behaved rather badly in the long gallery-like pew, it must be confessed. The Preacher took occasion to compare the human race to sheep, and quoted texts in support of his doing so, but then he proceeded to "mock the poor dumb

animals" by adding that *they* were "*silly*"—ergo *we* are Silly, and so he repeated (it was partly an extemporaneous sermon), "Poor *Silly* Sheep"—at least 3 or 4 times, stressing the word Silly, till I suddenly caught sight of Harry's face, and then saw Julia's flower in her bonnet most suspiciously fluttering—her head bowed down in the anguish of shame which yet irrepressible laughter called forth—it was dreadful how to recover oneself—but we did at length gird ourselves up into demureness. To-morrow I hope to write to thee again, and wash away the impression of what I fear is the grumpiness of my excuses for large writing.

Yours most fondly,
J. O. B.

In a postscript she asks to be sent Mr. Thackeray's Cookery Book in order to take recipes for the making of "Refreshing Drinks" therefrom.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23, GT. PULTENEY ST.,
13 *Aug.*, 45.

Singular good soul,

Your grumpiness is not unbecoming, and makes not the least amusing part of your letter. I would admit the force of your expostulation as to its being tedious, irksome, and a check to write close excepting that I "deny the fact." Isn't the sensiblest way to ascertain first how much paper goes to the ½ oz. and then to write up to the edge of the precipice—crop—abbreviate—close up ranks—interline—etc., but never to pass the brink? But of all the ungrateful blackguards I ever knew that must be the worst who could

upbraid me with the spaces between *my* words. Does any Man in England write letters so long and frequent as I—did I ever put you to an extra penny expense with too much paper or shorten my letter with too little? No, Jane! I hope goodness will forgive you that insinuation for I never will.

I don't think I ever read a prettier little story than Hallam and the parrot—it ought to go into his life. The long-pew scene is excellent; in short, I should say that upon the whole Wraxall Church has been to you all a very good substitute for the Haymarket. With reference to Madonna—you must have this important fact in mind as a basis to proceed upon, viz.—that W. B. is not in love; same time he is quite aware of her liking for him; I can have no doubt that she has betrayed that liking, and I think he has taken fright. In which he is quite right. They would be wretched married. Did I forget to mention that I met de Vere yesterday? He had received your letter. Stephen Spring Rice with his wife is near Newmarket at his Mother's in law, and afterwards goes into the North—Lakes, I suppose, for by the reverential expression of de Vere's face as he said "The North"—it must have been where Wordsworth is. The dinner at C. Hoare's was very good—I did not know a soul except Bart Frere. We had a haunch of Venison—as might have been expected from Mrs. H. saying beforehand 'I really don't know whether you will get any dinner or not—for everything is packed up for Wavenden, and we have not a servant left in the house (there were 13 in livery at dinner or numbers to that effect). I sate between the Princess and the Beautiful. Really the Beautiful's expression and manner is pleasing—good-natured and unaffected. And the Princess you would certainly like—probably very much. She gave me as I came away £3 for the poor and begged I would

refer to her when I could do so with advantage to any poor person. Both she and the Beautiful talked of one's (I take for granted two's) going there sometimes (I mean to Wavenden) as if it were really intended. I left at 11 and finished at Thackeray's—who had Morton with him. I was writing away up to the last word fluently enough—but Cadwalladr had occasion to call—and this has stopped my flow. I am daily bowed down by conscious meanery in making such poor requital for thy charming letters.

Love, etc.,

Ever most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST.,

15 *Aug.*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

I have ordered a small matter of fish for to-morrow. Do not look for a sturgeon or anything more than a small neiborly thing. The order was "a small salmon for Saturday's dinner with a lobster—and make up with some other kind of fish to make a nice dish for Sunday." You must tell me how the order is executed, and if it arrives by early train on Saturday.

I did nothing in the world yesterday, but travel into the city to get a few good cigars cheap. In returning I asked Tom Taylor and his friend, Albert Smith, to look in and meet Thackeray, but neither came. Thack came at 11½ and sate till 1½—and going home (I find to-day) has sprained his ancle and must be laid up in lavender for some days. I told him it would make a capital advertisement for my Spirit Merchant. "Alarming accident to the Fat Contributor. Yesterday Evening, etc., late or rather early hours,

etc., from the cheerful convivialities of a Revd. Gent. not 100 miles from Golden Square."

I have no time left.

Ever most affectionately thine,
W. H. B.

This sending of packets of fish to relations is noteworthy as an example of present giving that came in with railways. For before their date certain kinds of fish were seldom to be met with inland, and when attainable were generally far from fresh.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST.,
16 *Aug.*, 45.

My dear Jane,

I have rather a disagreeable misgiving that my fish which was sent by 7½ train this morning was a thought shabby, and now that it is gone I feel as if it ought to have been rather handsomer. Tell me your impression when you see it—that I may judge better another time.

I have looked in to see Thackeray this morning. He has a box of grouse and bestows a brace upon himself and me at his chambers. Perhaps the model you hold out to me, Father Prout, may be there. A very nice fellow—not what his name (a sobriquet of his own manufacture) would indicate or at least a good deal more. A clever scholar and pleasant companion and not indecorous. I think I shall enjoy my bit of game, while you are reddening with shame at a salmon so short that it will not curl into an S but only into a half circle. However, lay it all on the iniquitous fishmonger, and boldly say that Shakespeare was

mistaken in saying "I would you were as honest a Man."

I have got "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces"—by Jean Paul Richter—well translated by H. E. Noel. It is charming.

Ever, my dear Jenny,
Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

August 16*th*. [Diary.]

Dined with Thackeray. Mahony came in afterwards.

17*th*.

Kinglake here in the evening. Told me he had called in our absence to ask us to whitebait at Greenwich to meet Mrs. Norton, Lady Duff Gordon, Sidney Herbert, Sir Duff Gordon and brother.

18*th*.

Thackeray and Milnes dined with me *en garcon*.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

HALBERTON VICARAGE,
17 *Aug*., 1845.

My dearest William,

Thanks manifold for your kind letters of this morning and yesterday. I am sorry to say the fish has not yet arrived. The guard of the Railroad, Edward says, is responsible for any losses, and ought to repay the value of the fish if it should be spoilt owing to his overlooking the hamper. The Church Bells have been and are pealing in honour of the new Vicar; he seems a very well-intentioned young man, and his wife is decidedly pretty, with a large Somerset nose; a nice person, very unaffected—a shade free and easy, but it seems only the overflowing of an open

disposition. Really a kind person, a little perplexed, perhaps, on some subjects of a controversial nature, proclaiming herself very near a Dissenter, and yet qualifying the assertion with being so entirely of one mind with the Prayer Book. Mr. N. is to read the 39 Articles in Church to-day, and therefore intends us to do without a morning sermon. Edward has an entire holiday as it is the necessary form, I believe, for a new Rector to swear he has performed a full service in reading himself in. He rang the Church Bell yesterday, which is also part of the necessary routine. I am delighted to say the Fish has just arrived, and in a good state of preservation being pronounced "Beautiful, so fine," etc., and the salmon and lobster is to be dressed to-day, the soles to-morrow. They beg most enthusiastic thanks for your kindness; I have seen the Salmon and must say it is a very fine one.

We have been to morning Church and heard our 39 Articles and I fear I must be very short in my letter as it is getting on for afternoon service time. I thought Father Prout was a Roman Catholic Priest who only officiated now as a boon companion and had a strong Irish brogue: can I say worse of him? Mr. N. talks of his "Patroness," Lady Down, as "My Lady," and so does his wife (tho' a daughter of my Lord William's), perhaps it is getting the fashion,—in the same way as bad grammar such as "One don't" and "Ain't it."

Well, Good-bye, my love. This is poor gabble to-day, but it is the best I can do for you.

God bless you,

Your loving Wife,

JANE.

P.S.—You seem very hand in glove with Thackeray; don't become a second Father Prout. Unkind to insult you with these words—but they are to be taken with a lofty smile.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
18 *Aug.*, 1845.

My dear Wench,

"My Lady" is certainly droll. The 39 articles must have been a trial, I think then if never before you must have thought them 38 too many, and wished them where in Lindley Murray days one wished all other articles and pronouns and participles; and you must have devoutly desired that the reader of the same would make haste and read himself out. While I was eating my grou (for, as Thackeray expressed it, we had one grouse apiece), I flattered myself that my Lafarge was choking herself with Salmon bones, but it seems that my pleasant conjectures on the subject hung together by no string of truth. We ate our birds, and a plum dumpling, then set in for serious smoking—and Father Prout joined at our Scheidam—but as we retired at 12, Thackeray truly remarked—"Well you have neither of you been very brilliant to-night."

Yesterday I did the whole at St. Luke's, preached p.m. at St. James'! and again at St. Luke's. In the p.m. I saw Cockrane and his (Frederika) Bride come in, but at Sermon I missed them and thought they must have gone out again. There were, moreover, Gladstone, Mrs. Pearson and Elliot. At six o'clock who should step in but Eöthen. I joined him after Evening Church to call on T. but as he was out (on crutches, I suppose), we came here and pilled till after 12. He is going to Algiers to-morrow. I suppose chiefly to see a country in an actual state of war, and the French army at work. He will be back before November "D.V." He came in our absence to invite us to eat whitebait at Greenwich, it being his party—to meet Mrs. Norton, Lady Duff-Gordon, Sir Duff ditto,

Sidney Herbert (Lady Bruce's brother), and perhaps Milnes.

I should have gone to a dead certainty; and Kinglake vows that there was nothing to hinder you going (for I expressed my doubt) or nothing would have induced him to ask you (which of course he would not) —that she visits everywhere—and he himself believes nothing against her. Perhaps she would be described as "decidedly pretty with a Somerset nose, a nice person, very unaffected, and a shade free and easy, but it seems only the overflowing of an open disposition." Kinglake was very agreeable—took occasion to remark that I had been very happy in my marriage (I sighed like Billy Pearson and said "Ah, you don't know, old fellow") that you appeared to have a perfect temper, and to "fall in to my batchelor ways." Thackeray observed on Saturday night that you had the sweetest voice he ever heard. And now, you wretch, have I told you enough? I don't know what mischief I haven't done by repeating men's praises of you—a thing I generally studiously avoid. They are both coming to munch here at 7. The humblest dinner. 2 Haddocks, 2 roast pigeons, a loin of mutton, a plum tart, Potatoes, and French beans, and cheese.

I have a line this morning from W. B. No symptoms of low spirits. No, Madonna! No go!

God bless thee.

Ever most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

From H. F. Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

WRAXALL,

1*st Sept.*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

Many thanks for your yesterday's observations which did equal credit to your head and heart. I

mention the former organ because in a numerous family not, I believe, generally distinguished for mental incapacity, you are the only one who has had the discernment to offer your good wishes on the right day, everybody else having contented themselves with imprecating on me an impossibility, that is "many happy returns of" the attainment of my majority. The proceedings of Saturday having been detailed in the *Wraxall Mercury and Nailsea Free Press*, I shall merely copy its remarks.

"Never," says that ably conducted journal, "has it been our lot to record the congregation of such a galaxy of fashion as was concentrated in our town on Saturday last. The spirited Capitalist who has recently settled in our neighbourhood with a view to introduce into these remote parts the agricultural science already diffused in Knightsbridge, gave on that day an entertainment to commemorate the majority of his son. From an early hour the excitement prevailing in the district might be called alarming. The painful loss in Mr. H.'s family to which we recently had the sad duty of adverting, gave additional interest to the proceedings.* It was supposed that the village bells would have been rung on the occasion, but on the subject being hinted to the young gentleman, he replied, as we are given to understand, with astonishing firmness 'that it was impossible to eat one's cake and have it,' so that the proposal was instantly abandoned. After dinner Sir Charles Elton, a near relative of the party who attained his majority, came forward in the handsomest manner and proposed his health in a series of remarks which, to use the words of our contemporary, the *Clevedon Vindicator*, were 'alike honourable to the magistrate,

* The death of the horse mentioned in Mrs. Brookfield's letter of 5th August.

the poet, and the baronet.' In the evening dancing commenced, whilst Mrs. Elton presided at the piano. Amidst the gay group gallant Commodore Elton was generally admired for the breadth and body of colouring by which his execution of a Polka was distinguished, though in our opinion more praise was merited by the chiaroscuro of the Dowager Lady Elton's movements as she figured in the Cellarino. Our reporter left at a late hour, when it was supposed that the son of Neptune had retired with his young relative to enjoy a cigar. He is said to inherit his father's passion for agricultural pursuits, and should our report prove true, we congratulate him on his choice."

Thus far the parochial penny-a-liner whose accuracy may be relied on.

I was considerably interested in knowing that you liked Richter's "Flower and Fruit," etc. To say the truth, I had intended to present you a copy of it, if you would have accepted it, on my going to town. If you have bought it already, and not had it merely from a circulating library, I shall give the copy intended for you to the first person who can appreciate it. I think it is worth more than an ephemeral notice. It is a great favourite of mine, from its wonderful humour and the vividness of character, though perhaps the *denouement* of the plot (a husband shamming death that his wife may commit bigamy) is hardly up to the high-water mark of English morality.

Pray convey every expression of congratulation and kind wishes pilsome and unpilsome to Brookfield, who will be glad to hear that to crown all our misfortunes, my father's new horse for which he gave £40 a fortnight ago since has fallen (me riding) and cut his knee so badly that he will be sold for nothing.

Ever your affectionate cousin,

H. F. HALLAM.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

54 GRAND PARADE,
BRIGHTON,
8 *Sep.*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

It will, I know, afford you a lively pleasure, which I would be the last to withhold from you, to be apprised that I did not reach the coach office this morning until the omnibus had retired from that scene of bustling animation. I, therefore, took a Cab—for which I was charged 2d. under the fare—and got off all in good time and reached this scene of Royal Aquatics at 10 a.m. Mr. Thackeray was drawing on wood at his window, and fortunately had not yet taken that cheerful and, to me, most welcome meal by which the day is usually auspicated. Shrimps, whiting that but erewhile had toppled in the azure deep—eggs but recently extorted from the domestic fowl, and unexceptionable bread and butter. A cigar—with that lucid organ of liberal sentiment the *Chronicle* and its admirable contemporary the *Times*, succeeded this hospitable repast, and prepared the way for a lounge upon the beach of the blue element which lips the shores of Brighthelmstone like a lover. Mr. Thackeray occupied a few moments by committing to his sketch book some of the groups which throng this lively and diversified locality, and I accompanied the strokes of his pencil with such observations as seemed appropriate. I have since then perambulated the margin of the pebbly main alone while Mr. T. has been earning a little dinner for us by his fluent pen. The multiform and important business by which I have been engrossed throughout the day has left me but a few moments for these hurried accents; and as we are now proceeding to partake of frugal repast at the "Star and Garter"—a 3rd rate

13—(2309)

but highly respectable house of public entertainment, I must bid you now farewell.

Ever, my dear Jane,
Yours most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

September 30th the diary tells that "Ward called p.m. to discuss the Deanery of Lincoln. Worldlier talk was never heard from a stockjobber. Afterwards A. Tennyson came in with a letter from Hallam enclosing one from Sir Robert Peel, offering a pension of £200 a year to Alfred. Alfred dined and Walpole came in to smoke."

Concerning this pension everyone of the "Set" wrote their satisfaction in the event to Brookfield—the only dissentient being Monteith, who said, "With all proper Apostolic-partizanship, all hearty admiration of Alfred's poetry, in which I do not think any could go further, I have a sense of the ludicrous in his snug pension of £200 per annum." This system of writing to Brookfield whenever anything happened to the poet dates from early college days. Tennyson's career was followed closely from the start by sanguine friends who never failed to extend to him their enthusiastic admiration and encouragement; and who, whenever a poem appeared, wrote comments upon it to each other, discussing it line by line, sympathetically criticising, and invariably finding beauty throughout it. Mr. Brookfield himself saw many of the poems while still incomplete, and Tennyson brought to him the proofs of the "Princess," over the punctuation of which they

together worked. "What a fine thing Alfred has written" was the theme of many a letter.

October 8th. [Diary.]

To Alfred Tennyson's. Wigan and his wife, Tom Taylor, and Bentinck dined there. I home at six to dinner. Thackeray came in to dine and stayed till half-past ten. We were to have gone to the G——'s, but Jane was ill and Thackeray kept on with me.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST.,
LONDON,
30 *October*, 1845.

My dear Jane,

The enormous mail that is inclosed will render a long letter from me almost as needless as it would be difficult to myself, time having already with his wing brushed the very edges of the letter box, which, I suppose, is the very worst attempt at a poetical mode of saying that it is near post time as was ever employed.

Well, we dined agreeably enough at old A.'s yesterday—but somehow there is and must be rather a want of brilliancy there. However, it is very wicked to say so as it is to say many other things that are quite true. I sate two hours with Thackeray afterwards. He brought back his poor little wife yesterday—she is at Camberwell and he seems well pleased with the people. I just now saw the R.C. Bishop of London get out of an Omnibus in Piccadilly—seize his carpet bag and trudge straight home with it to Golden Square. He had a blue cloak, but it hung below the skirts,

and on he went. A very pleasing, venerable, episcopal looking man, very like any other Bishop—save that none of ours would touch a carpet bag with his little finger.

God bless you,
Ever most affectionately yours,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

A good Thackeray in the *Times* to-day from *Punch* —called "Jeames on Time Bargains."

Mr. Brookfield no doubt also mentioned meeting the R.C. Bishop to Lord Lyttelton, for that gentleman writes back:

HAGLEY,
31 *Oct.*, 1845.

Pleasant Presbyter and Future Bishop,

We wag smoothly here wife and baby and the rest, which I beg you to announce at Paul's Cross.

I wish they would divide St. James' as they did St. George's for many reasons. St. Luke's ought to be made marriageable which I calculate would bring a Jupiter Shower of gold to you to the amount of at least £150 a year. I would then call it St. Luke's, Gretna Green St., instead of Berwick Street, which geographically I imagine would do well enough.

No doubt your carpet bag, Vicar Apostolic, is joining in the Papal cackling all over England at their *New Man*. It makes me very savage to hear their exultings. I hope you spout effectually for S.P.G.

Triumphantly spout! Spout for Hawkins and for Fagan
Star of the Provinces! Sun of the Town!
For the colonist distant, the uncivilized Pagan,
Earn peripatetic rhetorical crown!

They have put forth a comfortable report. What of Sam Sly, the Bishop? What of Bishop Bagot of Bath (B. and W.)? What of Ward, the dean? What of Bill Brookfield, of Berwick Street? What of his wife? What of her sister?

Yours ever,
LYTTELTON.

CHAPTER VI

Travelling with the Hallams. Travesty of a Sermon by Wilberforce. Peel. Dinners at Kensington with Titmarsh. Blunder in *Punch*. Carlyle's Humour. Forster and Dickens. Rogers. Wilberforce's Speech on the Sugar Bill humorously considered. Harry Hallam. Moxon and Tennyson. Dinner at the Garrick. Rules for Writing Abroad. A Fair Objector. A Preaching Mission for the S.P.G. Browning's Marriage. Tennyson's Hair.

In 1846 Mrs. Brookfield took the place of her sister, the one who usually accompanied the Hallams on their frequent journeys abroad, and went with them the Grand Tour.

Unfortunately, the sprightly letters of quite unusual interest, which she then wrote were totally destroyed in the fire at Clevedon Court in 1882, together with many valuable books and manuscripts. (Her brother, Sir Arthur Elton, had borrowed them, saying "I trust in your amiability to lend them, you ever were the sweetest tempered of women.")

The party, which started late in June, consisted of the Historian, his daughter Julia, his son Harry, his niece Jane Brookfield, a maid, a valet, and a courier; and, as Mr. Brookfield said to his wife, "It would be difficult to find a party better balanced for the best kind of enjoyment."

The following incident of that journey Mrs. Brookfield often described. They arrived one evening at a village in Switzerland where they had proposed to stay the night, but found the only Inn in the place

Alfred, Lord Tennyson
From a photograph by Mrs. Cameron

in flames. The postillion reassured them and told them of an excellent halting-place a few miles further on. They remained for a little while, however, to admire the awful grandeur of the conflagration. Presently they noticed, apart from the excited groups of villagers, one who had the appearance of an English gentleman. He was evidently in great distress, so Mr. Hallam got down from the carriage, raised his hat, and enquired what ailed him. "All my effects, my luggage, my money, and letters of credit are consumed in yonder fire," exclaimed the stranger. "It is most important that I should get on to Genoa, my destination, but how to do this without money I cannot conceive." Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Hallam produced his note case, and in the tone of one asking a favour, proffered a bank-note. "Sir," said he, "if an hundred pounds is of any use to you, it is very much at your service." The offer was gratefully accepted, and in a few weeks the money was repaid. And every Christmas afterwards until Mr. Hallam's death he received from the gentleman he had assisted a large Norfolk turkey in memory of his kindness.

Although generous, Mr. Hallam was somewhat of a martinet, and he expected his young people to be as regular in their habits as he. When they suggested luncheon baskets to him, he would look at them with the "large eyes" which his son Harry affirmed to be the "Hallam habit" when surprised, and say, "What need of luncheon baskets? It is all arranged. We breakfast at such a place, and we dine when we reach our destination at night. *What* can anyone

want more?" As long as they could, the younger travellers held out, but the mountain air became at last too much for youthful appetites, and finally Harry, with joy not unmixed with trepidation, ingeniously arranged for secret meals. Some *finesse* was naturally necessary, and while one of them was got into the rumble where he or she ate what seemed at the moment to be the most delicious of food, another would keep the Historian's attention engaged upon the prospect. Each in turn performed this office for the others.

The arrival of Mr. Brookfield's letters, which at that time almost entirely took the form of diaries, was not amongst the least joyous episodes of their travels, and they run as follows:

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

1st July, 1846.

My dear Jane,

Two things seem to me more doubtful than purgatory, viz., whether I shall ever reach the end of this sheet and whether this sheet will ever reach you. At nine on Sunday morning I arose, schooled, preached the first of the discourses begun last night, and between services finished the other which I preached at night. In afternoon Episcopus Sly preached. Text: "I *ask* nothing before the time." The gist of the sermon, which was as clever and adroit as possible, was this. A day is coming when motives will be revealed. In this life our words deceive others, our feelings, ourselves, even our actions, deceive. But in the last day motives will be manifested. It will then be found that our calculations about character and sincerity, etc., have

been utterly erroneous. That many a one whose actions have borne the semblance of self-denial even to martyrdom (Newman, Pusey, Keble, etc.), have been actuated by spleen or vanity, or obstinacy or what not, while many a one whose duty has happened to run parallel with his self interest, who has appeared worldly minded and insincere has in reality been solely influenced by faith and love, etc. In short, though you think me Sly I am no such thing, though you think I like Champagne and Court ladies and palaces and arch mitres, it is all a mistake,—these just happening to fall into my lap. I like none of them, and only use them for the extension of religion.

However, it was a very able sermon and I am chiefly afraid I shall be imitating his tones and looks next Sunday.

Lyttelton came in after afternoon Church. By the way, fancy Lady L. (the dowager) saying to me the other day with her placid voice "Do you know, I never could bear the Bishop of Oxford." Her "never could bearing" anybody! Sweet, kindly soul.

Monday 29th. Feast of St. Peter. Oh! Hark back. On Sunday, Mrs. Abbot asked after you. I replied "I daresay at this very moment she is looking at the bones of the Magi in the Cathedral at Cologne." She took it for banter just as if I had charged you with going off with a Hungarian officer, and answered laughing and shaking her head "Oh, I am sure Mrs. Brookfield would not go there *to-day*." "Hookey!" thought I. Well, St. Peter's day. . . .

Peel is out as belike you know, and (a rare thing) was almost torn in pieces by acclamations of popularity on leaving the house on Monday, when his resignation was known.

I hope you will enjoy your touring very much, and write so new a book upon old subjects as shall set

London and New York alight; make Lady Duff-Gordon swallow poison with envy; make Tennyson, Thackeray, Spring Rice, Captain Codrington, Edward Dean, Jeemes Spedding, Venables, Kinglake, and the Bullers drown themselves for distracted love, and Mrs. Wickham send her carriage for you to go and dine with them.

I do not remember that I ever performed a feat so creditable to my head or heart as this clean, neat-looking letter. I would give anything (except the money and the time) to sit down with you at some *table d'hôte*, or any other table suddenly. I liked your letter much. Your meek monks, your gliding priests, your vulgar grandees. Ha! Ha!

God bless thee.

July 8th.

At the Gurney's. A new dish to-day was a clear jelly with two gold fish wriggling about in it; afterwards people went off to Vauxhall.

9th.

At 1.30 Lyttelton came for a walk. I showed your portrait as Richmond's. He said it was nice but not perfect. Then I undeceived him.

It was about this picture that Mr. Brookfield said he wanted the opinion upon it "of Thackeray or some other artist," but all Thackeray said of it was "It was devilish nice, but not a favourable likeness." It was a picture of Laurence's.

14th.

I was interested in your Promenades, your *conversations haus*, and be hanged to you. Your George, Prince of Wales, James and the convent. The Gods, Herzog and the "ambling hunchback" (the best word

that could have been used but I wished the letter twice as long).

15th.

At eight thirty I ascended a 'bus and proceeded to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Titmarsh at Kensington, where I had been asked to dine but was at Church instead. There were Harness, Sir Carmichael Smith,* Kinglake, T.'s brother-in-law, Shaw; Leech, who does the large pictures in *Punch*, a very gentlemanly, modest, pleasing fellow. The evening was pleasant but lacked fire, I think, yet altogether a very tolerable *conversations haus.*

17th.

While Miss Fanshawe was here yesterday Thackeray came, and off we toddled to the City and dined on boiled beef. Coming home, seeing acquaintances of his at a window of the Garrick, we went in for half an hour.

Presently he recollected that he had made a great blunder in *Punch* for the coming week, and must be off to the office to correct it, and at eight we separated.

18th.

As soon as my letters were written I hurried to a Committee at London Library. Present MILMAN, Bunsen, Forster (our host), Milnes, Lewis, somebody else, and Carlyle. There was lots of fun, Carlyle being the chief lever who upraised it all directly or indirectly. It was very amusing, but I had to hurry away at quarter to six to dress for Fagan's at six.

23rd.

At eleven to Miss Coutts': "she had taken the liberty to insert Mrs. Brookfield's name in the invitation," to which what could a polite preacher say but that his only consolation was that Mrs. B. could not at her painful distance know the bliss she was losing

* Major Carmichael Smyth, Thackeray's step-father.

by zig-zagging on the Continent with Mr. H. "Oh, Mr. Hallam is gone, is he?" As if she knew or was interested in the said Historiographer. There were numbers there. The Hoares, Claud Hamilton, John Manners, Gladstone, and the Duke,* looking not as in the street, insolent, and odious, but nice, kindly, pleasant and very well. I expect I shall go again next Thursday.

Write on. Nothing could be possibly better than the "Jew and Jewess gorging, then sitting like ravens on a perch cursing you Gentiles."

Aug. 6th.

Committee of London Library.

Forster told me Dickens had written him from Lauzanne that he had met Hallam's party. Hallam in great force. And a lady of remarkable, etc., etc. He did not know her name, "but," said Forster, "I have enlightened him upon that point."

8th.

Andrewes ill. Began to take his duty in the House of Commons.

11th.

Turned with the Goddards into the Green Park after p.m. service and found old Rogers quite alone. He asked immediately after you, and in the course of chaff said to Mrs. G., pointing at me "You see what an inconvenience it is to be married to an Angel before his time." Alfred Tennyson and "Mester Muxon" are off to Switzerland. I am going to dine with Pollock to-night to meet the chief baron and Titmarsh, whom I have not seen for nearly a month. I don't think I sent you Forster's most chivalrously expressed remembrances to you. I dare say we shall have a pleasant evening. I cannot get out of my

* The Duke of Wellington.

head that Thackeray insists upon it that Mrs. X. beats X. There seems a sort of droll probability in the improbability.

Walking the other day with an absent-minded friend, Rogers told him how a lady, half recognising him the day before had asked him "Isn't your name Rogers?" "And was it?" asked the absent one.

14th.

I went yesterday to the Lords. Sam had taken care to give notice that he meant to pill, and a regular gilt bolus was therefore to be expected. Nevertheless there was no cram. He duly rose and said it was an infinite bore to him to oppose any government, still more the present government, for he thought they might have an opportunity of sending him to Lambeth; and indeed he hoped they would still be able to do so, for he thought they were most excellent conscientious people, and he would not have said a word against their sugar bill, but as his opposition would do no harm (for he knew their measure would be carried), and as he merely wished to say a few popular things about Slavery, he hoped they would excuse him making a smart speech, and not think his willingness that poorer people than himself should drink their tea without sugar, an objection to his being made an Archbishop. He said that their making a free trade in sugar would be making a free trade in Blacks, a trade which would by no means be free to them. He did not mention that the stimulus of Free Trade accompanying and facilitating the spread of humanizing principles would perhaps strike out some better way of producing sugar than flogging Blacks, and that the impediments to the slave trade would be kept up in proportionate activity, and that perhaps even the Blacks would learn to stick up for themselves. In fact, he merely wished to make a speech and he did

so. It fell very flat, there was not a single cheer from beginning to end. It was an hour long. Then up gets the Bishop of London, whose lot it is always to *follow*. He puffed Sam and seconded his amendment, but the Bill he snubbed, he likewise, no less than his Right Reverend Brother, being no ways unwilling that the inferior clergy should go without sugar if they found it too dear under the present restrictions. The Marquis of Lansdowne then rose and said that Sam Wilberforce had an hereditary right to be heard about niggers but that he (the noble Marquis) had the honour to be Godfather to a young gent who was of more value than many niggers.* Their Lordships need not be reminded that he alluded to a party now relaxing amid the stupendous scenery of the Tyrol from the exertions which had won for him the brightest decorations of a University *the reverse* of that which enjoyed the episcopal superintendence of the Right Reverend Prelate, and he was no less anxious that this academical phenomenon should enjoy his *eau sucré* upon a more reasonable scale of tariff than the Right Reverend Prelate could be, and that the negro should eat each other up upon the shores of Africa instead of earning an honest and secure and fat and comfortable livelihood upon the cane lands of Cuba or chaunting "Buffalo Gals" and "Lucy Neal" in the fertile plains of the Brazils, etc.

And the Bill was passed.

Arriving at S.P.G. (lately) a quarter of an hour too early for a meeting I found Robert Montgomery

* This was a playful allusion to Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, who was godson to Lord Lansdowne, and who had taken his degree the previous January, being among the Senior Optimes in the Mathematical Tripos, and second Chancellor's medallist.

already there—alone—leaning in one of the window places. I did not know him, but he soon put an end to our defect of acquaintance. He gave me a good deal of his personal history—and ended by telling me that he had good hopes of a chapel being built for him at the West End of London—adding "And I can't help thinking that I could adapt the Gospel to the West End."

18*th*.

I feel very great delight in thinking of you larking about and taking your pastime. I don't think I have ever known anyone fitter to enjoy it, I don't think you could possibly have taken a more varied and experimental route, and it is quite impossible that you could ever have gone in more satisfactory company. I do not see one single thing to be wished for, except for myself, viz., that I were with you.

After calling on Andrewes, who was starting for Canterbury, I went to the House of Commons. Then to Kensington to call on Thackeray. Returning I met "Musses Muxen." Master Moxon and Alfred are this day at Geneva, and as the latter, indeed both, are among your seven hundred and ninety-nine lovers, I should think they would be trying to meet you. . . if the indolence of Alfred was not the safeguard of your virtue.

19*th*.

House of Commons. Home to write sermon in evening, then called on Mrs. Procter, but can't remember anything that was said. They have only asked me once since you went, so that I do not seem in very high favour. After Church I went to the Garrick (not the "Garrick's Head" where the blackguard Judge and Jury is held that Harry took some Bishop to) to meet Procter, Kenyon, and Browning whom Thackeray had asked me to meet there. A

very pleasant evening with several "Sallies" which compelled three pilling looking gents who were dining at an adjoining table to pause every now and then from their own stale conversation and listen devoutly to ours. Home and a cigar with W. M. T.

20th.

A characteristic letter from Andrewes I send you.

My dear B.: It is only an internal feeling which causeth a gulping and a funny sensation in the eyes which can in any degree whatever thank you for all your kindness, etc. I trust you have heard this week from Mrs. Brookfield. I pray you when next you write give her my kindest regards. She is one of the very few lovely ones I ever knew.

24th.

Feast of St. Pipe. Rules for writing abroad. First catch your goose. Then make a pen with a fine point. Then get the largest sheet of paper, or weight of paper, that postage will allow (usually quarter of an ounce), then think for a moment what letters have to be acknowledged and what facts recorded (sentiments will come of themselves). Then answer and comment upon last letter received. Then by a graceful transition from Tuism to Egoism refer to your own last written, and say where it left off. Then proceed onward to describe (as no one can so well as yourself) what has happened day by day, taking heed to Chronology and Topography; and do not leave it to one's own wit to discover whether or not the rhododendrons of the Montanicet were gathered in the crags of the Pfeffers or whether the adorable Carlo Dolce steered the steamer through Wesen Streets on Sunday or on Thursday evening after posting across the lake of Wallenstadt. The alternation to the above perfect rules of letter writing is journalizing day by day without any formal beginning or ending, and commenting

on things not in artificial order but as they come. This is the most easy and convenient, but least skilful way. Noticing them in a mere jotting, incidental fashion, sometimes gets things into confusion instead of harmonizing them into mutual relief as may be the case with a regular built piece of architecture of a letter. The jotting down diary style is my own, at present, at least, and many incongruities result which would be avoided if the whole were at one sitting.

He then proceeds to tell her that such interesting letters as hers should be written so that all might read and enjoy them, while anything not meant for profane eyes could be placed in a sort of Poets' Corner arranged on purpose for them.

25th.

I was a little surprised to find that the violent, calumnious, venomious, viperious Lord G. B—— (as everybody designates him) should turn out (for I had not known him before by sight) to be a gentlemanly looking man I have often seen listening apparently with interest at St. James'. I met him in the Lobby a day or two after I began chaplaining as I rushed out and he in, he gave a little start or sort of half smile as if going to speak, much the same as Mr. Hallam when he caught you at half-past five a.m. at Freiburg rushing to mass. "God Bless me—what are *you* doing here." This morning as I was proceeding to *my* Mass at the House, I saw the mad woman who criticises the doctrine of my sermons. She was waiting at the corner of Glasshouse St., and by her eager eye and expectant face I saw she was timing her shaft for the moment when I should pass. Unable to help laughing I puckered up my face as if the sun

was shining in my eyes and stalked on. The shaft changed its character accordingly and instead of an exception to my orthodoxy it was a reflection upon my personal appearance and a shrill rather compassionate but still partly exulting voice squeaked out "Aged, Aged!"

In the Guardian lately—"On entering the Church every eye was attracted to a stained *widow* of great beauty over the Altar."

STRAZZA DI POLTINE, 23,
16 *Sept.*, 1846.

My dear Person,

Your pathetic intonings about my being such a bully fall upon an ear somewhat steeled and relentless. I don't think my truculency has done you much harm, because I don't see that it has done you much good. Some effort at amendment I confess, not entirely without success but something like the endeavour of a Frenchman to say, "This is the house that Jack built"—"Deeze isa youze dart jacquebill."

Your vile ingratitude in never noticing that I acknowledged your letter from Interlacken to be *not* totally unworthy of the wife of Cæsar, is only equalled by the audacious levity with which you have disregarded my detailed instructions in the art of polite letter-writing. Since in regard to which you have, like many religious people, made election of the injunction you choose to obey and despise the rest.

But however, you either can't or you won't. I devoutly hope the latter, meanwhile I always allow both the letters and yourself to be deuced clever, it is only the humdrum talent that is wanting.

Mrs. Brookfield and the Hallams got back to

England towards the end of September, and Mr. Brookfield early in October went, almost against his will, to preach a mission in the West of England in aid of the S.P.G.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

CLEVEDON COURT,
16*th Oct.*, 1846.

My dear Deputation,

Thanks for to-day's letter and programme. I wish excessively that I could attend and hear you some day, disguised as a schoolmistress or any how.

In the programme I am amused at the way in which they embody the Deputation, saying "Deputation to preach" at such a place. I thought such a mode of speaking was merely admissible as a joke and that the title implied two or three individuals by rights.

Captain Beddoes is calling here (Cecilia-Alicia's husband) a most good-natured sailor, Miss Edgeworth's nephew, and the original of Harry in "Harry and Lucy," a nice frank-mannered man. Again an interruption of visitors, Clifton people, with whom I used to beat my hoop on the Crescent at Clifton in years gone by, eminently Pilsome ladylike nonentities. A soirée takes place this evening at Mount Elton, Lady E. called yesterday to invite me and Edward to step in between seven and eight, I don't think I can.

Kate is more enduring by a great deal than I am of the common run of "Société," and was spirited enough to give an evening entertainment here the other day (which seems the fashionable hospitality of the place). She had a man from Bristol to cook, gave a select dinner first of all, and then a most recherché supper with barley sugar towers and so forth, all costing only five pounds, and knocking off all the

bearing grudges people who ought to have had more attention paid them.

Harry Hallam, back at Cambridge for his last term, at this period wrote a letter in which he said to Mrs. Brookfield: "You might hint in a delicate manner to Miss Hallam that it was a foolish fond old custom in the Primitive Church for relatives to correspond with each other, until which usage be restored I must request you to be the medium of assuring her of my distinguished assurance," and to Mr. Brookfield—"Your parody, dear Brookfield, is the most perfect testimony, within this historical period, to the favourite maxim of an ancient father, that Charity is the handmaid of humour and Forebearance auxiliary to wit."

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

BUTLEIGH COURT,
29 *Oct.*, 1846.

Octavia,

My zarviz to you. Your letter rezived this morning is zhart and zweet, and I think needs no special answer save acknowledgment.

After I bewrote thee yesterday Mrs. Neville drove Lady Charlotte, young Bagot (Clerk) and self into Glastonbury. I called on old Doctor Parfitt, who I think wanted to shirk Monday's Meeting, *i.e.* not to have it, the Town Hall being occupied, but I stuck to it, saying that we would have it in schoolroom. Bishop had gone off to Yeovil to consecrate, and was to take up his son, very nice fellow like himself, at Glastonbury on his return. It is almost impossible to get the Bishop to places in time. A regular fashionable incapacity for punctuality. And they only got him

off this morning by happening to have forward clocks. We merely glanced at the ruins of Glastonbury. Home to four-thirty dinner. Church followed, with capital chanting. We being in a great room of a pew with blazing fire which the Dean kept poking while he sang on out of tune like seven. Meeting. George Neville opened, very sensible but not fluent, too sensible for that. Dean followed, I had given him a piece of report to read straight off which he did. Curate Tripp, tremulous and meek in his moderate Puseyism fired away in a cut and dried, very good and sensible, but he had written it out and had to revert to it as it lay concealed in a book which he had in his hand. Ralph Neville followed (M.P. for Windsor) as impudent as brass, and gave a very fair lay speech. The LION followed, distributed warm compliments on the state of the Parish, the services, the tremulous curate speech, etc., and went on for half an hour, without breaking down, but it felt to him very seedy. However, it came to an end.

Folks are very kind here, just what you would like very much. I will not tell you which you would like best. I don't know that there is exactly great talent, but good breeding, good nature and good tone. You would like the old lady. Perfectly unaffected and kind as they all are.

To-morrow Walton, which in my secret mind I rather dread. Lord John is a most excellent fellow, but I have more sympathy with men of less business-like minds. The Bishop for instance.

Mr. Brookfield to H. F. Hallam:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST.,
16 *Nov.*, 46.

My dear Harry,

Much thanks for the Malt: quite as much as if

the Porters at Broxbourne were not at this identical moment (4.23) swigging it to the health of all Cambridge cousins who are green enough to send liquor by rail to their relations in Town. Certes the beer hath not got into our house, which militates against the probability of its ever getting into our head. A day or two, however, may reveal it.

Meantime a thousand thanks for a present (when it does arrive) in every way acceptable to me.

I had intended a few remarks, but a sudden call to bustle off to dine has thrown me on a heap. We spend two pleasant days with the Purveyor of History to all Mankind and the gentlest of Historian's Daughters at Clifton last Thursday and Friday. My Mission was fertile in pleasant intercourses (oh goodness what numbers of nice people Heaven does bend over), and not barren of fun. Less irksome than I had expected but still not satisfactory as to my own portion in the business. I mean the speaking.

But adieu. Jane's love,

Ever most sincerely,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Brookfield to Harry Hallam :

23 GREAT PULTENEY ST.,

5 *Dec.*, 46.

My dear Harry,

Your princely gift arrived yesterday and William being immersed in Sermonic cogitation has acquiesced in my proposal of taking his letter out of his hands into these unworthy substitutes—but as he is very busy to-day he could but have written a line so I am the less diffident of robbing you of that.

Very many gratitudes for your kind present and eke for a welcome letter preliminaryising your beer.

I indulged myself in a volume of *Consuelo* the other day to revive Venice—how impossible that Sky and the Evening's Piazza promenade appear in one's native atmosphere—we breakfasted by candlelight at 9 o'clock to-day.

An owlishly intellected lady was one day accounting for Courvoisier's murder of his master by the "simple fact" of his living by gaslight. In Lord William Russell's house the offices were always in the dark and "this must have an effect on the mind and lead to gloomy and evil thoughts," etc. What would be the end of St. Luke's Sunday School on this theory? for they are constantly taught by gaslight during the winter, and who knows but I may have to give evidence to this effect in extenuation of some future crime committed by one of my own gaslighted class?

Mr. Moxon has just cheerily bounced into the room with hearty shakes of the hand, "Sir," and Alfred being in Town is coming to dine with him to-day—would William come and meet him? Mr. Rogers had sent them "a very fine leveret, and they should have a pair of soles and no form." So William goeth there to-night. Of course you know that our friend Browning ran away with a sister poet the other day? Miss Barrett-Barrett (y two Barrett's ?) who has been nearly bedridden for years; they are now in Italy away from a brutish father (*selon* Mr. Moxon) who opposed the match and entailed the necessity of its being achieved in a surreptitious (gracious! what a word!!!) manner. Miss Wynn lent me Miss Barrett's poetic effusions with a strong encomium from herself. I see she has a good deal of poetry in her, but her "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" is evidently conceived in consequence of reading Locksley Hall, and the whole poem recalls it; though such a *laboured* piece of 40 pages was never put together I suppose.

(Excuse a somewhat lame conclusion to my attempt at a Critique.) As to your hospitable suggestions about Cambridge, my Harry, nothing should I like better and nothing would better please William than invading the Time honoured abode of Genius and enjoying a festive day there under your friendly auspices, but I fear it must be one of the bright possibilities of the future—a star on the Horizon but not yet over our heads. Friend Thomas hath departed for a Xmas holiday. New brooms are busily executing their well known propensities in sweeping clean, and to drop metaphor (into which I had but just stepped, for I am sure the fact of Thomas's departure is anything but a mere metaphor) the new Rector of St. Jeames's keeps a vigilant eye over us all and might take note in an unfavourable manner of both Curate and Incumbent absenting themselves at once. Mr. Chapman condescended to take care of Mrs. Garden's love to me, all the way from Edinburgh and sent it me by Mr. Spedding, who dined with us the other day. Mr. Moxon said Alfred one day while travelling said to him, "Moxon, you have made me very unhappy by something you said to me at Lucerne," the unfortunate speech having been "Why Tennyson you will be as bald as Spedding before long." Poor Alfred brooded over this till on his return to England he put himself under a Mrs. Parker (or some such name) who rubs his head and pulls out dead hairs an hour a visit, and ten shillings an hour, besides cosmetics *ad libitum*. Your father's hair would bristle up at the idea of the Queen's pension being spent in this manner, but really his hair is such an integral part of his appearance it would be a great pity he should lose it—and they say this woman does really restore hair, and she is patronised by Royalty itself! Can I say more in her favour or in extenuation for A. T.

The said A. T. was staying with Mr. Taylor, I believe, but was turned out by the arrival of the fair Wigan who was ill and required a room. My letter is essentially gossiping; and now to mount from the ridiculous to the sublime, I thought of you when at a dinner party the other day, a pilling good-natured curate was telling little parochial jests and vestry experiences, and named the circumstances of a party bringing his (their, or her) child to be baptised by the name of HYDROPATHA. On expostulation they were firm to their choice of the name, having had great benefit from the water system and wishing to memorialize their gratitude in the shape of their little girl.

Your affect. JANE.

CHAPTER VII

Lady Duff-Gordon. An unique Dinner Party. Mrs. Norton. Count D'Orsay. Living under the Church. Mrs. Wigan. Mrs. Carlyle. Cambridge. The "Cave." Reading Shakespeare. Installation of the Prince Consort as Chancellor. "Clever Men." A Criticism on Vanity Fair. "Pride of Intellect." Price of Votes. Dr. Thompson. Charles Tennyson. "Amelia" and Mrs. Brookfield. Miss Cushman. Lady Duff-Gordon's Offer. Criticism on "Dombey." "Frank Whitestock." Tennyson.

The year 1847 found Mr. Brookfield a good deal troubled by the depreciation of some railway stock he had been persuaded to purchase; and, as preferment did not seem to be coming his way, talk arose, not for the first time, concerning his chance of getting an Inspectorship of schools.

Early in January Mrs. Brookfield wrote to Harry Hallam:—

As you left the room to-day Lady Duff-Gordon and her husband came in—their first visit, very benevolently meant—to ask us to dine and meet Lord Lansdowne by way of fathering Inspectorial possibilities. I feel excited, having intended to dislike Lady Duff, and finding myself suddenly crushed under an obligation to her. She must be very good natured, but meeting the arbiter of one's interests I don't take always to be a good measure, it's putting one's head into the lion's mouth at once.

But that this meeting came off is evident from the following :—

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
London,
22 *Jan.*, 1847.

My dearest Mother,

Pray offer all the congratulations in the world to Gould and Fanny on the well doing of the latter, and all those which the occasion deserves on the accession to their family. If there is a moment when I feel life a burden and tear my hair up by the roots it is when I hear of my friends having men children and women children born to them. Why, ah why, have they all the good fortune? Blessed images of our blessed selves! How thrice favoured are the toads under such quivers full of harrows! . . .

I told you I sat next Lady Duff-Gordon at Kinglake's dinner. We dined with them the other evening at a very little party. Lord Lansdowne, Lady Charlotte Lyndesay, a Mr. Bruce, a foreign author and our two selves. The dinner was peculiar in its way. The Gordons are peculiarly far from "*fine*." He is the most gentlemanly hand at it I ever saw, and would seem perfectly unconscious that such and such things were considered vulgar; she, on the other hand, would seem rather as if she gloried in their very commonness: but not much so—I don't mean to malign her. The dinner was soup and cod's head and shoulders, followed by the bouilli, of which the soup had been made; two fowls and a chap, followed by a pheasant, a tart, a jelly and black puddings; the black puddings followed by an orange pie—made just like an apple pie but not nearly so good; cheese and salad; sherry, bottled ale and bottled porter, with a bottle of claret after dinner. . . . Lady Gordon had dressed the

salad herself in the kitchen. But the difference with which *he* would mention such a thing as simple matter of fact—and *she* with just the least little tinge of bravado would strike an acute observer. Now if you heard Sir Alex ask whether you would eat Beccaficoes à la Reine or Black puddings (if you had never heard of either), you could not possibly distinguish which came from the belly of a sow and which from the Groves of Sardinia (if there are any Beccaficoes there).

Sunday I have a funny enough dinner. Lord Lyttelton, Eöthen and Thackeray. Lyttelton asked himself, as did Thackeray, and I added Kinglake. A learned, pious peer—the chief writer in *Punch*—and Eöthen. We shall go at 7 to church when I shall preach for the third time and return to coffee, etc. As odd a dinner as there will be in London that day. . . .

Ever, my dear Mother, most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

As Mr. Brookfield invariably gave his mother an account of anything curious he heard, he, on the 4th of February, from Southampton where he was staying with Mrs. Brookfield, sent her the following:

The Saturday before we came here we dined with the Walter Jameses (M.P. for Hull). We had Lord and Lady Lyveden (the latter used to be considered a great beauty), Mr. James Wortley and wife, and one or two more. Lady L. sang Scotch songs as well as possible. Lord L. is the only person I ever met who had *seen* a "Will o' the wisp." He saw one, or rather two at once, the latter end of last year when with Edwin Landseer, the animal painter, in Scotland,—but they seemed two miles distant and had no deluding effect. It was on a marshy moor.

Leaving his wife at the Fanshawes, he wrote on the 15th February to her :

Thackwack came in at 9 last night, and we conversed till small hours. His remark on A.B. is that "There is a volcano of voluptuousness in that girl"!!! and he adheres to it that she is a woman full of passions and affections under control. Little Fanshawe, you may assure her, was spoken of as she would have liked if listening through the keyhole. You alone came in for the unmeasured tempest of our abuse. He wants to know when his purse will be finished. *Totty is to come—but no servant.*

This last concerned little Miss Fanshawes usual visit to the little Miss Thackerays, and Thackeray himself wrote to Mrs. Brookfield about it apparently the same day, for on the next she says to her husband :

Totty is looking forward with great delight to her visit but I am afraid the going without a maid may prove a spoke in the wheel. I don't know if I can steady my head sufficiently to answer Mr. Thackeray's witty effusion to-day.

and she encloses to him his friend's letter. On which Mr. Brookfield replied :

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
18 *Feb.*, 1847.

My dear Person,

You had better come home soon—you are evidently getting mad. Thackeray's letter is very good. I will take care of it. . . . I am passionately in love with Heritage. I had her up yesterday to consult*—but finding that she was fascinating me I dismissed her

* He was giving a dinner to Thackeray and others.

to wrestle with the great dinner Angel in private and to announce to me the result of her meditation. This morning the conference was resumed. When I must do you the justice to say that her imagination had not been able to soar above "a nice piece of salt beef to boil." I shook my head and said it was not quite company enough—to which she added—verbatim—"I have nothing else *to suggest.*" Whereupon I devised the carte which I inclose and of which you will perhaps consume the leavings on Friday evening.

After writing to you yesterday I enjoyed my "bit of fish" at 5½ in solemn solitude and at 7 to church when I proche. At 9 o'clock the sublime and the ridiculous developed themselves in the persons of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Spedding, who sat till 12. Soon after that hour I retired to my downy and fell asleep in the arms of *Mr.* Milman. . . .

I wish you had been here at our festival to-night—at least I wish I had had it a day later—but we shall have other opportunities for the exercise of your favourite gift. And so farewell—I shall hear to-morrow by what train you come, but if by chance you find any reason to stay another day, as in persons full of brimstone in every pore may be the case, do not hesitate to think yourself a free agent.

God bless you, love to Fanshawes—less and least—and the Bullars.

Thine most affectionately,

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Brookfield was under treatment for gout and taking sulphur baths; she wrote to Thackeray:

SOUTHAMPTON,

18th February.

My dear Mr. Thackeray,

As I hope to be at home to-morrow it seems

hardly worth while to write any more than just a few lines to thank you for your letter which amused us extremely and for which Mrs. Fanshawe also was much obliged and desires her best thanks and respects or regards. Totty could not get ready soon enough to come with me, so that at all events you will not expect her till next week—and further particulars I may be empowered to enter into when I see you. It was entirely out of my power to answer your kind letter yesterday, tho' I tried hard to do so, and made several beginnings. You rose grander and more awful in the majesty of your authorship each time I made the feeble attempt to write a few unpretending words in answer to your letter, and it is only the fear of appearing rude and ungrateful which has mastered my trepidation to-day. The ancient doctors are still alive and have been experimenting on me with hot air and sulphur baths satisfactorily, setting me up to brave the airs of Pulteney again.

Bishop Oaks, on an ambling Palfrey, rides by in innocent self-contentment. You left a great blank behind you—not to be filled up at all.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

J. O. BROOKFIELD.

I beg your pardon for crossing—will you give my love to the two children.

Mrs. Fanshawe, wife of the Rev. Fanshawe of Southampton, was a gifted woman, one of the brightest intelligences of her time: she took rank with Mrs. Carlyle and Mrs. Procter in intellectual attainments; her reasoning powers were exceptionally keen, and to a happy lucidity of expression she added a charm which neither of those ladies ever possessed. She was a

dear and true friend, both to the Thackerays and the Brookfields.

Harry Hallam to Mr. Brookfield:

WILTON CRESCENT,
Tuesday.

My dear Brookfield,

I am base enough to shrink from the responsibilities of Whitechapel. The Licentiate, whose great mind cannot yet fathom the object of oriental pilgrimages, has it much at heart that I should do myself the honour of waiting on Mrs. Robert Fillymore at a *very small evening party*, and can suggest nothing better than that I should defer any experimental acquaintance with the Codger's Club till after Gully.

I shall despatch this early that you may not be premature in making your arrangements for the day. Pray, pray do not reward my treachery by taking Mr. Thackeray to those delightful regions; but remember, that in this important struggle, in which the interests of the Church are so deeply at stake, of independence against conventionality, of appropriativeness against property, of draymen against monarchs, of the Catholic East against the Erastian West, a humble but faithful companion bides his time and now subscribes himself with regretful affection—

JOHN MANNERS.

It was part of a pose of the time to sign letters with the name of a friend or with some fantastic imaginary signature, while a similar buoyancy prompted them also to spell phonetically, to head their notes "St You and St Mee," "St Stephen Sprice," etc., and address Mrs. Brookfield as "The Countess of St. Luke's,"

"The Rev. Mrs. Brookfield," etc., while Harry Hallam would sometimes closely copy Thackeray's handwriting, and then apologise for "this base imitation of the Great Humourist."

At the end of a "war of wits" with his mother, it is noticeable that Mr. Brookfield always changed the subject by giving her the gossip of the town. On this occasion Mrs. Jane Brookfield had been criticising somewhat sternly a certain sermon of her son's upon "Baptism." Tired of the tussle, he sent her the following:

23 GT. PULTENEY ST.,
26 *March*, 1847.

My dearest Mother,

What the juice had happened to make you so uncommon cross with every body towards the close of your last letter?—poor lady Buff!—poor lady Borgad! —(I've got such a cold id my dose I caddot write the letters *eb* ad *ed*)—poor Mrs. Dortod! As to the last mentioned—your virtuous indignation is all very well conceived—but entirely misplaced. Nobody thinks Mrs. D. a woman of strict conventional habits, and all people are free to exercise their private judgement as to the desirableness of intimacy with her, because she does not care a bodle for what Mrs. Grundy says, and like a goodish many of her charming sect I dare say she likes men better than women; but merely their talk; of course it is very bad judgement and indicates a very unenviable state of mind to think that men are better company than women. I don't think so, nor I am sure does anybody with proper taste, but still nobody in London believes a syllable of harm between Lord M. and Mrs. N—nobody that is that knows anything at all about the matter. You must remember

he was acquitted, and that not in the least ambiguously or discreditably. Surely it is very unfair to punish people because they are *accused*. But still that is not so conclusive as the general conviction in the minds of all that know them both in their favour. After all it is not individuals who are to settle what society is to do in such cases. Society receives her—and does not *most certainly* receive those who are believed to be incorrect. And it would be unjustifiable to refuse to meet her—and rather harsh to refuse to be introduced. I enquired all about it of most competent decorumists two years ago when we were asked to meet her at dinner but did not go. And tho' I should not approve of her as an intimate friend there is nothing against a mere slight acquaintance even for the most prudent. I believe her to be as entirely free from any impropriety as Miss Bates or Miss Harrison or Mrs. Best,—three as spotless virgins I should think as the chaste moon ever sees putting on their night caps.

And if the case were not so favourable for her as in the judgement of those best capable of judging it really is—still—is there not an *a fortiori* lesson to be drawn from a narrative you have met with?

Hath any man condemned thee? — No man. Neither do I condemn thee.

That was not in the case of an innocent person, whom 12 men had deliberately acquitted, and whom competent members of society believed to be blameless. . . .

The inauguration of Albert as chancellor took place yesterday. I might have lunched at the palace, but had no curiosity, all members of the Senate being admissible . . . .

I saw Kinglake last night but forgot to ask him if he was an infidel. By the bye, Warburton was there too but I did not happen to speak with him. This

was at Mrs. Milman's. I had gone alone—Count d'Orsay having driven off Jane to a masquerade, he dressed as Neptune, she as a sea nymph.

Good-bye. Jane's best love with mine to Sire and all.

Most affectionately,
W. H. B.

P.S. — On the Carte of the Carlton Club the day before yesterday (the General Fast) was to be seen these words:—"The Committee, taking into consideration that the observance of a General Fast has been ordained, have directed that the Coffee room dinner shall be confined strictly to—Two soups, Fish. Plain Joints. Spring Tarts. Omelettes and Cheese.

A Birthday letter from Mr. Brookfield to his father runs:

23 Gt. Pulteney St.,
2nd May, 1847, 6.30 p.m.

Honoured and Beloved Sire,

. . . I wish I had been dining with you to-day instead of preaching indifferent sermons (three in number) in London. I would much rather have joined you in Stanley port not indifferent and six in number. I would have fallen fast asleep with you over Adam Clarke, while my Mother kept awake over Hannah More and wished she had a husband and son of better mind. I would have said my Catechism before tea—then eaten toast and drunk bohea from Sidebotham's (or who ever may now sit upon his grocer throne) I would have afterwards repeated Watts' hymns; strolled round the pond; got called in from the dewy grass; slept again like the maids over one of Cooper's practicals, and then awaked to the best and merriest supper of the week, when my

mother's gravity could hold out no longer—as it never could last through a whole Sunday. . .

Towards June, owing to the state of the Stocks and also because of Mrs. Brookfield's health, it was decided they should give up their London house for a time, Mr. Brookfield undertaking to live in the vaults beneath St. Luke's Church, which he had the right to do, and Mrs. Brookfield going to visit relations in the West of England. They are no sooner apart than correspondence begins. Harry Hallam writes almost before his cousin has reached her destination:

You will be glad to hear that a depressed public walking along a vacant and dreary Piccadilly in moody silence fell in with the creature-comfort of Spedding who discoursed eloquently, feelingly and gushingly for the space of two hours to his not unwilling audience on the great divinity whom to name would be profanation, but whom he has worshipped on five distinct occasions after a regimental, diabolic, normal and sleep-walking ritual, and is in a most proper state of enthusiasm, although when pressed on the point as to whether or no "he would that Grote's gay lot were his," his apostolic caution induced him to say that he should think it a great responsibility. She spends Sunday in singing hymns in her own room to herself. A most touching letter has been received from Thompson in which his gracious condescension extends to me and all clerical relations the use of my old rooms to be had and held for our common benefit during the period of our Prince his installation.

F. Lushington came up to town in the most opportune manner just in time to be hooked for the dinner.

After some guarded fencing, and preliminary beating about the bush, I drew the grand fact that the Tennyson habit of coming unwashed and staying unbidden was, is, and will be the great burthen and calamity of the Lushington existence, socially considered. They actually groan under M., who they expect will stay to keep up the establishment, when the original family retires to Malta. I did not venture to touch upon the delicate ground of E., but I expect they labour under undefined but not ungrounded alarms that Mr. J. may be a permanent fixture.

I have hired myself to a party signing himself W. H. B. as secretary for S.P.G. communications in consideration of a breakfast to be given under St. Luke's.

Adieu, my dear Linda, time flies, cabs rumble in the distance to whirl me to operas, and audacity conscious of having written a dull letter without any reasonable excuse—quails at its own presumption. Julia, I believe, returns Monday, the Licentiate probably not till Tuesday.

H. F. H.

The "divinity" alluded to above was probably Jenny Lind, between whom and Harry Hallam there was jokingly supposed to be a romantic attachment.

Mrs. Brookfield, after duly bemoaning that her husband should be relegated to so "monastic a cell," tells him:

ROCKBEARE HOUSE,
EXETER,
30th June, 47.

. . . I am amused at the difference of our grand events which we have to communicate to each other—

yours comprising Consecrations, S.P.G. meetings, and all the usual bewhirlings of the Great Babal, and mine being such very petty events to narrate, but (equally) in default of anything more stirring, narratable somehow or other. . . .

The blow was given to the intended dinner of to-day by Clericus Sanders sending over a man and horse to mention the death of an aunt, which obliged him to give up dining with us and so the Salmon from Exeter and the green-pea soup and the chickens and jellies have to be eaten at an early dinner to-day—a "*Comble de richesse*," the hot weather not permitting delays. . . .

Julia was telling me that a friend of Mrs. Joy's had seen Mrs. B. at St. Bennett's Church lately. He was so much struck by her interesting appearance and melancholy expression that she said she could not help feeling more leniently towards her. "Pray how was she dressed?" asked Mrs. Joy. "Oh, beautifully dressed—a white lace bonnet with blush roses," etc. "Well, then, I don't pity her," said Mrs. Joy, "for if she were penitent she would wear a slouch bonnet and print dress so as to attract as little attention as possible." It seems that after the scene between Mrs. B. and Mr. W. was discovered, she had a long conversation with her husband beginning (by her saying), "I may as well tell you all my history," and confessing (to him) several other similar adventures, but concluding by declaring that all along Mr. B. was the only person she ever really loved. Perhaps she confesses to Mr. Bennett and may be reformed under his auspices, and made publicly to confess her sins before the congregation according to the Rubric. Some Americans, Mr. and Miss Joy (cousins to the late Mr. Joy) were staying here before I came, and Mrs. Wilson told me their servant amused her so much by his free and

easiness; he never waited at table or appeared with the other servants in the house, but one evening Mrs. Wilson was going to walk out with Miss Joy when a fashionably dressed man with a slight bow joined them, and walking beside Miss Joy, discussed the various shrubs and talked quite at his ease, and this turned out to be the servant. . . .

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

ST. LEWKES, BERWICK ST.,
1*st July*, 1847.

True, there may be a slight difference in the shape of topics relating to Babylon and Rockbeare. But after all what difference in magnitude? Who knows how to measure such magnitude? (I have only ten minutes), and for my own part I think the spoiling of a pudding quite as important as the Queen choosing to ride to Regent's Park instead of up Rotten Row, or the consecration of a dozen pilsters to an office that will multiply 50 fold their pilsomeness and their conceit.

I was in the Chancel close by the rails with about 150 clergy. Robed. It was good to see Bennett utterly neglecting his prayer to watch the rubrical movements as cat watches mouse. No doubt my neighbour thought it good me neglecting mine to watch Bennett. I went last night to the Duffs'.* Lind was to have been there, but the Queen had secured her. There were Bishops, actors, Wigan and wife, Hans Anderson, Milmans, Elliots, Monteagles, Procters, and I don't know who. I am going to dine at the Chilvers', and then to Mrs. Gladstone's. I daresay Thackeray will be here for an hour to-night. Mrs. Wigan told me last night she had had a triumph.

* The Duff-Gordons.

She had always said I was like Schiller—which Tom Taylor denied. She had taken a bust of Schiller to Duff and asked her which of her guests it was like, and Duff at once said me—and that another had also found it. I recollect thinking something of the sort myself. Well, I shall be really "too late" if I do not close. Mrs. Carlyle said to me last night that everybody told her what a charming person you are. Miss Wynn had told me that she said so to her.

Most affectionately yours,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mr. Brookfield and Harry Hallam went up to Cambridge at about this time in order to assist at the Prince Consort's Installation as Chancellor, which visit gave occasion for the following series of letters. First of all he mentions the lines current at the time:

"A prince is on this side—a peer is on that;
We do not ask which is the brighter;
But we give up the boy who invented the hat
For the man who protected the Mitre."

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE,

Saturday, 4.45 *p.m.* *3rd July*, 1847.

We have only just arrived — weather perfect — the place none the better for frivolous preparations. We are too late for Hall (dinner), the train very full and slow—

We are just ordering dinner in this apartment.

Sunday morn, *4th July*.

It was to no purpose posting this last night—as it would only have remained in London all to-day—reaching you no sooner than it will now. I don't

remember if I told you in yesterday's letter to direct to me here—if not, I shall hardly hear from you till—bless me—Thursday—as we are two days removed, the great gulph of London roaring between. Well, we had our dinner at 7 yesterday from the College kitchens. Soup à la bonne femme—soles à la mauvaise femme—neck of mutton à la death*—quarter of lamb à la deuce knows what—croquettes and cutlets—champagne, claret and sherry.

They are all very nice fellows but not equal to Harry. This morning we were up at 7, at chapel at 8. Harry read the first lesson—not very like a curate of Bennett's. It was pleasant to sit under his ministry. Bentinck—Gibbs—Sergeant—Lushington—Grey—Maine—are all breakfasting here. The oldest of them 10 years younger than myself. I don't like the place half so well as in full term. It is full of strangers and masters of arts—but it is the students that give the character to it. Great numbers are coming up to-day and to-morrow. Tuesday will be the great day. The Queen will dine that day in our Hall—when admission is to be only by ticket of invitation—and I believe I shall not get one—they are obliged to draw some line—and I fancy the line is under those who *have* been fellows or *are* persons either of title or of decided distinction—in none of which classes do I find a place.

But it is not the great doings that would afford me pleasure here—but the common everyday doings. Coming up yesterday the joke was to pretend we were not Cambridge men. And after various remarks made in the character of aliens—such as " What is going on at Cambridge ? Is Goulburn or Lefevre, Chancellor ? Shall we be able to get on to Huntingdon to-night ?

* Death was the name of the Cambridge butcher.

&c., and other equally facetious buffooneries from Harry, Lush, and self—without much effect on our fellow-passengers, Harry felt called upon to enquire of Lush: if parties were allowed to see King's College Chapel (which is, you know, *the* lion of Cambridge), and if so whether one purchased tickets—to which I replied, "You noodle, King's College Chapel is at Windsor." This drew the small collegian, and he eagerly broke in to assure me that I was wrong—and that there would be no difficulty in seeing it without payment, &c., &c., &c., which Harry received with tolerable gravity—but I was obliged to find in the Number of Dombey in my hand an apology for laughing.

The place is rather saddening. Things are just the same as on a broad hot summer's day, 16 years ago. The same pigeons hovering about the ever-murmuring fountain, living nobody knows how, wild yet quite tame—having nests somewhere about the holes and corners; the same bells ringing the same chimes, the same customs and observances, everything but the same faces, for even those that stand on the same shoulders are grown older. Which is not exhilarating. God bless you.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE,
5th July, 1847.

My blunder about the letter has placed me in a position of the most questionable veracity. I have nothing to answer;—and besides feel all my wits stodged and stupefied by the enormous quantities of humble pie which in consequence of that fatal step I have been compelled to masticate. I have never been my own man since I found that unblessed letter on my table here; everybody says that I am altered—

and H. F. H. has locked up my razors, and I shall never cease to deplore that I did not fling it into the Cam and deny that I knew anything about it. Perhaps the agony that I have suffered may in some measure atone for a fault which if I had the recklessness to commit I had not the baseness to conceal.

Well, I dined in Hall yesterday, not so nice as if the place were in its normal condition. I sate next Dandy Ellison and Pranose Ellison of Smedleyan connection—and Bayley who writes for the *Times*. We laughed a good deal. After Hall, Chapel, which I did not like very, very much. Then the Shakespeare—the Cave as they call it. "Twelfth Night" was read. Sir Toby was Bentinck's part, I fancy, and so it was given to him. Harry read Viola uncommonly well—as did Lushington the clown—wonderfully. All was exceedingly well read—much better than we did it in my time. I had Malvolio, which I could make nothing of, Sir Toby was the part for me—nevertheless, all went off well. Venables, Chapman and Merivale, with myself were the only oldsters, and were charmed with the youngsters. We all thought it if not the best—one of the very best evenings we had ever known. We were thirteen or fourteen. I can give you no conception of Harry's quiet absurdity. So different for instance from mine, which was always bustling and noisy.

We retired to our beds by the grey light of 2.59. At 8.45 I rose and rushed to breakfast with Kay Shuttleworth, who had invited me overnight. Harness there. Very pleasant. Since then, all the uproar has been going on. Our great court full of folks walking about and waiting for the Queen's arrival. A few ladies—but comparatively few—mostly M.A.'s (I do not mean persons standing in any maternal relation to filial parties but graduates in the position of Masters

of those Arts which at once soften and adorn society. A troop of dismounted Horse Guards turned into the court looked incongruous. At about 12.30 the old duke came pacing across the court in his scarlet doctor's gown on a full dress black suit and a doctor's hat. You can guess what a locomotive mob of gowns surrounded and accompanied him. It was worth seeing. The Queen came at 1.30. Well received.

Our rooms are in the great court and command everything. It happened that the Queen's particular carriage with gorgeous red coachman was drawn up (empty) just under our window—and as Harry and others were looking out as I happened to cross the court —I felt it my duty as I passed so finely dressed a party as that coachman to take off my hat with all the gravity I could, upon which the splendacious functionary with no less command of countenance removed his own, to the infinite joy of the youngsters in the window. The best of it was Milnes maintained that there was no joke in it—as the Queen's own coachman is by office an Esquire!

I am not quite sure after all that there is much to regret in your not being here at this time. There is a great deal of nonsense which is ten times better done in London, and I would a great deal rather you were here in the middle of term if it could ever be managed. To-night I am invited to the Nevilles' at Magdalen. I must to Hall. I am to have no ticket for the dinner to-morrow—a very slight privation indeed. I shall have a much pleasanter with Venables in Jesus Hall. Many persons with stronger claims than myself are excluded. It would, after all, be only like a dinner in Freemasons' Hall, so that I really do not care tho' I had brought down those shorts which you so much admire. I have tickets for the Senate House like every other M.A.—that for to-day remains idle in my

pocket, and I suspect that for to-morrow is not unlikely to do the same. It will be rather good to have come down to the installation without witnessing it. Everybody goes away Wednesday, H. F. H., for example, I shall stay for three quiet days, which I think I shall like very much.

Mr. Aitchefaitch has just entered and desires his love—he is imprecating final dissolution upon all his stars for the besotted state of mind which permitted him to commit going to the Senate House to see the Albert doings. He commends the common sense no less than the sense of epistolary duty which detained me in my room.

I must now leave you for Hall festivities—so goodbye.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield:

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
6th July, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

After writing yesterday I *done* in Hall—sate near some special pilsters—one of whom asked what relation Wordsworth the poet was to *the great* Wordsworth (meaning the late Master of Trinity)? It was a singularly dull Hall, Sir Harry Smith was there—his health proposed by Sedgwick and very rapturously received; and it followed of course that the youngsters deride him as a humbug without any pretentions to military renown. After Hall I went to Magdalene. There was tea drinking on the grass. Bishops Oxford and London, Sir R. and Lady Peel, Coutts, Rogers, &c., there.

I soon retired, there being a "cave" here. I found them reading "2 gents of Verona." Same party as night before with Milnes. Harry and I retired at 2.30, and at 9 I rose to go to breakfast with the

Nevilles—everybody had done—but it was that kind of breakfast which admits of idlers carrying it to any length.

Then came the great business of Installation, to which I did not go. A great horticultural fête followed, to which I did not go. And this evening will be the banquet in Trinity, to which I cannot go. I got a ticket for my uncle Preston who, I believe, came up to-day on purpose, having gone down yesterday. To-morrow comes the great *déjeuner* in Trinity—*al fresco*—with dancing, &c., in the walks of St. John's—to which I shall not go. Then I fancy every one goes home.

The *cave* derives its name in one of those indistinct ways which *do* lead to names. The word is connected with the melodramatic business—in which a cave is as necessary as a dungeon is for the authoress of the Mysteries of Udolpho. They got to call themselves, therefore, a *cave of bandits*—whence—&c.

I cannot help thinking that I have been hardly treated by Harry. As after I have kindly permitted him to use one of my rooms he has been perpetually employed in introducing Juice and Paphists in various disguises—they may differ in non-essentials and in speculative points of doctrine but they are equally offensive to me and pleasing to themselves. It is supposed that an attachment which I fear will be highly disagreeable to Mr. Hallam's phelins has grown up between H. F. H. and the celebrated contralto. I allude to Alboni. He insisted, in spite of Thompson's remonstrances, in introducing her to our *cave* last night. The great T— instantly saw through the flimsy disguise of the scarlet habiliments of a Dr. of Seville Law in which he vainly endeavoured to conceal her. Every day when we go into 'all H. F. retires to take a *petit diner* at her lodgings—and returns at a late hour

of the evening reeking with champagne and singing "catches" of her favourite hairs. I cannot say for my own part that I see this in a very bad light. They are well suited. His strong attachment to mewsic and his excellent tenor voice have made rapid progress and he executed a fugue from Purcell's "Macbeth" with a precision which would draw three souls out of one Weaver.

I need not say that every syllable of this paragraph must be true as I have written it down from the verbal dictation of the gent. himself.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

ROCKBEARE HOUSE,
NEAR EXETER.

My dearest William,

I can't help fancying there is a tinge of sadness running through each one of your Trinity letters, and I feel somewhat of the same myself, and as if I could not fill a letter; *your* letter was eminently "worth sending," but I don't fancy I have anything to say, except that I was seized with a fit of dolefulness last night about being with you again, and not having any *pied à terre* in London or anywhere else at present, gives one a Citizen of the World, Wandering Jew, sensation.

The event of a country house, the going in to the nearest town, has been talked of for to-day, so that I may be interrupted to get ready for Exeter.

Do you recollect Fanshawe putting it to his wife during one of her bursts of extolment of the masculine persuasion, whether she would rather apply to young Slavery for advice than to a sensible female? I have been reminded of that by the sensation of mockery and sell, conveyed by the presence of a coat and

trousered individual bearing the exterior of a man and occupying a place in the house just such an one as might be so far otherwise and sublimely filled. I sit in inward chafement and ill-natured indignation while the pill goes on of "What we do at Oxford." Who in the world cares what is done at such a place? And so I have to school myself into Christian toleration and benevolence, but one is so little accustomed to be *much* with any but clever men, that one forgets that all is not gold that glitters, or man, like that wears the garb of man, and that there are very worthy well-informed individuals giving their opinions, and presuming to profess opinions, who are so totally and utterly different to the "clever men" to whom I allude; that they might just as well be Bushmen or Baboons at once, for any glimmer of understanding even of one's ordinary home dialect it would be vain to look for. Mr. Parr is enlightened and unbigoted, at all events, and I like to get him to talk, but the "young Oxford man," with a dash of the wit of George Ward about him, you can fancy being slightly provoking, good-natured, and otherwise inoffensive as he is.

I feel wrathful at Bentinck for not giving you Sir Toby, but should like to have listened to the whole thing behind the door,—and should like to have seen your boy's play with Her Majesty's coachman. Chapman I should have feared might have been a somewhat verjuicy ingredient among the rest in the Cave. The last No. of "Vanity Fair" is exceedingly good, I think, but I begin to wish he would give Amelia a few more brains. Julia read it and rates it (even on such a mere scrap of it) much above Dickens.

I don't suppose the Licentiate would spare Harry to come, pleasant as it would be to us to have him, indeed to me the next best thing to having you, as he would come redolent of you and Cambridge.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield:

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE,
7th July, 1847.

My dearest Desdemona,

Leisure fails this and every day, but I must thank you for this afternoon's letter which was duly funny. Unhappily, Harry could enjoy no portion of it as he did of yesterday's—for he had fled an hour before it came.

Yesterday I dined in Jesus Hall. Venables my host. There were ladies. I never saw that persuasion in any Hall before. The dinner was good and sufficiently pleasant. All was over by 8 o'clock (we dined at 6), and Ven. and I and Tom Lushington walked in the walks, walk*ddd* in the walks*ksksksk

I cannot describe—we laughed into fits—but the remarkable thing is the gravity of these youngsters when there is need of it. Thus Harry would be reading Polonius, Laertes, or Ophelia with the most shameless attempts at propriety, while we were all splitting around—and he was equally convulsed when others than himself were reading. At length we were obliged to give it up. At 3 we retired. This morning Prince Albert held a levée. I was eligible to that, but of course did not go. So that I have been absolutely to nothing. Monday's Senate House, Tuesday's Installation, Levée, nothing have I been to, but such fun with these fellows of whom even if Harry is the best—the rest are really worthy of him. Very good indeed. We oldsters are quite of one mind about that —and I like them excessively. To-morrow they will all be gone, but I wish to see the place at quiet.

God bless thee, wretch. Evermore thine most affectionately.

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mr. Brookfield to Mrs. Brookfield:

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
8th July, 1847.

My dearest Person,

I don't quite recollect where I left off last night. Most likely before the evening meet, which was very good, in my rooms. Merivale, Thompson, Bayly, Lush, Mansfield, Gray, Maine, &c. &c., &c., the very cream of Society. Lots of good things said, but it was a little funny to see the decided line between the old (my) and new (H. F. H.'s) generation; the latter scarcely speaking, though not a jot inferior birds. I told stories—so Venables. One was of a gyp whom I had met in the street yesterday and who greeted me: "La, sir, I knew you again first moment you came

into the Court. Many a time I have laughed out when you have been at table! No doubt you are a good deal altered from what you was." "Not at all, Pleasance (that is his quaint name), there was nothing in me to alter." "Oh, no, sir—I only mean you are a little *dried down* from what you was."

The only thing I have seen here worthy of you is the *Cave*. By George! what a good Bandit you would make. A complete Bandit epistle yours of to-day. That wretched Oxford daisy. My goodness! why don't you make him into soup for the poor? I met Mrs. Fisher in our anti-chapel this morning who "presumed that you lived so much in that state of divorce, &c., not without benefit to the Jane Elton bloom which was still celebrated."

And, by Jove, I must say that tho' I have seen numberless gracefuls here, I have not seen one a quarter so good-looking.

Your humble

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

TRIN. COL., CAM.,

9th July, 1847.

My dear Jane,

I must make an elaborate apology to his reverence in coolly assuming the ownership of the apartment and opening a general Cremorne Gardens for all my friends, a varying number of whom, from six to fifteen at a time, poured in and played off their bear pranks from ten in the morning till three in the morning inclusive,—the other seven hours being allotted to rapid slumber. The experiment was a hazardous one, based upon unlimited faith in the tolerance of his Apostolic disposition, but unless his practice belies his preaching, and he relapsed into the (imputed)

black blood habit of sacrificing veracity to kindness, he managed to extract some amusement from my audacious brutality of conduct. However, I was far too pleased at getting him down to mix with the real modern cave not to be determined at any risk to be exhibited in the privilegical character of a real lion-keeper, and he roared most good-naturedly and effectually till the wild unpolished hearts of the young Bandit-brethren were overpowered with their emotions and longed to embrace him in affectionate brotherhood.

I fear his first evening was dull for him, a select party of youths being obstinately bent in discussing the chances of Lefevre's election, and you are too well aware of the helpless inventive jackery of the Idiotry who presided at the dish covers, to suppose that though disgusted at their folly, he had the wit or tact to turn the conversation into a more genial channel. At 12 we dispersed, and walked melanchololily in the cloisters, wishing for you to see the Court by moonlight, to hear the plashing of the fountain, and to enjoy your midnight weed under the piazza. Sunday morning having secured by a decent attendance on the ecclesiastical ritual an immunity for the profaner enjoyments of the rest of the day, at about 10 o'clock commenced that singularly well-defined and punctual meal, a Cambridge breakfast, lasting with changes of parties breakfasting till 4 o'clock, when the majority of the world being Fellows and Masters of Arts retired into their College Hall, and I meekly retired to a small college to eat peas and rice pudding, the only dinner I thought it prudent to take during three days of such intense, and protracted debauchery. Parties of the orderly persuasion having again satisfied their professional cravings by hearing vespers, after chapel, a collection of gents, books, cigars, and bottles, slowly wended its way to my room, and preparations were

Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam.
At the age of 22.
From the painting by George Richmond, R.A.

Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam

At the age of 22.

From the painting by George Richmond, R.A.

made for holding a *cave*. Considerable quarrelling as to the choice of a play having subsided, a general feeling to hear an artistic representation of Malvolio gained ground. How successfully has no doubt been elaborately concealed by the party from whom alone it was hitherto possible for you to have received your information, but public feeling and sympathy ran high on that occasion. There is no one quality of the accomplished dramatic artist, which was not separately recognised by someone of the audience. Mansfield pointed out to me in a whisper, the breadth and brilliancy of the colouring. Venables, in a low tone, bade Lushington remark the elegant distribution of light and shade, while Milnes swore he should never forget the scientific interpretation in a minor key of some of the less remarkable passages, or the flavour which, as a whole, this *chef d'œuvre* had left with him. In perfect seriousness, Malvolio (Mr. Brookfield) and Clown (Mr. Lushington) were read as well as it is possible to hear them. Mr. Bentinck was thought by a good, though possibly a severe critic, not quite up to Sir Toby. Mr. Hallam's interpretation of Viola's character was original, and it may be doubted if it was correct, but there is no doubt that assuming it to be true, he threw himself in a very natural manner, and with great spirit, into the vapid stolidity which he imputed to her. After supper, Locke's music to Macbeth was performed by the whole strength of the company. I am afraid that the older members were not sufficiently impressed by this brilliant performance. I regret to say that Brookfield displayed a lack of information on the subject (attributing several times and in a most obstinate manner the authorship to Purcell and not to Locke), which considering his ministerial capacity, and the well-known fact that Purcell is the author of several anthems, does honour

neither to his head nor his heart. I beg most particularly that you will never allude to this confusion of his by word or letter, as I happen to know that he is particularly sore upon the point, as well he may be. At least I can only add, had I made such a mistake, I should hardly venture to look—" the finger of scorn in the face again."

Can I venture to allude to what followed, or can I not? How am I to know whether your principle is that it is only on the boards of the theatres of Catholic countries, as for instance, La Scala at Milan, that dramatic art is ancillary to revelation, or that Terpsichore can throw light upon the Hebrew institutions. Remember you did see " Mose in Egitto," and learn that the story of Job has been experimentally proved to have still greater opportunities for representation in a ballet of action, than even the fortune and reverses of the prudent legislator of the Jews. Further I shall draw a veil over our proceedings, trusting that if dragged to the light of your pious censure, it may be through the élite medium of one of two priests who were present on the occasion.

Next morning, Job (Mr. Bentinck), returned to his forensic occupation in his native metropolis, leaving me in sole charge of a benighted foreigner, called Carnaro, *nobile Veneziano, ultimo della famiglia ducale dei Carnari, e ancora amico del caro mio Cheney, e del diletto Conte Brown. Vous concevez, ma chère Jenni, combien cette intimite honorable, m'a valu de felicitations et même d'envie de la part de toute la cave, et notamment de ton mari.* At all our subsequent orgies this noble stranger was an assiduous though possibly an astonished spectator. At least his face betrayed a slight expression of amazement at seeing gents eat pine-apples with their fingers and thumb, and stick candles in empty bottles.

On the evening of Monday, we read the "*Two Gents*" Cornaro present and "bien fatigué." It is to be observed that his acquaintance with English is, to say the most for it, limited. The play did not go off quite as sprightly as the first night, though Brookfield's "Speed" was a rich mellow piece of finished and mature Art. But about 1.30 a.m. the greatest event of all and the climax of our happiness occurred. Thompson, himself, condescended to look in upon us. I was delighted that Brookfield should have an opportunity of recognising with his own eyes the kindness and condescension for which he hardly gives him credit. He stayed for an hour, smoking, but it was long before I could command my feelings enough to listen to the inspired conversation of a Being, to be seen in such familiar intercourse with Whom gave me a constant glow of pride and happiness. I am afraid that your reverent connection, who is influenced by unworthy feelings against the great god of my idolatry may be tempted to conceal or explain away the affability and condescension of Thompson, and the unrestrained character of our familiar intercourse with him, and thereupon I think it right to make these statements.

On Tuesday I thought it my duty cautiously to abstain from any expression of loyalty to our beloved Queen and her Consort, and I passed the whole day in similar intellectual and sensual enjoyments to those which had marked Sunday and Monday. An evening of the (to me) most fascinating description was signalized by the kind consent of the clerical occupant of the rooms to intone a chant in the Somersetshire accent, which was rapturously encored, and to execute a cavatina on an incident which happened at the Court of the Great Mogul, which would have been encored up to this moment had there been any chance that the public ever could by such a course of action have

satisfied its desire to hear it again. At about 2.15 a.m. in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm with vivid lightning, the guests, thinned, and *epurés* by the lateness of the hour, rushed impetuously at their Shakespeares and read the 4th Act and grave-digger scene of Hamlet, not in parts, but (like boys at a national school perusing the Holy Scriptures in public) speech by speech in turn; whereby the laughter and enjoyment of the public was wrought up to its highest pitch. The red glow of the morning sun gilded the clouds above the Chapel, as his reverence and myself retired reluctantly to bed; thereby concluding my brief career of vice and enjoyment; and the stern visage of Gully rose pointing to a shroud as the speedy consequence of his violated precepts.

It is very well for you, dear Jane, that you have been following the peaceful habits of the Parr *menage* tumbling in hay, and keeping in health, whereat the hearts of them who heard thereof rejoiced, and doth rejoice;—but had it been possible to introduce you in perfect health and the garb of the gentish persuasion to the Cambridge orgies, the delight of parties concerned in them would have risen to a giddy height, and been quoted at an enormously high figure. I think you would have enjoyed it all amazingly, for the Catholic greatness of your disposition involves the composition of a Bandit gent.

It must be amusing to your peacefulness, if you get accounts from the two parties who tenanted one room on that occasion wholly dissonant and discordant in their natures: whether Brookfield was pleased I know not, but I can only depose to the immense popularity achieved by him among the younger members of the Cave, and I, as the acknowledged medium of the acquaintance with him, received the most touching felicitations for his success on those boards.

"PUSS IN THE CORNER"

Ne te tourmente plus, ma chère Geneviève, au sujet de la Lind. Personne ne l'a vu à Cambridge, et d'ailleurs, si elle y était venue, et que nous l'eussions adorée, le culte de son nom, n'est-il pas joint au culte du tien, et le souvenir de ses perfections aux souvenirs de ceux qui l'ont premièrement admirée ensemble? My head is running on French phrases, having been assiduously plying the Italian with the best I know, and I think that for elegance and unmeaningness the above may vie with G. Sand.

Ton très devoué et affectionné.

H. F. H.

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EXETER

10*th July*, 1847.

My dearest,

. . . . I was egregiously pleased with your note of to-day as somehow I had the sort of impression that I should be out of favour with you since writing to bore you to say when should we 2 meet again (*Dolce far niente*) I do not doubt but that I could remain obtruding myself upon Rockbeare endurance for a fortnight longer. . . .

I was much amused with your Gyp anecdote and wish you were here and giving me the benefit of all you can recall of your Bandit proceedings which will have *dried down* out of mind, I am afraid, if I don't see you for 3 weeks. . . . Last night, duets with Mrs. Wilson were prefaced by a game at "Puss in the Corner" with the young gent. from Oxford and the children during which much uproariousness took place —the said youth stands somewhat in awe of me, and does not venture to begin a remark, but looks sensible of receiving a favour if I open fire upon him, which

I occasionally attempt. He and Mrs. Wilson pull together in their walks, and apart in their sentiments. The young man has just come from Harrow, where is a sort of training school for Colonial Clergy, so he describes it. They all wear a garb of cassock like calibre, have matins and nones and a good education gratis, the major part of them being taken from the farmer or still humbler walks of life. Owen deposes to their being very devout and very happy in their minds and not finding the number of services per diem at all burdensome. Mrs. Wilson disputes the point and I stand neuter with majestic mien, but am held up (by Mrs. Wilson) as being the right person for Owen to talk to as we should agree in our views.

Mr. Buller told me in his letter that Mr. Cayley Shadwell told him a Romanist friend of his had sent in his name to the Church at Paris where the conversion of the English is continually prayed for and where special cases are brought forward by name. I should be in alarm, if I were Mr. Cayley, and if I wished very much to keep in a Protesting attitude, "the prayer of a righteous man," &c.

After all, I have come to the Pilling reflection (which I beg you to enclose to your Aunts at Islington immediately) that you and H. F. H. and all the Bandits dwell a deal too much in the "Pride of Intellect, William," and it goes for almost a synonymous term with you that a man if a genius is ¾ parts Beatified already, and if a Fool, unworthy the name of either man or demon—and I think it may be a "snare" to you really in earnest.

I must close my hasty letter, which won't reach you till Monday.

God bless you.

"DOUBLE POSTAGE"

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

ST. LUKE'S, BERWICK ST., OXFORD ST.,
10 *July*, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

Your brilliant letter of to-day did equal, "&c." Harry's is also delightfully clever—but you are not to swallow his flummery about me.

I knew, of course, perfectly well what I was doing—had plenty of stamps lying about the table—was reminded by parties (as if it could possibly have escaped my attention) that the letter was not labelled, and that Her Majesty had deemed it prudent to enforce double postage on the receiver when such an omission had been perpetrated by the sender; but I know my dear Jane that nothing could afford you such happiness at your remote seclusion than the Laffage feeling that I was committing the precise vices (for I will not trifle with morality by designating such atrocious blunders foibles) for which I blame others and that nothing could shed such a flood of sunshine on your letter writing hour as the proud consciousness that you could sell me cheap.

> "When in London Tavern reeking
> Moody bandits sit alone,
> Each one in his neibor seeking
> Some *green* spot to *plant* upon,
> Then you'll sigh and sadly ponder
> On the friends *'twas safe to sell*,
> Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
> Cave of Bandits fare thee well."

Such is an extract from an ode penned by the immortal Tom as a formula of regret on separating after an evening's festivity such as has been so graphically described by Mr. Aitchphaitch. And it is admitted that you are worthy to be the wife of an outlaw. "*My*

Saphphira alone can be his Whyph." I must explain that to *plant* is to jin or sell a person. And it is impossible to the present race of brigands in fewer words than as " friends 'tis safe to sell."

But yesterday it all came into a close. The bridge that had spanned 12 years (true I have said this before) fell into shapeless ruin, and I fell with it into deep waters.

I walked alone in the country about Cambridge, found names of streets I had forgotten all that time, saw rooms of men that are dead, and was more miserable than most.

I eventuated in Merry Vale's rooms where we had sober cigar and pill. I left at 11, at 12 to bed, so stifling hot that I could not sleep, rose at 5.30 and at 6.45 was under way for the station. Reached London 10 o'clock. Read your letter and Harry's, which was not the work of a momink.

You are quite right, the Cave is not so healthy as the Temperance of St. Luke's, and I am for the moment tired of excitement.

Bride of Bandit fare thee well. With love to the tamer citizens around you (why do you not cut their throats and bring the money to your outlaw.)

I am,
Yours most affectionately,
ANGELO GUICCIARDINI.

In August there was another election at Cambridge for which Mr. Brookfield's vote was desired, so he went up to record it and wrote afterwards concerning it:

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BERWICK ST., OXFORD ST.
3 *Aug.*, 47.

Jean Octavia Relton,

. . . . . I started for Cambridge at 9.30. Read

newspapers all the way. Arrived 12.40. Found Lefevre had a respectable minority but no chance. Goulburn and Fielding neck and neck with alternate majorities of one—which however soon yielded to a gradual improvement on the part of Goulburn which (as we learn by telegraph) has kept up till 12 this day and at 2 the poll closes. No doubt Goulburn and Law are the Members. I voted for Goulburn and Lefevre, at Lefevre's own request, since it was impossible to get the latter in and it became an object to keep out Fielding. Goulburn gave me £11 17s. for my vote. I could have got £12 ten minutes sooner when Fielding was 1 ahead.

. . . . I saw several old birds, Spedding was ensconced in H. F. H.'s old rooms. He left before Hall. In Hall I sat between Alfred and Merivale, Thompson and H. Lushington being near at hand. Joe Romilly squeaked out miserably thin jokes—which however passed current. Tell Harry with my humble duty that Larky Thompson (as he was always called—because he never did lark) was infinitely less downish, having none but cotems. around him. He even degraded himself so far as to put his 'ed out of the combination room (which I had just left) and call out, not only in the hearing of Mrs. Haddock (Harry's favourite sultana) and all other Bedmaking and Gypping inferiors—but even in the immediate presence of several Masters of Arts, quite loudly into the Court " Brookfield, will you take a walk ? " I coloured—stammered—scraped my feet—glittered about the eyes—muttered something incoherent about " honour—happiness—taking up his time—familiarity—what would be thought of it in the college—not for me to bandy compliments, etc., etc.," but it ended in our walking behind the colleges. He was quite affable—and if it had not been that the excitement of a great

honour conferred always rather interferes with enjoyment I should have thought it quite a pleasant walk. Of course one never initiates subjects . . . . and as he introduced plenty of remark, and as there was nothink to laf at I got on very well."

It was in speaking of this meeting in Spedding's rooms that Dr. Thompson said of Mr. Brookfield, "He was by far the most amusing man I ever met, or shall ever meet. It is not likely I shall ever see again a whole party, all grave and learned men, lying on the floor for the purpose of unrestrained laughter, while one of their members poured forth, with a perfectly grave face, a succession of imaginary dialogues between characters real and fictitious, one exceeding the other in humour and drollery."

CLEVEDON COURT,
4th August.

My dearest William,

I own to the impeachment as to my first two letters, I was somehow out of the writing vein and destitute of facts, could not take refuge in fiction and fancy (or any other alliteration) wherewith to fill my letters.

. . . . At 6 last night the Weatherlys and Ceteras arrived, Mrs. Weatherly turned out to be a Miss Ford whom up to my grand climacteric year of 15 I used daily to see at Clifton without ever knowing her to speak to. . . . At the end of the evening she sat between me and Papa, and now and then between a sigh and a bleat brought out her little remarks. "Ah! yes, how many changes to be sure, since we were both young and girls and unmarried together at Clifton.

Ah! but you look just the same as ever Mrs. Brookfield, I knew you directly, not at all altered. I think we must be about the same age," etc. (I believe she must be considerably my senior, but this by the way) a well meaning, innocent little body, but rather depressing. . . She is a favourite with Papa in her white muslin frock and an immense silver cross on her breast which Aggy, with cruel want of reverence, dragged off with chubby clench and held up to public view. Harry has been excessively amused with your account of the Thompson interview which I let him have—and declares you write inimitably. I may as well send you this by him, instead of post, as he will see you to-night I suppose, without fail.

On this letter W. H. B. gracefully comments:

"My blowing up has done you good—this morning's was even better than the one before. Mrs. Weatherly is capital. Aggy clutching the cross was perfectly graphic. Between a sigh and a bleat? By George, you must write a book. This afternoon I have called on C. Turner and Mary Tennyson. I am going to drive with them in half an hour. I only sat a few minutes, and going away C. said in his short, true-passing-observation way "We used to be wits, now we're going off, I think, nothing but languid commonplaces."

To which Mrs. Brookfield replies indignantly:

"As for C. Turner, let him speak of his own Kettled wit if he will but leave the Pot to its untarnished brightness. Interruptions have occurred and I fear this won't be a good letter, nor fit answer to yours of this morning. The pending trial about Papa

haunts one, and like a nightmare weighs one down whenever one thinks of it. Could you find out what means are used to buy up Reporters? it would be easily done in Bristol, but how to keep the *Times* and other papers silent? . . . I am so very sorry you missed H. F. H., it was an odd mistake, but it is a consolatory thought to my ruffled mind that one of the male persuasion should have fallen into a blunder over a railway paper—they all took greatly to him here and were very glad he came. Arthur praising him with a spontaneous warmth the evening after he left and then pedantically (as I told him) checking himself with an "as least as far as I can judge on so short a time, I am too apt to make rash judgments, and take sudden fancies to people, but still he does seem a very nice fellow."

You would have been amused with Papa, the night of the party, while sitting next Weatherly and near me, suddenly giving vent to a loud groan, just such an one as he gives when he wishes to express "Never was so tired in my life," or "Is Arthur never going to have prayers," "Uncommon dull, in short—Knobbed Evening" or any other of his wonted phrases in private life. Arthur, from the other end of the Drawing-room, heard the groan, but neither he nor I could catch the explanatory whisper which followed and was delivered into Mrs. Weatherly's ear. Comparing notes afterwards we feared that he had confided to one of his guests how uncommonly dull they all were. I begged for an explanation next day and singularly enough he recollected the circumstance—had been trying for 20 minutes to ask Rhoda a question, but each time he attempted it she was engrossed in the "most *flippant*, brilliant conversation with Harry," as fast as one stopped the other began and Papa could not get in his question which was to ask Rhoda whether she ought not to call

on a certain Mrs. Cave who had accidentally been mentioned by the fair Weatherly.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

RYDE,
12th August, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

The Licentiate is staying with his Premier and does not arrive till the afternoon, and it is imagined that as he dislikes large houses he will be out of temper at finding himself lost in a barracks.

I imagine you, I hope not delusively, stronger under the combined influence of cooler weather and Rhoda's example of early hours. As usual, not a syllable breathed either to the Jewess* or me as to whether you had not been a martyr to daily headache. It is true that we habitually jeer at your sufferings, but you might occasionally brave our cold unsympathy by giving a faint outline of your state of strength and painlessness. The regular tenor of Clevedon life renders it possible to trace your course and think of you praying at 9 o'clock, hamming at 9.30, letter-writing till 1 o'clock, given over to Aggolatory† till 3.0, driving on the beach till 5 o'clock, watching the grass mown till 5.30, reading Sharp's Magazine till bed-time, and stealing Dombey to sit up with.

A steamer containing the author of my days and the Middle Ages is slowly wending across the Channel, filial duty sternly sanctions the claims of the post-man, and Poll observes, "Seal up your note."

Ever your most affectionate
H. F. H.

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* His sister Julia.

† Worship of Arthur Elton's baby Agnes.

It was a tiresome law case in which Sir Charles Elton was involved which brought forth from his daughter her ingenuous question concerning Reporters—while in a letter of the same date she said "How I wish that someone, Mr. Thackeray for instance, would just let Cockburn know the facts of this plot against Papa."

At this time Mr. Brookfield was seeing a great deal of Mr. Thackeray, who almost daily sought him out in his vaults. And after the case had been tried in Bristol (Mr. Brookfield being present "to the great comfort of all concerned") he wrote to his wife:

L'HORRIBLE BOUGE,
26th Aug., 1847.

Dearest Madam,

The Godfather to whom my present abode is indebted for the above designation sits beside me—brewing Vanity—in a dreadful fright lest the month of Sept. should arrive before No. next. I encountered him in Piccadilly on his way to my subterranean Palace; he had asked me to dine, and was coming to say that he meant it to be at the Garrick and not at Kensington. Where it will now be I do not quite know—but we talk of a walk as soon as I have finished this.

I arrived at 4.30, we were overtaken at Didcot by express. 6d. additional (sixpence—twelve sous additional) transferred me to that reckless train, and brought me into London an hour sooner. John Bullar called at the vault and insisted on my going up to chops with him *en garçon*. Went up in a tuppenny buster. . . . John of course discussed *the* topic with me. Had conceived the exactly true view of it—

and had written to his Father to that effect. Said that Wylde has towards Cockburn much the same feelings of devotion which a certain potentate has towards holy water; [a sketch of the Devil and a Font by himself] and that did us no harm. Little Gaye I met this morning; who spoke very kindly about it (not till I led to the subject). Of course he at once saw Sir C. was a mere victim of design.

I wish very much we could have had Wylde's summing up. But, however, we need not wish. The thing has eventuated as well as it could and better than at one time we dared to hope.

I think a proper letter to G. would be as follows:—

My dear G.,

I cannot possibly say anything harsh to you or unjust to my husband. I have therefore no resource but silence.

Yours ever affectionately,
JANE.

I am the only one to whom G. would have acted in so extraordinary a way. But it is no use raking into the matter again. I can only refer to Thackeray's pencil again for illustration of his undisguised feelings towards me [Sketch of the Devil and Font by Thackeray*]. I must draw this very disjointed letter to a close. It is now agreed that T. shall go off and write till 8, and then we partake a slight repast at the Garrick. Adoo.

Ever most affectionately,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

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* For this sketch see the Preface.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BERWICK ST.,
27th August, 47.

Young Miss,

At eight last night I proceeded to the Garrick where Mr. Thackeray had been writing, dinner consisted of oysters following stewed sammon, beef fillets with olives ensued, a grouse and cheese concluded, while champagne and claret accompanied. We then adjourned to another house in company with an old medical gentleman who had been at Waterloo. Thackeray wishing to get some hints for his forthcoming No. We smoked a little and parted friends at about twelve. By the bye, I should mention that Mr. T., on my naming that we were going to Sheffield, proposed to go himself, as he has a call to Derby on that Monday to some great meeting that is to be held, and wondered if we could make a party to Chatsworth and Matlock. I am going to meet him at the Procters'.

September finds Mrs. Brookfield staying at Southampton, from whence she writes to Harry Hallam:

22nd September, 47.

At the R. Catholic Church yesterday, the check upon my performing any strictly orthodox evolutions such as Holy water, crossing oneself, etc.,—was the sight of Mr. Elliot just before me, also I suppose, come to gaze and not as a real convert. The catechising from the altar was very entertaining . . cool contempt inculcated for protestants and for their present turn of setting up crosses on their Churches, etc., as a " mere return to antiquity, a passing fashion, without attaching to them the solemn thoughts that

we attach to the sacred emblem," etc., and the colloquial style was amusing. "Suppose one of your children had a picture of your mother you would not feel the same honour towards it as if it really was your mother, but as it reminded you of her what should you feel if another child came and spat upon it? You would be angry. . . Very well . . . that is the answer I should give if accused of honouring the picture of our Blessed Lord idolatrously."

He also instanced the picture over our Altars of a Crown, a Lion and a Unicorn, and asked if that was more suitable than a Crucifix?

The influence of the religious movement of the day is shown in the acts of Mrs. Brookfield and her cousin as well as in their letters (in which a large part is taken up with criticisms upon the questions that arose and the persons most interested in them). When abroad these two seem to have attended Mass with some regularity, and when at home to have sought out different churches in the hope of getting difficult questions solved. Harry Hallam says about this time "The Catholic world is devoid of interest. I invested, at the expense of much personal humiliation at revealing my Parliamentary ignorance, in a work called 'The Stranger's Guide to High Mass,' which satisfactorily explains the parts where bells are rung, a mystery which I never fathomed as Catholic Missals disdain the facts: so now I hope to come out very strong at the first opportunity. I have visions of Sundays involving early Parliamentary Rituals, without sermons, to be followed by Sunday schools belonging to parties, and then real Mass at Warwick Street."

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON, *St. Michael's Day*, 1847.

My dearest William,

. . . . . I am sorry for the odious shares, but Dr. Wm. says the *last* call has now been made which *when met*, will leave the shareholders at liberty to look out and hope for profits. Anne has just enquired if I am writing to you and if so if I will express how much disappointment you will cause if you don't come, she begs I will put this in a thoroughly comfortable form . . . as being heartily felt. She admires the present length of your hair and complains of your threatening to have it cut directly it is praised—and that you know no medium between the close shave and the luxuriant flow.

I met Mr. L. to-day, as radiant as ever with his white teeth. He asked three separate times "And how's Brookfield?" escorted me up the Town talking all the while, with the most palpably wide deviation from truth in his account of Adora and her proceedings this summer, "Been yachting, stopping at various watering places for a ball here and a ball there, very gay; but the curious part was they had no ladies' maid on the yacht and so the gentlemen made a point of dressing the ladies . . . upon my word, I was never so much amused . . . Doe wrote me word she had a *married man* to hook her gown and lace her stays and all that, and so of course as he was a married man there was no harm . . . in point of fact he married the sister of the Hon. Mrs. K. . . Adora had two or three proposals . . . refused a man with £1500 a year the other day, upon my word; he did not suit her fancy she said, and in point of fact she declares she prefers Capt. C., of the Dragoon Guards, to any one she ever saw, and he has only £200 a year . . . now that's

unfortunate isn't it? . . . . and pray tell me how's Brookfield? and are you still in . . . . St.? Ah, gloomy St. it was, but dear me, where ever you were must look pretty, never saw you look so well, upon my word," etc.

Mrs. Brookfield to Harry Hallam:

2nd October, Southampton.

My dearest Harry,

I have had a letter from Rhoda most strongly condemning the wearing of caps and declaring it spoileth the colour of the hair, and that it robs one's youth and one will look back with a sigh and a tear 20 years hence to the time when one could wear hair without a cap and did not do so. Meantime the Southampton hairdresser solemnly warned me 2 days ago I should have to come to shaving eventually and I had better do it at once and allow him to make me "a neat front" forthwith.

Declined with dignity.

I have been getting up at 7 every day and rushing in to morning prayers at 8, a thing I never achieved here before, and which I contrive to compatiblate with sitting up till 12 with Mrs. F. At 10 the Lady Anne and the Patriarch retire to their peaceful couches and as soon as their retirement is achieved, I fling on a plaid and a bonnet and emerge into moonlight with one of the Doctors to escort me over the way. (Have you "Gone over" means here not Romanising but Fanshawising) where the little F. and a bright fire and either tea or negus are discussed, the Drs. always leaving us for tête-à-tête while they get a pipe at home. . . . There is a New "Vanity" not good—except the wicked ones—Mr. Thackeray has now got a 2nd Amelia, Lady Jane Sheepshanks. I wish he had made Amelia more exciting especially as the remark is he

has thought of me in her character. And on the plan of 2 negatives making one affirmative, I suppose I may take the 2 dull ones of the book to make one Mrs. B. You know he told William that though Amelia was not a copy of me he should not have conceived the character if he had not known me—and though she has the right amount of antiphlegm and affectionateness she is really an uncommonly dull and a selfish character, and very apathetic to the only person who cares for her, the quaint Capt. Dobbin.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

THE CAVE,

Sunday, 3 *Oct.*, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

I write in a rapid interval between Hall and the performance of an Operatic Anthem and other parts of the Parliamentary ritual, which I hope to hear at 6.15 p.m.

. . . I have finished the Thimple Thtory and was amazingly interested and moved, though I cannot take so much credit to myself as if I had not seen large moral signposts planted in my mind from your remarks pointing out the afflicting passages . . . but I believe I should have jumped to the same conclusions by the light of Nature. . . . "Vanity Fair" I have also read, being 2 nos. in arrear, Pitt Crawley is very like my friend Campbell, but the notion that Lady Sheepshanks had any right to her name was indignantly rejected and sympathy is felt for the wholly negative character of Amelia. Dombey if possible, viler than usual. . . .

To-day I enjoyed the privilege of sitting at the feet of the Great man* and partook of a cheerful meal

* Dr. Thompson.

at which he condescended to talk about Venise and A. Brown from which he is just returned, and about George Sand's novels, and I even thought he sometimes stooped to smile when we loft at his humour.

. . . The College servants are up in arms against me and make my life a burden. I was much amused by a conversation reported to me by Mrs. Attack, my bed-maker, purporting to have taken place between herself and the head porter, a venerable, obese, clerical party of immense dignity, who never touches his hat to anything below the Master or Mrs.

" Well, Mrs. Attack, so your master is not going in after all more shame for him."

" Yes, Sir," says I, " Isn't he a naughty boy, Mr. Freeman ? "

" Well," said he, " I tell you what, Mrs. A., you ought to flog him and make him go in."

" Well," said I, " I don't know what flogging would do, but I think he wants something a doing to him, I do."

All which duly reported as I was sitting at dinner, made the *gratin of souls* stick in my throat from shame and vexacion. My natural horror at its being known why the Licentiate really professed not to let me go in was considerably increased by the awful manner in which Thompson, as if he blushed for his species, remarked, " Your father almost spoke as if he regarded the College as something in the light of an eleemosynary foundation. I can hardly suppose that is a general opinion ; I can only say if it ever becomes so, I shall be very sorry," so that one's black blood rushed to the tips of one's fingers and I burst into incoherent falsehoods.

Gypes are roaring for the letter. (Forgive idiotcy).

Ever your most affectionate

H. F. H.

witch, please providence, I don't mean to change for another name as yet.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BERWICK ST., SOHO,
3 *Nov.* 47.

At 6.0 I began to wash—to dress—boots thinner and brighter than ordinary enveloped a foot not so huge and shapeless as in my daily shoes. A shirt as clean and stiff fronted as Mrs. P. could make it gave my person an appearance of comparative nattiness. A cravat, broad and starched, creased itself into a shape of picturesque negligence. Hair brushed into the glossiness of a thoroughbred brown and straps gave a finish to the figure which at 6.30 emanated from the sewer of Berwick St. Meantime a regular London fog had set in—the 2nd only that I had ever seen—if seeing it could be called when you saw nothing. One lamp in advance as you went along the streets was only just dimly visible. Link boys were rushing about. I, however, found my way to Chorley's—No smell of sauces—no unusual lights—no briskness of butlers in the door—no prompt starched waiters—it was the wrong day! Chorley only regretted that I had not come an half hour earlier, dinner had just gone down—*I* should have ordered it up again if it had been *me*. But he did not ; and felicitating ourselves that my blunder was on the right side of the real day (Friday next) I retired and amused myself by strolling thro' the fog.

This morning has produced no adventures, save that after Litany I behoved to push on to Kensington and found Thack. droring for his new Annual which is to be called " Our Street." He has engaged a Governess—a young person from Richmond. He invites us to go there for two or three weeks. What think you ? *i.e.*,

after Governidge and babes are arrived. He invited me for Friday but I am booked for Chorley. He goes to-night with the Gordons to see White's new play at the Sadlers Wells'.

At this time Lord Lyttelton is urging Mr. Brookfield to leave London for a change and at the end of a felicitous letter breaks into verse.

Perfidious Brookfield, enemy to visit,
Why never think of Hagley, but to quiz it ?
Yet entertainment both for man and beast,
At Hagley would'st thou find, perfidious priest.
Fare thou not well but ill, and in thy dungeon
Into parochial matters dully plunge on,
Pill wise—though late, perfidious cavern-dweller,
For Glent Hill thou wilt leave Black Berwick cellar.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield :

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BERWICK ST., SOHO,
6th November, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

Dinner at Chorley's very pleasant of course. Actresses, Mrs. Jamison, Mrs. Alfred Shaw. Old Kenyon, Maule, Miss Chorley and a Mrs. Arnold filled the octagon, which was covered with careful dinner. Artichoke soup, Brill and smelts, Turkey with white truffles (a great dainty), stewed beef, Plovers, Damascenes of unspeakable quality, Wines from Hartz Forest ; Champagne, Southern Spain ; Ripe Western Portugal. A shaddock as large as a celestial globe, &c., &c. In the evening the two Miss Cushmans came—hot from the Princesses. The younger is in fact a widow and going to be married again. She talked about preachers more than anything else. She has considerable prettiness. The elder, *the* one, talked without reserve about acting. Mrs. Shaw is very jolly and unaffected, not pretty but good-natured looking ; I should not have

found her out to have been in silks and short doubtlet as a man at Drury Lane. Her husband is where "you Jane" will be—in a maddus.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

ST. LUKE'S, BERWICK ST., SOHO,
VIGIL OF THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY,
1847.

My dearest Jenny,

While I was writing who should come here but Lord and Lady Duff-Gordon; I sent word that I was busy and could not see parties more than a minute or two, when in rushed both of them with their usual unembarrassed good nature, they came to propose "What does your La'ship think?"

That we should take part of their house as Lodgers.

Now the first blush of getting rid of our bothers about Lodgings flusters one a little too much to see clearly the pros and cons. I entirely take for granted that we should pay half the rent, but again I think their rooms are furnished; they talked of our having the ground floor (which would make a dining and drawing room) with a bed and dressing room. Rather scanty this. But as Lady Gordon suggested a *provisionary* arrangement by way of experiment there is opportunity of looking before we leap. H. F. H. came in while we were laughing and discussing the thing. I said I would call to-morrow and speak of the matter more coolly. Meantime what do you think of it? I know you will be rather excited at first—I own I am—because it would relieve one from so much bother and they are people I always had rather a weakness for. I am decidedly of opinion that there ought not to be too much matter of course intercourse—or we should all quarrel in three weeks:—but what do you think of paying half the rent—taking half the house and being

nearish neibors? They seemed in high good nature, enquired much after you and Lady Buff thought she should be able to coddle you advantageously. . . .

Mrs. to Mr. Brookfield:

SOUTHAMPTON,
November, 1847.

Thank you, my dear, for your kind letter to-day, I value it very much. I hope this may be our only wedding day spent asunder. . . . But what do I think of the Duff-Gordon plan?

I think it exceedingly kind of course—*but* that it would be exceedingly imprudent on many accounts to accept the offer. I quite felt with you at first, how convenient and easy it would be to step into comfortable lodgings all ready for one, and either to use them for a month or so while seeking *permanency* or stay for good if all suited—and the house is old fashioned and quite to your taste, I know—so that I had the feeling of disliking to say to you that I did not think it would answer—because afraid you would be disappointed.

I could cordially like Lady Duff-Gordon for a mere acquaintance and feel admiration for all her good qualities, but it would go against me to be so much mixed up with her as to be living together. I can't help thinking that when you have thought it all over you will agree with me—that you wrote off on the spur of the moment while the kindness and convenience of the offer was yet fresh in your mind. The only possible way of arranging it, of course, would have been as you say, to be entirely distinct families, but I should feel a nervous presentiment of its leading to no good. Consider how very little we know of the Gordons in private life, what their ways are, as to religious observances for instance—and if "Birds of a feather flock together" should not we be careful to know, at all

events beforehand what their ways are, before we lay ourselves open to be set down *as doing the like ourselves* and to cause any "*weak brother to stumble?*" Cannot you call up visions of cosy little Sunday dinners with Mrs. Norton, Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. and Mrs. Wigan? —and I would not vouch for your or my virtuous sense of congruities restraining our joining in such *delassements* as long as there was no intrinsic wrong in them. And besides all this, I don't fancy Queen's Square, Westminster, would be the healthiest place one could hit upon.

My idea for lodgings would be very decidedly to seek some as near your work as is compatible with a freer air and lower rent . . . Margaret St., for instance, or the end of Piccadilly looking over the Green Park but, tho' they are small houses they be also dear. . . . Harry made my hair stand on end by mentioning Chelsea the other day, unless he called the Helps' neighbourhood, Chelsea (which, of course, one would not shriek at), but recollecting the pilgrimage it used to be for us to go and call on your Aunts at Chelsea, buried alive was the idea it suggested to one's mind.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

My dear Jenny,

Thanks for your note of this morning. The conviction increases upon me that in the giddy vortex of Ogle's and Bourne's you will run out two or three weeks more so that I shall be off to Malvern before you return. The Gordon excitement is at its height, I have been living in her society as unremittingly since my letter to you as before. The Harrises dined here yesterday. Mrs. H. made me the present of a plaid wrapper to keep myself warm at nights (fact, I assure you) likewise has sent me a heap of Socinian

books to read. Everybody is pretending that the death of Paul Dombey is the most beautiful thing ever written. Milnes, Thackeray, and your Uncle own to tears. I am so hardened as to be unable to look on it in any light but pure "business." I hope you are getting up a stock of health in spite of the Sno'.

H. F. H.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

ST. LUKE'S,
22nd Nov., 47.

My dearest Jane,

I looked in on Mr. Hallam whom I accompanied to Mr. Venables, where cheerful and charitable Chapman was. We staid till twelve and retired.

The following day introduced me to labours which have been enumerated on previous occasions. . . . After evening service I "cleaned myself" and went by 10 to Duff-Gordon's. Found Tackeridge—Higginge—Haywarge—Tom Taylorge—Wige (M.P., Ireland)—Kinglake, etc. Duff looked very handsome—said nothing in the least queer. Thack says she is very much improved. Would it be any way less or more than right that you should write a few plain good-natured unhumbugging (and all the better if slightly droll) words to Buff (8 Queen's Sq.) thanking for the notion being entertained. It really was very good-naturedly done even considering also that they intended to benefit themselves slightly at same time. The subject was not referred to. Then we proceeded to Bentinck's where were Horace and Benjamin Gray and young Holland—and H. F. H. of course. A few humourous remarks were made, but time carried us to bed. . . .

Towards the end of November Mrs. Brookfield had

one of her "wise" teeth out with—"the new invention," chloroform. After pages of praise of the anaesthetic she ends:

I suppose you are the Frank Whitestock who figures in Punches' travels?

St. Luke's Church,
Berwick St., Soho,
27 Nov., 1847.

My dearest Jane,

. . . This evening we have a cave at Mansfield's—Troilus and Cressida. To-morrow Jackson eases my shoulder by preaching at night the first of 4 advent sermons. And as I only preach a.m. it will be quite a vacation to me. Marry—read—preach—read—baptize—read—baptize. Monday I partake a little homely fare with Mr. Thackeray. Leech, Tom Taylor, and Alfred Montgomery to be there. . . . Wednesday Mr. Hallam kindly invited me to celebrate the birth of Miss Hallam, the 1st December having been the 1st of her existence. I was obliged to excuse myself by reason of previous engagement to parties desirous of hearing their native scriptures expounded and enforced at St. Luke's—but begged leave to go afterwards. As the Palgraves and Phillimores are to be there you may judge my feelings. . . .

I suppose you will write to-morrow. But, mark me, I will have no such letters as the last four or five. You wrote very differently when you were in fear of Buff. It is the same principle as sick piety.

The Whitestock story is literally true—rather too literal to be very amusing. The children were 3 little Bowens in Bentinck St.

Drawing on a wood block of Mr. & Mrs. Brockfield
By W. M. Thackeray introducing his own portrait

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS

About this time Mr. Brookfield received an intimation that the next Clerical Inspectorship would be given to him, and as this would improve their prospects Mrs. Brookfield was to return to London and new plans were to be made.

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH,
BERWICK ST., SOHO,
30 *Nov.*, 47.

My dearest Jane,

I write this (as I opened yours this morning) entirely under protest and only because I have *occasion* to do so with reference to your return (which must be Saturday) —and like my mother when she is forced to write a letter on Sunday shall be terse and brief. I believe I shall have taken Ebury St. lodgings. They are nice enough—discovered by Harry—the tip 37s. including kitchen fire, plate, lining and attendance. Do not fall into the error that the above correct spelling of the vulgar "Linen" means lining of the inward Jane with victuals—but simply lining the bed with sheets and the table with cloths, etc. The apartments are 4, airy and reputable. I and H. accompanied by Maria and Julia went to-day to see them.

At Thackeray's last night Leech, A Merivale (the third), Alfred Montgomery, a very nice, pretty, good-natured dandy, sung little sentimental songs without any sense of *pill*. Merivale also. A Mr. Strachey and self—all very pleasant. But I must conclude. . . . God bless you, my dear.

Most affectionately yours,
W. H. BROOKFIELD.

17a—(2309)

Mr. to Mrs. Brookfield:

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH,
BERWICK ST., SOHO,
3 *Dec.*, 1847.

My dearest Jane,

This is a great bore and I am very much disappointed—but . . . I shall not now go in myself till Monday as it is more convenient for me to be here. Alfred Tennyson has this day taken a lodging some 50 yards off—one of my discarded ones. Only for a week or two. . . . Harry and I left at 10 o'clock and found Spedding and Venables at Alfred's rooms at the Prince of Wales'. This morning I have spent chiefly with the same parties, and am about to close the day with a little innocent festivity in the shape of dinner at Lady Newbolt's. I have seen Maria and Julia to-day who mourn over your delay. I am afraid you will be disappointed with the distance from Ebury St. to W. Crescent. It is ½ mile I should think. . . .

W. H. BROOKFIELD.

Mrs. Brookfield, who could not travel because of illness, finally arrived in Ebury St., where, with Alfred Tennyson as their opposite neighbour, a very happy time was spent.

Harry Hallam to Mr. Brookfield:

CLEVEDON,
VIGIL OF ST. STEEVEN, 1847.

My dear Brookfield,

I do not need any stirring up to wish Venables sitting on the two pill-consecrated chairs of Poetry and History. How far the Licentiate can be wrought upon to do anything, I do not know; it must be very indirectly, and by the most artful *beebeeery* that he

must be attacked; by proper impregnation of praise he may be induced to tell Lord Lansdowne that Venables is spoken of in well-informed quarters as likely to succeed his present lamented friend and pilster, and that the appointment will probably give universal satisfaction; but he certainly will never do more: in fact, when to lose no opportunity, I plunged into the subject at breakfast, I got nothing for my pains but nose-bitings and snub. 1st of all he "very much doubted whether Smythe was ill." Then, "that they might appoint whom they felt disposed, but that he hoped there might be better claimants than V." "Then that he thought Whewell ought to have it." After making this climacks, he began to mollify and ultimately "hoped Venables might get it, though the world would ask what he had written for it." I was obliged elaborately to prevent the suspicion arising in his mind that he could do anything, and particularly that we wanted him to do anything; but I think that by early and repeated mention of his name it may be associated usefully with the L.'s current of ideas on the subjick.

Campbell, the pilling M.P. for Cambridge, is supposed to have got Maine his Civil Law professorship by a well-timed threat of voting against the Ministry. I will try his influence, which I really believe to be something; but I cannot well do it by letter or without seeing him. Milnes and Spedding (via Lord Grey) will be useful; and I don't see anyone likely to start, but one of the Apostolic Set, nor any Apostle who would compete with Venables.

I believe we are boring everybody to death here, which will be the only fruit of my mad desire to desert my metropolis and my Alfred for the base desire of grubbing turkey here.

Dinner bell. Adieu. H. F. H.

Harry Hallam to Mrs. Brookfield:

CLEVEDON COURT,
Christmas night, 11.5 p.m.

My dear Jane,

I want to indite a few lines and fear that if I wait till to-morrow my project may be marred by the happy inconveniences of Mr. Pedder's ecclesiastical arrangements. We have been spending an evening of creditable though not overwhelming exhilaration at Blindman's Buff with the Bairds and a gent of the name of Charles Young of Shakespeare reputation.

The common awe of the Licentiate works its usual effect of producing silence, which was by no means successfully dispelled the first day at dinner by the interposition of Mr. D. of Twickenham, who after several ineffectual attempts on my part to elicit his stupendous learning (vide report by Rhoda) betrayed himself into an expression of opinion on the epistles of St. Ignatius—only to bring about a withering set-down from the Inventor of History.

I was amused at the Licentiate's undertaking to give an account of Alfred's poem to Sir Charles, his fixed idea being that it was tremendously comic and that the merit turned on the quaint conceits of the plot. . . . I mean to carry my point and sleep at Baber's at a late hour on Tuesday, hoping to find the world still rife with poets and dinners. . . .

By the way it is rather good to see the Licentiate falling into the spirit of the thing so completely—its having been proposed that Arthur should lead the way into the Drawing room from the hall, and that every-one in a line should copy his proceedings—divers forms of hopping, etc., took place and the Author of the 9th to the 14th centuries inclusive was to be seen crawling on all fours all along the passage.

Adieu,
H.

TENNYSON'S HOSPITALITY

Harry Hallam came to London and joined the friendly *coterie* in Ebury Street. He was present at the party which Tennyson gave and he gave one himself the Sunday after his arrival to the "Eminent bard and to parties of the Church-going persuasion." Of the Poet's party Mrs. Brookfield says:

He consulted us as to a dinner he wished to give to a few intimate friends, ourselves amongst the number—my cousin Harry Hallam, also there. The invitations had all been accepted, and the day for the dinner had arrived, when, in the early part of the afternoon, my husband found Alfred Tennyson at his lodging, superintending the dismantling of his bedroom, with workmen taking down his bedstead; it had occurred to him that there was no drawing room for the ladies he had invited, and that we should all have to meet together in his one sitting room and remain there throughout the whole evening. My husband succeeded in persuading him to give up this chivalrous intention, and assured him we should enjoy the novelty of remaining in the dining room. We had a most agreeable evening, and Alfred's hospitable anxiety on our behalf was entirely relieved, after all this perturbation, by the landlady placing her own private sitting room at our service for the special occasion. I believe we were all surprised to find how perfectly everything had been arranged for this party of seven or eight guests. The dinner was excellent, the waiting admirable, and we found that Alfred had quietly secured the best possible assistance from outside resources.

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